

THE
WESTMINSTER
REVIEW.

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"Truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKESPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.

GÖTTE.

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CANADIAN FINANCE AND THE HOME RULE BILL.

In a former article in this REVIEW I pointed out the relations which subsist between the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada and the Provincial Legislatures of that country. I compared these relations with those which are to come into existence under the Government of Ireland Bill, 1893, between the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland and the Irish Legislature; I also pointed out that the Canadians had almost precisely the same difficulties to contend with in framing their Constitution, as those which confront English politicians to-day; that the Canadians surmounted these difficulties on the whole successfully, and that the weak points disclosed in the application of the British North America Act, 1867, are avoided in the Government of Ireland Bill.

The object of the present article is to give a brief account of the financial arrangements which were made between the Dominion Parliament to be created and the Provincial Legislatures which were already in existence. These arrangements were made law by the British North America Act, 1867, the principal Act which created the present Canadian Constitution, the Act which conferred Home Rule upon Canada. Further, it is my object to show how these arrangements have worked in practice, and to compare them with the financial clauses of the Government of Ireland Bill.

Upon the formation of the Union of the Canadian Provinces under the British North America Act, 1867, one Consolidated Revenue Fund was created for the Dominion of Canada by that Act. This fund was formed out of such revenues of the Provinces as were not reserved to them under the Act; out of all stocks, bankers' balances and securities for money belonging to each Province, except such as were specifically mentioned in the Act, and all public works the property of the Provinces set forth in the Third Schedule to the Act. The securities reserved in the second class of assets are all lands, mines, minerals, and royalties. These were to remain the property of the Provinces in which they were situate, subject to any trusts or to any interest other than that of such Province affecting the same. The public works set forth in the Third Schedule to become the property of the Dominion were the following, viz, canals, with lands and water-power con-

nected therewith; public harbours, lighthouses, piers, and Sable Island; steamboats, dredges, and public vessels; rivers and lake improvements, railways and railway stock, mortgages and other debts due by railway companies; military roads; custom houses, post-offices, and all other public buildings, except such as the Dominion should appropriate for the use of the Provincial Legislatures and their governments; ordnance property and armouries, drill-sheds, military clothing, munitions of war, and lands set apart for general public purposes.

As a return for all this, the Dominion took over all the debts and liabilities of each Province. These were fixed at a certain sum for each Province, according to its population. If the public debt exceeded this specified sum, then the Province was to pay 5 per cent. interest upon the amount in excess (if any) to the Dominion, but if it was less than the specified amount, then the Province was to receive from the Dominion interest at 5 per cent. upon the difference between the actual and the stipulated amount of the debt.

Each Province was to receive for the support of its Legislature and Government an annual fixed allowance, and a further annual grant in aid equal to 80 cents per head of its population.

In the case of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick,¹ British Columbia,² and Prince Edward's Island,³ such further grant was to be increased till the population numbered 400,000 in each Province.

The annual allowances to be paid by the Dominion to the Provinces were fixed respectively as follows, viz.:

Ontario, \$80,000.

Quebec, \$70,000.

Nova Scotia, \$60,000.

New Brunswick, \$50,000.

British Columbia, \$35,000.

Prince Edward's Island, \$30,000.

In addition a further grant of \$63,000 to New Brunswick was provided for a period of ten years.

The first charge on the Consolidated Fund was the cost of collection. The second charge was the annual interest upon the public debts of the Provinces which the Dominion had taken over. The third charge was the salary of £10,000 a year to the Governor-General.

The Dominion was further liable for the salaries of the Lieutenant-Governors, the Judges of the Superior, District, and County Courts, and generally for the public service. Under this last head were comprised the postal department, the protection of fisheries, the militia, lighthouses, shipwrecked crews, quarantine and marine

¹ 30 & 31 Vict., c. 3, s. 118.

² *Ibid.*, June 26, 1873.

³ Order in Council, May 16, 1871.

hospitals, the geological survey, the penitentiary, certain steamboat services, and any other services such as appertained to the general government of the Dominion. The duties and revenues retained by each Province under the Act formed a Consolidated Revenue Fund to be appropriated for the public service of such Province.

In 1867 the public debt amounted to £15,600,000. In 1889 this had risen to £49,000,000. This large increase was chiefly due to subsidising railways, constructing canals to connect the St. Lawrence with the Great Lakes, to the erection of lighthouses, and to the improvements for purposes of navigation. The following are the main items—viz. :

The Pacific Railway	£13,000,000
Other railways	8,300,000
Canals	6,800,000
Other public works	5,500,000
Total	£33,600,000

This is a record of peace, and not a record of war and bloodshed. Canada has something substantial to show for her public debt.

It may be mentioned that the assets of the Dominion in 1869 were £3,463,482, and in 1891 these had increased to £10,418,039. But these figures only include interest-bearing investments, loans, cash and banking accounts, and not railways, canals, public buildings, and other public works which the Dominion owns or assisted in constructing. If these were taken into account, it would probably be found that the Dominion had a considerable surplus of assets after discharging all her liabilities in full.

In 1861 the total wealth of the country amounted to £392,000,000. In 1888 this sum had risen to £980,000,000, or an increase of £588,000,000. For the same years the wealth per head of the population was £120, and the liability per head £4·2. These rose respectively to £196 and £9·9 per head. In 1869 the revenue was £2,800,000, in 1879 £4,600,000, and in 1890 £8,308,317.

In 1891 the revenue, however, fell to £7,715,862, but the expenditure only amounted to £7,268,713, or a surplus of revenue over expenditure of £447,149. Now, during the period of 1867–1891, in sixteen years there has been an annual surplus. This amounts to the sum total of £7,672,507. In the remaining eight years, however, there was an annual deficit amounting in the aggregate to £3,370,969. There remains, therefore, a net excess of revenue over expenditure of £4,301,538 for the whole period of twenty-four years.

Now the revenue of 1891 exceeds that of 1868 by £4,978,276, or an increase of 182 per cent. The expenditure of 1891 exceeds that of 1868 by £4,571,495, or an increase of 169 per cent. Thus it

is evident that the revenue has increased in greater proportion than the expenditure.

The results of Provincial finance are not I admit so satisfactory. Ontario is the only Province whose balance-sheet shows an excess of revenue over expenditure for the whole period extending from 1867 to 1891. This surplus amounts to £45,000, and since this is mainly due to excess of revenue over expenditure in recent years, there is every prospect of the younger Provinces acquiring an equally sound position in the course of a few years. Moreover the deficit shown in the other Provinces is not very considerable in amount, and is to be chiefly attributed to large expenditure in permanent works and improvements, and not to money frittered away in useless and unnecessary wars.

The following are the respective powers of the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures in raising revenues. The Dominion may borrow money on the public credit, may raise money by any mode or system of taxation, and may, subject to the provisions in the principal Act, alter the customs and excise law of each Province. The proviso is contained in section 121 of the Act, which enacts that "all articles of growth, produce, or manufacture of any one of the Provinces shall from and after the union be admitted free into each of the other Provinces."

Each Province may borrow money on the sole credit of the Province; may levy money by direct taxation in order to raise a revenue for Provincial purposes; and may grant shop, saloon, tavern, auctioneer, and other licences in order to raise a revenue for Provincial, local, or municipal purposes. Free schools are supported partly by the ratepayers of the municipality in which they are situated and partly by the Provincial treasuries.

It is abundantly clear, then, that the financial arrangements of 1867 have not resulted in national bankruptcy. On the contrary financially, as I have shown, the Dominion is in a most prosperous and highly satisfactory condition. Dominion finance will compare most favourably with that of any other country. And the Provinces, although as a whole not so prosperous as the Dominion, are far from being within even measurable distance of insolvency. Now it is not part of my purpose to defend specifically the financial clauses of the Home Rule Bill. All I desire to point out is that in these clauses the same principle is embodied as that contained in the Act of 1867. This principle is extremely simple. It is merely that Ireland shall provide for her own internal expenses and contribute her fair share towards the Imperial expenditure.

Under the Government of Ireland Bill there are to be created an Irish Exchequer and a Consolidated Fund, separate from those of the United Kingdom. The Imperial Parliament is to retain the duties of customs, and those duties are to be regulated, collected,

managed, and paid into the Imperial Exchequer. The Imperial Parliament is to fix the rate not only of such duties, but also of the excise and postal duties. If, however, the duties of excise are increased above the rates in force on March 1, 1893, the net proceeds of the duties in excess are to be paid into the Imperial Exchequer, but if they are reduced, the deficiency is to be made good, and to be paid by the Imperial Exchequer to the Irish Exchequer. With the exception, then, of the customs duties, the Irish Legislature will have the excise and postal duties, the income-tax, the net proceeds of the revenues derived from Crown lands in Ireland and the licences, and will be further empowered to impose any other taxes to provide for the public service of Ireland it may think fit. It will be noticed that the Imperial Parliament specifically retains control of the customs duties, and the excise and postal duties, and will thus be enabled to increase the contribution of Ireland to the Imperial Exchequer, and further, since the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, notwithstanding all the wild assertions of the Opposition to the contrary, is indisputable, it will be enabled to raise in Ireland money to provide for any war or extraordinary expenditure. It is true that Mr. Gladstone has accepted an amendment dealing with this question; but, as he himself stated, the amendment is entirely unnecessary.

The Imperial Parliament cannot derogate from its own supremacy. It may grant separation, as it did by acknowledging the independence of the United States, but so long as any remain within the British Constitution, the Imperial Parliament must be supreme. In the case of Canada, prior to 1867, the Provinces only were in existence. The Dominion Parliament had still to be created, and it was therefore necessary to clearly define its position. But with the Irish question the position is exactly the reverse. It is the Irish Legislature which has to be created, and any attempt to define the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, a supremacy which is in reality unquestionable, will go dangerously near impairing that supremacy. For the Opposition, then, to assert that, under the Bill as it originally stood, the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament was endangered, was merely to display an entire ignorance of the most elementary Constitutional principles and to mistake loud assertion for actual knowledge.

It is said that the £500,000, the one-third cost of the Irish Constabulary and Dublin police, to be paid by Great Britain, is a gift of £17,000,000 to the Irish. But, in the first place, this is a gradually diminishing charge, which will ultimately vanish; in the second place, Great Britain will no longer be subject to the constantly increasing demands of Ireland, and, lastly, the enormous military expenditure caused by the present state of affairs will, when the reasonable aspirations of the Irish are satisfied, be gradually

curtailed. England has now to maintain in times of peace a force of 28,000 troops in Ireland, in addition to the Irish Constabulary, a semi-military body, whereas in Scotland 4,000 men are amply sufficient to keep the peace. This means an enormous expense to the British tax-payer, and a source of weakness in time of war to the Empire. So that even if this were a gift of £17,000,000, which it is not, it would be well worth England's while to make it.

Whether the sum to be contributed by Ireland be £2,370,000, as proposed by the Bill, or any other sum more or less, is merely a question of arithmetic, and not of principle. The sole question is, what is Ireland's fair share towards Imperial expenditure.

It will be apparent that the financial arrangements in Canada are remarkably similar to those proposed by the Government of Ireland Bill. The public debt in Canada becomes subject to the control of the Dominion Parliament. Ireland's share in the public debt of the United Kingdom remains subject to the control of the Imperial Parliament. In both countries the customs and excise are subject to the National Parliaments, and in both the National Parliaments may raise money by taxation, or by borrowing on the public credit. In both the public debts of the subordinate bodies are taken over; for the more powerful and wealthy a country is, the easier are the terms upon which it can raise money. For instance, a municipality in Canada must pay interest at the rate of 5 or 6 per cent.; the present rate paid by the Dominion is 3·27 per cent. In both countries the local Legislatures may raise money, either by borrowing on their own credit, or by direct taxation for their own local purposes.

It appears, then, that certain financial arrangements were made between the Dominion Parliament of Canada and her Provinces; that these arrangements were made law by a Conservative Government here; that these arrangements have proved after twenty-four years' experience highly successful beyond all reasonable expectation, resulting in an excess of revenue over expenditure in a surplus of £4,301,538 for the Dominion, and in a surplus of £15,000 for the Province of Ontario; that similar arrangements are proposed by a Liberal Government for Great Britain and Ireland.

With one accord the Unionists shout that these proposals are impossible of realisation; that they will result in bankruptcy to Ireland and dead loss to Great Britain; that they are ridiculous and absurd, will become a financial fiasco, and all the rest of it through the whole gamut of abuse and vituperation. I merely wish to point out that similar arrangements have been carried out, that they have ~~not~~ resulted in bankruptcy: they may be ridiculous, they may be absurd, they may be a financial fiasco, whatever that may mean; but whether these things be so or not, they were made law by a Conservative Government.

In my former article I endeavoured to show that the conditions in Canada and Ireland, so far from being totally dissimilar, as is commonly alleged by the Unionists, were remarkably alike, and where they differed, differed in being rather to the disadvantage of Canada if anything. The Canadians are a mixed race. They are largely composed of Irish, English, and French-Canadians, or French. A large number of the English are the "Loyalists" from the United States. There is also a large admixture of Germans, Swedes, and Norwegians, to say nothing of numbers of all other nationalities. Few of this mixed population carried with them to the country of their choice the political heritage of which Englishmen are so justly proud. Few of them had had any political training at all. But in spite of these serious disadvantages, this mixed population has succeeded in rearing a fabric which Constitutionally and financially is a complete success—a Constitution embracing, as it does, the most complete and successful system of local government the world has yet seen, and which stands in bright contrast to our own chaotic—system I cannot call it—semblance of local administration.

It is extraordinary that the Opposition should remain wilfully blind to what is going on elsewhere, that they, who make above all men such protestations of patriotism, should bury their heads under a cloak of party hue in a spirit of party faction and party prejudice.

To assert that arrangements which have already been carried out and been in operation for twenty-six years are impossible and impracticable is supremely ridiculous and childish, and must be born of ignorance or dishonesty.

To assert that such arrangements, if carried out in Ireland, must necessarily result in bankruptcy is almost equally childish, when it is a matter of common knowledge that similar arrangements have been completely successful elsewhere. But when it is found that their own party were the instruments, however unwilling, in making these arrangements law in the past, it passes the wit of man to understand how they can reconcile their present assertions with their past actions.

HUGH H. L. BELLOT.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASPECT OF THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

HEALTH is a quality and condition of body easily comprehensible, but less easily defined.

It may, however, perhaps be best represented as a state of perfect mental and bodily development and well-being, free from inherited or acquired disease, and in which the several organs of the body are healthily performing their functions. True it is, that such a state is not often seen in the present day, the changes on the earth's surface materially affecting climatic conditions, our altered environment together with the hurry of life, the struggles for existence and the sins of our forefathers, having far removed us from that state in which the Creator, or Being which we call God, saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.

From that time to the present, men have existed whose study it has been to try and interpret natural laws, their effects and influences upon the human system, in order that they might better understand the deviations from health, be able to give judicious counsel or advice on the first indications of impaired vitality, and to relieve the sufferings of the afflicted.

These men have usually been called physicians and doctors, skilled in the healing art; the people have looked to them for help and guidance in moments of sickness and peril, rightly or wrongly have confided in them, and still do so.

Both for the well-being of the afflicted, then, and for their own reputation, doctors must be students of Nature still, and watchful of both their sayings and doings.

Intimately associated with the subject of health of both mind and body, is that of temperance, and the use and abuse of intoxicating drinks; and the wise physician in his endeavour to solve the problem for the benefit of himself and mankind generally, will calmly and studiously try to understand the human organism together with the nature and action of the fruits of the earth upon it, as well as that of alcohol and its compounds; so that his conclusions may be scientific, so far as present knowledge permits, and not merely popular or general.

Now the human body is composed of both solids and fluids, the former receiving their support from the latter, or from the blood

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itself, as the product of the various "food stuffs" which are received into the stomach for the purposes of nutrition, there to be liquefied for assimilation and the healthy maintenance of the organs and tissues, and the performance of their several functions in the animal economy.

With our present knowledge of the human frame and its workings, very limited though it be, we must not attempt to settle the question of the use of intoxicants by a consideration of public opinion in regard to them, or by the customs and practices of the day, which too often favour the gratification or indulgence of our tastes; but endeavour to understand the composition of the various food products, their constructive properties and real uses in the animal body, and encourage the consumption of such natural products and fruits of the earth as are best fitted to form healthy blood, and so to build up new and healthy tissues. In so doing, we must be careful to remember how important a rôle water plays in the human economy; and how deleterious must be any habit or custom which would restrict its use, or attempt to supply a substitute, which, by its own affinity for water, would withdraw it from the living tissues as alcohol does.

Looking back, then, to the primitive condition of human life, before even the use of the "still" had become known, we see the importance of, and necessity for, "fruits" in the human system, whilst their abundant provision, especially in all hot countries, is a proof that they were given to us as both real food and drink in themselves, and not for conversion by the agency of the "still" into alcohol, wine, and malt liquors, to disturb healthy functional activity, and by their abuse or excess to brutalise our nature. Before, then, we advocate the use of alcohol, let us ascertain if it is a natural product, and as such provided for our consumption like other fruits of the earth; and, if not, the sources from which it is derived, its properties and actions in the system. In this way, and this only, we may hope to arrive at something like accuracy of judgment in regard to it.

Dr. Robson Roose, in his "Contribution to the Temperance Question," in the *New Review* for July 1892, states as follows:

1. That the interest attaching to the use of alcoholic drinks, is in great measure due to the terrible accumulation of evils, moral and physical, with which their abuse is associated, and admits the mental and physical degeneration due to it.

2. It may be granted without demur that to the healthy individual, alcohol is by no means a necessary article of diet.

3. That for a healthy man, well fed, and working with his limbs out of doors, alcohol is seldom if ever necessary.

4. For children (except as a medicine in illness) alcohol is always mischievous.

5. The longevity of abstainers is proved.

6. Forty to fifty thousand lives are yearly lost from alcoholic indulgence.

7. The effects of the prolonged use of excessive quantities of alcohol, though varying in individuals, are easily recognised. Digestion suffers, the appetite is bad or lost, there is sickness of stomach, liver is affected, and the effects of chronic abuse, most marked in the nervous system, by tremulous hand, quivering lips and tongue, unsteady gait, &c., ending in delirium tremens and complete paralysis.

With such statements of the consequences of the use and abuse of alcohol by a follower of Æsculapius, and thus we may assume an earnest searcher after truth, it is somewhat surprising to find him not only sanctioning but advising its daily consumption, either in the form of spirits, wine, or malt liquor; perhaps, therefore, his conclusions can scarcely claim to be based on scientific investigation, but rather as generalised only, and expressed to meet the approval of those who take alcohol daily in some form or other, simply because they like it, and not from any carefully formed estimate of its necessity, or, still less perhaps, from a thought of the injury it may be doing them.

Such, however, is not the spirit in which I desire to treat the subject, but I would prefer to do so from a scientific standpoint.

First, let us ask, Does alcohol exist ready-made in Nature, or is it formed within the body as the result of changes in the food taken for nutrition? The only scientific answer to these questions must be, No.

It is not found ready-made in Nature, nor is it formed in the body as the result of decomposition of the food-stuffs taken; on the contrary, Nature would seem to have especially guarded herself against such a possibility, for any sugar formed in the process of digestion is not converted into alcohol, but passed out of the system through the usual channels.

If we look to the properties of alcohol, we find scientists, both home and foreign, agreeing that in large doses it is a narcotic poison, killing by suffocation through its paralysing influence on the respiratory nerve-centres; and in smaller but continuous doses, by the structural changes which it exerts in the several organs and tissues of the body.

Chemically, it is a hydrocarbon, devoid of nitrogen, hence can give no real or permanent strength.

By its action on the blood-cells it checks oxidation by limiting their power of absorbing oxygen and eliminating carbonic acid, and by its strong affinity for water it dries up the tissues, causing thirst; hence, its own renewed and repeated consumption. Alcohol therefore, in any quantity, interferes more or less with the purification of the blood and the healthy oxidation of the tissues. Such

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an action cannot but be a cause of disease, and injurious in many diseased conditions. Without, then, entering further into the chemico-physiological action of alcohol on the tissues of the body, as perhaps uninteresting to the readers of Reviews, it may be well briefly to touch on the question of alcohol as a food.

Now food is that which nourishes, repairs waste, and builds up tissue, and must therefore contain products or elements allied to those of the body that it is intended to nourish; our bodies and our foods consisting essentially of the same materials.

Science teaches us that both animal and vegetable life receive from the earth the food and drink which it supplies, and the former almost directly from the latter, somewhat as follows:

1. Colloid food for muscles, comprised in animal and vegetable albumen or the nitrogenous compounds.

2. Combustible food for motion, as fats and oil, or the hydrocarbons.

3. Salts for constructive and other physical purposes.

4. Water for the solution of the above—and these may be again classed as follows:

- (a) Those which serve as sources of energy, and which can replace the exhausted constituents of the body—*e.g.*, proteids and fats.

- (b) Those which serve only to repair the waste of tissue, and not as sources of energy—*e.g.*, water and the inorganic salts.

Now when a substance is split up and oxidised in our body, we do not know whether the kinetic energy hereby set free is really used up in the performance of normal functions, or whether it is given out as superfluous heat.

In the latter case, the substance could not be regarded as a nutrient material, as it would be of no possible service to our organism—alcohol may, perhaps, be cited as an example of this.

In order to be of use in the performance of a normal function, a substance must split up and be consumed at the right time, at the right place, in a definite tissue. But we are not yet in a position to follow out the course of the substances taken up so closely as this.

By the oxidation of alcohol in the body, it is without doubt a source of energy, but it does not therefore follow that it is a source of food. To establish such proposition, it must be shown, as before remarked, that the energy thus liberated is used to aid the performance of a normal function. It is not enough that chemical potential energy is transformed into kinetic energy; the transformation must occur at the right time, in the right place, and in definite parts of the tissues, which themselves are not so constituted that they can be fed with any and every combustible material. We do

not know, for instance, whether alcohol can serve as a source of the energy by virtue of which the functions of muscle and nerve are performed; nor can it be admitted that the heat which is produced by the combustion of alcohol must in any case be useful to our economy; for whilst on the one hand alcohol increases the production, on the other it increases the loss of heat.

Further, owing to the paralysing action which it exerts on the vaso-motor system, a dilatation of the vessels, and especially of the cutaneous vessels, occurs, and consequently there is an increased loss of heat—the total result being a diminution of the temperature of the body.

It is a common idea that alcohol produces a warming effect in cold weather; this feeling of warmth depends, in the first place, on the fact already noticed, that the paralysis of the central nervous system causes an increased blood-supply to the surface of the body; and, secondly, in all probability, on the blunting of the sensibility of the central organs which are concerned in the sensation of cold.

The stimulating action which alcohol appears to exert on the physical functions is also only a paralytic action. The cerebral functions, which are first interfered with, are the power of clear judgment and reason. As a consequence, emotional life comes freely into play, unhampered by the guiding-strings of reason. The individual becomes confiding and communicative; he forgets his cares and becomes gay; in fact, he no longer clearly sees the dangers and difficulties of life, and is indifferent to mental suffering, anxiety, trouble, and bodily pain. Hence the light-heartedness which prevails at a carouse; and, as the great apostle of temperance, Sir B. W. Richardson, says, it is a prejudice which depends upon self-deception, to believe that a man ever becomes witty by the aid of spirituous drinks. Again, there is a strong belief that alcohol gives new strength and energy after fatigue has set in: the sensation of fatigue is one of the safety-valves of our machine. To stifle the feeling of fatigue in order to be able to work on, is like forcibly closing the safety-valve so that the boiler may be overheated and explosion result.

The belief that alcohol gives strength to the weary is particularly dangerous to the class of people whose income is already insufficient to procure subsistence, and who are misled by this prejudice into spending a large part of their earnings on alcoholic drinks, instead of purchasing good and palatable food, especially meal, cheese, milk, meat, and other nitrogenous food stuffs, which alone can give them strength for their hard work.

It is commonly thought that alcoholic drinks aid digestion, but in reality the contrary would appear to be the case, for it has been proved that a meal without alcohol is more quickly followed by hunger than when it is taken. If, then, we ask definitely what is

the most recent testimony of science as to the use of alcohol as a food, we very properly inquire what constitutes a food? The answer is, that the food employed for the nourishment of the body must have the same, or nearly the same, chemical composition as the body itself. Our bodies and our foods consist of essentially the same materials. This is found to be the case, not only with animal food, but vegetable albumen, fibrine, and caseine are scarcely to be distinguished from the bodies of the same name extracted from the blood and milk.

These are variously called the nitrogenous, albuminoid, cell-forming, or protein compounds constituting the "plastic elements of nutrition," which afford nutrition by "tissue-building," whether for growth or repair, all of which contain nitrogen, and alone form the basis of blood, muscle, tendon, and the other nitrogenous tissues of the body; but alcohol, as we have seen, does not contain any nitrogen, and therefore cannot do any of the work of nitrogenous foods. If, therefore, it is to be searched for as a food, we are to look for its power as a producer of fat, or of hydrocarbons, or as in some other way furnishing fuel, for the fuel value of a food is its potential energy. The real result of scientific research up to the present time is more and more against assigning any definite food value, direct or indirect, to alcohol. Even if we grant that it is turned to account in the body as a source of energy, yet this store of energy is far smaller than that contained in the carbo-hydrate from which the alcohol was prepared. Indeed, in the fermentation of sugar a great amount of energy is wasted. And we must remember also that certain cells of our body can probably only avail themselves of the energy set free in the breaking down of food-stuffs, since no free oxygen ever reaches them. We thus see how foolish it is for men to give the nourishing carbo-hydrates of the grain and grape-juice to be devoured by the yeast fungus, while they themselves feast on the excreta of the fungus.

Fruit, berries, and milk too, are deprived of all their value in this way; indeed, no carbo-hydrate is safe from the insatiable spirit-monger, careless if he murders thousands, so long as he only fills his pockets, and nothing it is feared is too foolish to find support in the authority of physicians. But the uselessness, if not the harmfulness, of even moderate doses of alcohol rests on better evidence than even scientific deductions and experiments. In connection with the sanitation of armies, thousands of experiments upon large bodies of men have been made, and have led to the result that, in peace and war, in every climate, in heat, cold and rain, soldiers are better able to endure the fatigues of the most exhausting marches when they are not allowed any alcohol at all.

A similar result is observed in the case of the navies, and on thousands of commercial vessels, belonging to England and America,

which put to sea without a drop of alcohol ; and most whalers are manned by total abstainers.

That mental exertions of all kinds are better undergone without alcohol, is generally admitted by most people who have made the trial. Alcohol, then, makes no one stronger ; it only deadens the feeling of fatigue. So much, then, for the action of alcohol on persons who are usually called moderate drinkers ; and to describe the ultimate consequences of excessive drinking would only be to repeat what has been already said ; but the fact cannot be denied, that the use and misuse of alcoholic drinks causes a whole host of diseases ; and that no organ of our body remains free from its injurious action. It also appears certain that from 70 to 80 per cent. of crime, 80 to 90 per cent. of all poverty, and from 10 to 40 per cent. of the suicides in most civilised countries, are to be ascribed to alcohol.

We must, however, strictly discriminate between the use of alcohol as a luxury and an article of diet, and its use as a medicine. In the opinion of many practitioners, it is indispensable as a medicine, and for the present, at any rate, I share in that opinion ; nevertheless, the reports and mortality statistics of the temperance hospitals point to the contrary ; and if it be of value, it is its paralysing properties that are useful as a mild anæsthetic, or sedative, in diminishing abnormally increased reflex irritability.

It is one of the satisfactions of modern medicine, that amid much that must ever be empirical, it seeks to define more closely the indications and the limits of medicines, and of alcohol among them. And while, perhaps, there may always be the so-called "follow the fashion doctors," and now and then one of these amongst the would-be lights of the profession, there is, nevertheless, an increasing tendency to precision and scientific exactness.

This was shown in the debate on the action of alcohol in the system, in the Pathological Society of London in 1888, when Drs. Payne, Lionel Beale, Hay, Harley, and others spoke of alcohol in its terrible effect on the functions of organs, its poisonous and destructive work on tissue, and its interference with oxidation as before mentioned.

Surely the day is passed when upon dietetic grounds there is any indispensable case for the even moderate or habitual use of alcoholic beverages. If we summarise the most recent scientific conclusions as to alcohol and its action in the human system, they will be somewhat as follows :

It is not found in Nature, nor provided by her as a necessity of animal life.

Predisposes to disease ; deranges the constitution of the blood ; unduly excites the heart and circulation ; paralyses the minute blood-vessels ; impairs the functions of the digestive organs, according

Scientific Aspect of the Temperance Question. 15

to dose; disturbs the regularity of nerve action; lowers the animal temperature; lessens muscular power; is not a food, hence cannot give strength; the highest health and longevity are attainable without it. Abstinence from it by parents is not followed in their offspring by the hereditary evils consequent on its intemperate use.

With so much evidence of the evils of alcohol, and such scientific expression against the necessity for its use in the animal economy, it is high time that the profession of medicine should speak in no hesitating or uncertain language about it from the scientific aspect of the question; that the public may look with confidence to its members for impartial and judicious guidance respecting it, as a question so materially influencing their mental and bodily well-being and longevity.

Dr. Robson Roose says, persons who are honest and intelligent say that they take alcohol because they like it; because it makes them feel more comfortable; because they enjoy their food better than when plain water is taken; because it helps them to sleep, &c., adding that in his opinion these are valid reasons, and as such ought to be respected; that they are not to be thrust aside by the assertion that such an auxiliary is a dangerous one, and that its good effects are much overrated, and, if not, are more than counter-balanced by others of an opposite character. Surely this is not science, but is opposed to all scientific teachings and knowledge of the subject; is not only a mistaken assertion, but is positively mischievous when uttered by a fashionable physician, and one to whom the educated are looking for scientific advice and teaching on so important a subject.

For a man to say that he takes alcohol because he likes it, regardless of the consequences to health which it entails, or the possibility of a drunkard's grave, he is at any rate honest; but when he says he takes it as a food, because his doctor tells him it is so, and is a necessity, then he defies science and brings a reproach on the profession of scientific medicine.

Assuredly, the true use of grain and fruits is as "food-stuffs," to give us nourishment and health, and not to be converted into alcohol to induce disease, and, as Shakespeare says, to steal away our brains.

"Happy the man who, studying Nature's laws,
Through known effects, can trace the secret cause;
He feeds on fruits which, of their own accord,
The willing ground and laden trees afford;
Simple his beverage, homely is his food,
The wholesome herbage and the running flood."

By the advocates of temperance a great effort is being made to educate the rising generation in the belief that alcohol is not only

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unnecessary, but that it is absolutely injurious to them. In this way it is to be hoped that the present terrible expenditure of 140 millions a year on intoxicants may be reduced, and that the profession of medicine shall not at any rate be held responsible for alcoholic consumption on the non-scientific recommendation of its members. Rather let medical men be the guardians of the public health in this matter, and speak with the voice of both reason and science.

In so doing they will worthily carry out the teaching of their great master, Sir James Paget, who would have us remember that more good is done by making a large part of each life more fit for working, and that in this way we possess a measure of utility such as is unmatched in any other calling; and that it is every man's duty to do all the good he can by all the means that fairly come within his power, remembering always that wherever power is there is duty, and wherever duty is there is responsibility to both God and man. Looking to the political aspect of the question, though it be perfectly true that a nation cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament, yet it must be admitted that in all civilised countries the State has its responsibilities and duties, and in the temperance question it is clearly the duty of the Government, irrespective of party, to remove so far as possible all temptation from those who are too weak to resist it, and to encourage every effort for the education of the young in the belief that alcohol is as foreign to their physical perfection and well-being as it is also unnecessary; and doubtless the Government which shall succeed in such praiseworthy legislation, and convert the present enormous expenditure on alcoholic drinks into healthier channels as a source of revenue, will well deserve the thanks and support of the community. Perhaps no paper on the subject of alcohol and the temperance question in these days can be considered complete without a recognition of the energetic and praiseworthy efforts which are now being made by the ladies of England to stem the tide of increasing intemperance amongst women, and to educate the youth of the land about the use of intoxicants; all honour to them, and amongst the noble workers may be mentioned the Duchesses of Bedford, Rutland, and Portland, the Countess of Portsmouth, Lady Frederick Cavendish, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Elizabeth Biddulph, Lady Battersea, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Symes Thompson, Dr. Kate Mitchell, Mrs. James Hughes, Miss Weston, and others; and I would gladly commend their good work to the notice of the several Educational Boards and the governors of colleges and schools throughout the kingdom.

ARTHUR E. T. LONGHURST, M.D.

ITALIAN WOMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

To judge from the tone of many writers on the "woman" question of to-day, it might be imagined that the discussion was one of essentially modern growth, and that for countless ages the fair sex had been, metaphorically, trampled under foot by the lords of creation. However, those women who are now reaping the benefits of the struggle for the higher education of their sex will doubtless be aware that all that is good is not necessarily new, and that the position of women, morally, socially, and intellectually, has already occupied the thoughts and the pens of many scholarly and accomplished men. In the sixteenth century, this earlier controversy as to "*il sesso Donnesco*" was widely and loudly waged in Italy. I must not be misunderstood to mean that "women's rights," as we know them now, were then recognised, but merely that the "subjection of women" was at that time by no means a fact, and that arguments for the equality of women with men, sometimes even for their superiority, were propounded and considered. Indeed, a whole mass of literature collected round this subject, and many instances were given of the excellence of women in action, administration, higher learning, and literary pursuits.

I fully grant that the utterances of the champions of women at the beginning of the sixteenth century were not so wholly sincere as are those of John Stuart Mill; chivalry, as such, may be taken as almost evanescent, but a species of sublimated gallantry had replaced it, and this may have led to extravagance in the encomiums paid to the fair sex. Another potent factor was the influence of the Neo-Platonic sentiment, that the love for the beautiful as shown in woman was a stepping-stone to that transcendental thing, divine or celestial love. But added to this was the conviction, formed from the experience of the times, that some women, at least, had been brave of deed, skilful in administration, and exalted in learning and in literature. Naturally enough, classical antiquity furnished many of the references to the excellence of women in the above qualities and accomplishments, but a large number of the instances were, at that day, truly modern. It goes without saying that there were many to decry and rail at the idea that women could rank as equal with men; but the encounter of wits with wits, and of scholars

with scholars, did much to bring the question before the reading and thinking public of the day. The essays on the topic were mainly in prose, but, also, round the names of many famous women of the period poets without number hung their garlands. Some interest may even now attach to older views on this perennial question of the respective merits of the sexes.

The matter of the civil and political rights of women had not then come within the purview of the controversialists, for in the Italian States of the sixteenth century freedom, as we now understand it, underwent a considerable change for the worse; and the failure of republics and the invasion of foreign armies led on several occasions to the rise of petty tyrannies and of alien governorships and protectorates. Religious liberty falls under the same head, but it is satisfactory to remark that one of the foremost of Italian women for learning and for outspokenness of every kind, received much encouragement from a member (also a woman) of one of the most powerful of the reigning families. The set treatises on the "woman" question frequently assumed a dialogue form, and it is difficult to ascertain which of the opinions of the various interlocutors are to be ascribed to the author. Some of these disquisitions are of exceeding length, and even in those in which the "dignity" or the "nobility" of women is merely incidentally discussed, the space assigned to the matter is by no means limited. Questions of morality (in the conventional sense of that term) receive very full treatment, and the arguments used frequently approach the high standard aimed at by our moderns who uphold the equality of the sexes and the equal penalties to be paid for sexual offences. Possibly on some occasions the writer may have had his tongue in his cheek, for licence was the rule and abstinence the exception. It will be seen that two women received unbounded praise for maintaining an untarnished widowhood for a long period of years. Another circumstance that may give us pause is the attribution of every virtue under heaven to ladies whose lightness was as well known as their brilliancy and their beauty. But when we deduct liberally for extravagance of praise, bias, insincerity, and so forth, we still have abundant testimony to the regard in which women were held in the period under review. In some Courts, at least, if we are to put any faith at all in contemporary literature, the status of women had most certainly a restraining, if not a purifying, influence. I do not venture to assert that much deference was paid to women of the lower orders, for at that time even the best republic was an oligarchy or an aristocracy; and the woman of the people was as much subject to oppression as her father, her husband, or her lover.

Several weighty tomes and little tracts treat of the deportment, training, attire, and pursuits of all the stages of womanhood, from the nursery up to the high table, the convent, or the grave; and in

spite of much *naïveté*, the rules laid down are often useful. The witty Firenzuola is the best known of the contributors to this branch of the "woman" question. Physiology, according to the lights of that time, is not omitted, and matters of education are amply dealt with. Indeed, the serious literature on women is of considerable bulk.

The function of the "society papers" of the present day was then represented by verifiable catalogues of beautiful, virtuous, and accomplished ladies, arranged according to the places of their parentage or residence, and often revealing the partialities, say of the Paduan, the Vicentine, the Ferrarese, the Venetian, and so forth. These lists are to be found both in the verse of the day, whether lyric, epic, or quasi-heroic, and in the recondite disquisitions of Neo-Platonic texture. Many of them are of considerable scarcity, but it would be an unjust fate that left to moulder in oblivion the records of the grace and excellence of Italian womanhood. Some of the ladies are well known, at least by reputation, to the world at large, even though a writer of some standing recently confused Vittoria Corrombona with Vittoria Colonna. Most of them have been forgotten, and surely there is some excuse for the neglect of all but the most eminent, seeing that the illustrious families of that epoch possessed so many celebrated scions.

At Venice, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, appeared an erudite treatise by Lucretia Marinella, a poetess of some reputation on sacred subjects, entitled *The Nobility and Excellence of Women*, with a second part styled *The Defects and Blemishes of Men*, in which the war is carried into the enemy's country. This had been preceded by a work of similar nature, *The Merits of Women*, written under the name of Moderata Fonte by Modesta Pozzo, authoress of a lengthy verse romance. Lucretia Marinella's book is mainly a compilation of the good qualities and deeds of women, as shown in ancient and modern history, together with a criticism on the opinions held on the subject by hostile writers. The book is somewhat dull, the instances are often legendary, and the arguments are frequently fallacious, but the lady shows with a good deal of power that women *have* excelled in most branches of work, and would have done far more had it not been for the jealousy and pet-doll policy of men. The two parts fill more than 300 pages, though the margins are ample and verse quotations are copious, and are a patent proof that the sex could excel in erudition.

One of the most interesting works on the subject came from the facile and fertile pen of Lodovico Domenichi, one of the prolific literary journeymen of the era, and noteworthy for his Italian translations of the historical semi-eulogistic, semi-malignant writings of Paulus Jovius. This book, entitled *La Nobiltà delle Donne*, fills about 270 octavo pages in that small italic type called *garamoncino*,

which was used by the Gioliti, one of the best known of Venetian publishers. The work is divided into five books, and consists of as many dialogues, supposed to have been spoken in the October of 1546 by a company of ladies and men of action and of letters, after the marriage of one of the Sforza family of Milan. A portion of the book is filled with one of the catalogues of the exceptional women of the day, and in a preface to a later edition the author cries *peccavi* for sundry omissions. One of the chief speakers in the dialogue is the celebrated Hieromino Mutio (*Giustianpolitano*, or native of Capo d'Istria, as he styled himself), poet, critic, scholar, and polemist, the lover of that brilliant creature, Tullia d'Aragona, who was supposed to be a daughter of a cardinal. Her powers, though not her profligacy, were shared by other illustrious members of the house of Aragon. Feminine virtue is not to be attributed to Tullia, but she still lives as a poetess, as the "Tirrhena" of Mutio, and the beloved of Bernardo Tasso, Torquato's father. In this book of Domenichi's the cause of women is vigorously upheld, and its defenders are both more numerous and more powerful than its opponents. Many instances are given of notable women of antiquity, and among the more recent are Joan of Arc, Isabella of Castille, Isabella of Aragon, the widow of Galeazzo Sforza, and "an English lady who for many years studied at Athens, and, in the end, on account of her knowledge, was made Pope." No authority is adduced for this piece of intelligence. Another lady of the same stamp was Isotta Nogarola of Verona, who submitted her writings to Nicholas V. (the builder of the Vatican) and to Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius), and composed a dialogue in which she discussed the question whether Adam or Eve was the greater sinner. That, indeed, was to wage *ab ovo* the battle between the sexes.

I will group several other writers, for in many ways their works on this subject naturally blend together, and the ladies celebrated by them are often one and the same. I refer to Girolamo Ruscelli, Ortensio Landi, Girolamo Parabosco, Giuseppe Betussi, and Marcello Bisnato. All these were men of mark about the middle of the century. Ruscelli's labours as translator, editor, and commentator are well known to lovers of the earlier Italian classics. Betussi was of the same *genre*, but most of his writings are original and in the dialogue form. Bisnato's name is mentioned by no bibliographer, but his poem, *L'amorosa Phenice*, is of some merit and great scarcity, and he does not neglect the fair ladies of his native town of Lodi. Ortensio Landi (or Lando) was quite another sort of individual. He had as many *noms de guerre* as any writer has ever had; a prince of paradox, a scourge of the powers that were (less severe than Pietro Aretino alone), a novelist, a traveller, a polemist, and not unaccused of heresy, he was by no means a kid-glove controversialist. Equal variety is shown by Parabosco, an

organist and poet, whose best known publications are his *Lettere Amoroſe*, his *Diporti* (or *Sprightly Tales*), and more than half a dozen comedies, one of them in verſe. Surely women were regarded as of ſome importance when their claims were advocated by literary men of ſuch different kinds.

In 1552 the Marcheſe della Terza addreſſed a ſonnet, beginning “ Donna Real nel cui viſo ſplendore,” to Maria d’Aragona, conſort of the Marcheſe del Vaſto, and thus related to the ſtainleſs Vittoria Colonna, the widow of the Marquis of Peſcara. On this ſonnet Ruſcelli wrote a long diſquiſition, and many wits of the day added their verſes in honour of the lady. Two years later the Marchioness died, and her death called forth a poem, called *Le Lacrime di Sebeto*, penned by Gabriel Molòs. Both of theſe works I poſſeſs in one vellum volume, and the former is not in the Britiſh Muſeum collection. At the beginning of the ſecond part of Ruſcelli’s lengthy treatiſe is an extremely early inſtance of the application of certain epithets to the greater Italian cities. I reproduce them for purpoſes of record: Napoli gentile, Venetia ricca, Roma ſanta, Fiorenza bella, Milano grande, Genoa ſuperba, Bologna grappa. About the ſame time Ruſcelli iſſued *The Temple of Giovanna d’Aragona*, to which many gallant ſcholars contributed, and a year or two later, Betuſſi publiſhed a ſupplementary dialogue, called *The Images of the Temple of Giovanna d’Aragona*. In 1555, at Rome, was publiſhed a collection of verſes in commemoration of the *Life and Death of Livia Colonna*. In the third book of Parabosco’s *Lettere Amoroſe* are ſome ſtanſas in praiſe of certain Venetian ladies, and Biſnato’s reference to the dames and damſels of Lodi has already been mentioned. In the 25th of Landi’s *Paradores*, viz., “ That women are of greater excellence and dignity than men,” many ladies are ſingled out for laudation. Our liſt will ſoon be filled with the names of ſcions of many illuſtrious houſes: Loredano, Gonzaga, Martelli, Doria, Grimaldi, Sforza, Pallavicini, Borghese, Trivulzii, Strozzi, Bentivoglio, and the reſt. After the cadets of the reigning families, the moſt famous of all are Vittoria Colonna, poetess, widow, and “Salda Colonna,” of loyalty and dignity, and Veronica Gambara, widow of one of the lords of Correggio. Theſe two are uſually ranked together as exemplars of every thing pure, and in truth the initial letters of their Chriſtian names will ſtand for *Virtue* and *Veritas*. Such anagrammatic fancies were greatly in vogue at that time, and in the volume on Livia Colonna we meet with ſuch ſentences as

“ Et ſ’io conſumo, il mio SoLITI
Altrui riſplende.”

The ladies of the houſe of Rangona were more famous for adminiſtrative powers than for literary ſplendour; ſo, too, were the Duchesses

of Urbino, Bianca, wife of Federigo and mother of Guid' Ubaldo, and the latter's tender wife and chaste widow, the Lady Lisabetta. Those who wish to learn more of the ability and manfulness of the former, and of the sweetness and purity of the latter, should turn to Mutio's *Life of Federigo*, Bembo's eulogy of Guid' Ubaldo and his wife, and the introduction to Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*. They will there read of the flower of Italian goodness and of the noble company at the Court of Urbino of the most dazzling writers of the beginning of the century. We must not forget Lucia Bertana, a lady of Modena, who strove to stay the venomous quarrel between the heretical critic, Castelvetro, and Annibal Caro, for the latter's *canzone* in honour of the Lilies of France. Petrarch's Laura had several namesakes of renown: Laura Battiferra, wife of one of the Ammannati, and Laura Terracina, both of them poetesses, and the latter of them having a tragic ending.

Most famous of all is that Lucrezia Borgia, whose name has come down to us as the synonym of lust, poison, and shame; but she was the goddess of the early years of the sixteenth century! Turn to the eulogistic poems to her by her admirers and intimates, Pietro Bembo, and Ercole Strozzi, who lost his life for her sake by the secret orders of her jealous spouse, Alfonso of Ferrara. In his early days, as a scholar and courtier, ten years before his appointment as secretary to Leo X., and half a man's life before his elevation to the cardinalate, Bembo was on most intimate terms with Lucrezia. Several of his Latin poems, notably that on her serpent bracelet, were written for her; and to her he addressed that dedication to the first Aldine edition of his *Asolani*, which is so rare and so highly prized. The *Asolani*, a dialogue on love, supposed to have been spoken at the country villa of the fugitive Queen of Cyprus, had been composed by him a year or so before its publication, which was delayed by the premature death of his brother Carlo. The dedication to Lucrezia shows the regard Bembo had for that lady, and with her, and even more with the spotless poetess, Veronica Gambara, he maintained epistolary relations long after the gallant had ripened into the statesman and grown grey as the bishop and future cardinal. In this very dedicatory letter, dated August 1, 1504, Bembo refers to two mutual friends of his and of the duchess, Tebaldeo, the last member of the early Medicean poets, and Ercole Strozzi, son of Tito Vespasiano, and himself a master of verse. I have already referred to Ercole's murder, the perpetrator of which was never found; and even the funeral oration bears no sign of any attempt at discovery ever having been made. Strozzi wrote many of his Latin poems for Lucrezia Borgia, the longer of them being his elegy on the death of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, a poem on Hunting, and the unfinished epic, the *Gigantomachia*.

Another Duchess of Ferrara, Rénée the friend of Lilius Gregorius

Gyraldus, is noted for her kindness and attention to perhaps the most talented of all sixteenth century Italian women. I allude to the luckless Olympia Morata, daughter of the Mantuan Pellegrino Fulvio Moreto or Morato, who infected his child with the Lutheran heresies. We all know of her marriage to the young German poet, Andreas Grunthler, her sufferings in Germany from siege and sack, and her early death at the age of twenty-nine at Heidelberg. I possess a copy of her works—sadly imperfect alas!—dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. Greek, Latin, Italian, in these tongues she composed both in verse and in prose. A commentary on parts of Cicero, a translation of some of Boccaccio's novels, these together with her letters and a few verses constitute her literary remains. Her patroness, the duchess, incurred some suspicion for her encouragement of this "Morning Star of Protestantism." It was for a third Duchess of Ferrara that the luckless Torquato Tasso lost his freedom, if not his sanity.

The reverse of the medal—*i.e.*, the shady side of Italian womanhood—may be seen by those who care to read them in any of the countless comedies of the day, and for choice in the wittily wicked *Ragionamenti* of that prince of reprobates, the "Divine" Pietro Aretino. Add to these a selection from the interminable novels, from the *Decameron* and the *Cento Novelle Antiche* down to the *Heptamithi* and the *Tale of Tales*, and the curious will be sated. His eyes will swim with visions of damosels, each as "procax, rapax, et loquax" as those of Plautus; of *ruffiani* and *ruffiane* as noxious as those in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*; of serving-men and serving-women as deceitful, lustful, and impudent as such characters have ever been, on the stage and in real life. But the curtain had better fall on the dark places of iniquity, patronised indiscriminately by all who could pay, from prince and pope down to petty tradesman and country yokel. Let us think rather of the noble women whose status I have endeavoured to show, of the courtiers and sages, the maids and matrons, depicted in Castiglione's *Courtier*, La Casa's *Galateo*, and kindred works. Then, taking the good with the bad, we shall become aware that for learning, for wisdom, for brilliancy, for lofty ideals and deeds of high emprise, the women of that epoch do not fall far below the standard of this pure and polished *fin de siècle*. Bad women there always have been, often, but not always, the victims of bad men; yet in the Italy of the Medici we must agree that men's minds and hearts and morals were sometimes elevated, invigorated, and broadened by some of the finest exemplars of "Il Sesso Donnesco."

EDWARD PERCY JACOBSEN.

THE CRIMINAL.

"THE thief, as we at present treat him," says an eminent modern authority on prisons, "is our costliest national luxury." This is a sorry comment on our prisons system. We have studied the question, and reformed old abuses, and made the convict's cell clean and his life wholesome and, if prisoners themselves are to be believed, preferable to that of the workhouse, and yet we have to bow to a verdict of hopeless failure. The prison does not deter, and does not convert or educate. It is enormously expensive, and yet we cannot do without it. No substitute has yet been found for it, and most of those suggested have been either impracticable or much more costly and inadequate than that which they were devised to supersede. We cannot leave our criminals unrestrained to prey upon society. We find shutting them up neither economical nor reformatory. It is a riddle apparently without an answer.

First of all, let us consider in detail how the present system works. The thief in most cases is a thief by profession. He makes his living by theft as much as a gardener does by hoeing turnips. The only difference is that gardening is a social occupation, thieving an anti-social one. The result is that your thief returns again and again to prison. While he is in durance he is plotting fresh experiments, new *ruses*, making *rendezvous* with fellow prisoners to meet on release for a daring burglary (if he belongs to the "higher branch" of the profession), or an ingenious "fake." He grows more and more experienced as time goes on, and, therefore, more difficult (and expensive) to catch. When caught he is sent to prison, meditates fresh schemes, and on a given day is released to set about them. Your thief in most cases, in fact, is an incorrigible *récidiviste*. He costs his country several hundred a year to feed and guard and tend and catch and try. This is not satisfactory.

It is the same with men who commit crimes of violence in a vast number of instances. They are Man-eaters. It is their *métier*.

The criminal is a low type physically, in some classes of crime (especially crimes of violence) mentally also. You take a man of brutish instincts and feeble intellect, and shut him up in solitary confinement. The result is that he becomes more brutish, and his intellect more feeble from lack of use. Often he becomes insane. Never can we hope to find him the better for a life diametrically opposite to everything his particular kind of diseased Ego requires.

You take a criminal who is not a professional criminal in any sense, but a man who, under sudden temptation or from passion, has committed a crime. He has stolen for bread, or killed to revenge an injury. He is an "accidental" criminal. You shut him up with professional thieves and cut-throats, and accustom him to a criminal atmosphere, and send him out an enemy of society. He becomes an anti-social being. Before, he was an ordinary law-abiding man, who yielded to the temptation of a moment. He is now a criminal by profession, and a cut-throat from choice.

The last kind of case is the commonest of all cases that come before the magistrates for decision, that which terminates in the invariable formula "Five shillings, or seven days," namely, the case of drunkenness. If a man is a dipsomaniac or an habitual drunkard we send him to prison for seven days! The compulsory sobriety of that period makes him hasten to exceed the moment he is free with the result that as many as fifty convictions in a year are sometimes recorded against the same prisoner.

In all these cases our prison system is ridiculously inadequate and ineffective. The confinement and the solitude tells on one kind of prisoner adversely, and makes him morbid, sullen, and sometimes melancholy or mad. Penal servitude on the other hand is, to another kind, merely a pleasant way to spend one's life, a peaceful retreat where meals are regular and work not over-hard. Lastly, short terms of imprisonment are mischievous because they spoil the prison as a deterrent. Once a man has tasted prison life there is no longer the dread of the unknown about it, and he ceases to think of it with any particular shrinking or fear. The fact is, our system of punishment for crime is hopelessly old-fashioned, as unscientific almost as burning at the stake to cure Atheism or muttering incantations to cure warts. It is now generally admitted by all thinking men that crime is a disease just as alcoholism is a disease and lunacy is a disease. The criminal is an abnormal. He differs physically from his non-criminal brother, he is a different being. "Man is by nature a social animal," says Aristotle. The criminal is anti-social. It is a vital distinction. In some cases the disease is curable, the abnormality capable of modification, just as there are some kinds of lunacy that may be affected by medical treatment, massage, galvanic batteries, &c. In some the disease is incurable. Such is the case of very many of our professional criminals.

The question is, therefore, how to modify our treatment of the criminal so as, without great increase of expense, to make our prisons a reforming influence instead of a corrupting one, to cure the criminal instead of confirming his disease, to protect society with the least possible harm to the victims of that protection.

Beginning with the shorter sentences and taking that commonest

sentence of all in England which we mentioned above, the penalty for drunkenness, the proper treatment for the habitual inebriate is plain enough. He must be sent to a home for inebriates, to a State hospital, not a prison, and he must be kept there till the guardians consider there is a fair probability that he is cured. Seven days in gaol never yet cured alcoholism. You might as well prescribe it for small-pox. This may sound an expensive method of treatment, but it is not really so. The present system brings the same people back week after week to prison and makes the drunkard practically the guest of the State year in, year out. It adds a heavy burden to the duties of the police, and encourages, or at least does not diminish, a most extravagant and corrupting tendency from the force of example. Anything that will cure drunkenness will be a saving of money from every point of view.

The criminal-by-accident, as we have called him, is a less important factor in the social problem. He is not really a criminal, except in name. He is not anti-social. The man who resents an insult with a blow, and so puts himself within the reach of the law, or the labourer who steals a turnip because he is starving, must not be put in the same category with the professional burglar or thief. The duty of the State with regard to him is plain. He ought not to be sent to prison at all. Some penalty there must be for such acts as these, but sending to prison is not the one to be chosen. It would be better in the long run to let such a man go scot free than send him to herd with the scum of the earth in jail. That cannot raise him morally. It will probably debase him. Some sort of a fine, either in money or labour, would meet the case; or, in less important offences, the man might be dismissed with a reprimand, or ordered to come up for judgment when called for.

The same applies to first offences. The difficulty of dealing with first offenders has been realised for some time now in England, but not always very fruitfully. One thing may safely be said. First offenders should *never* be sent to prison to herd with more hardened ruffians. Probably they should never be sent to prison at all. The system of entering into recognisances, giving securities, and deferred judgments is the best for dealing with these cases, together with fines when these can be enforced. Some system should be devised by which a man who has no money could be fined in labour or in his weekly wages for a time. This would have a considerable deterrent effect, would cost far less than imprisoning the man, and would save him from all danger of the moral contagion of prison life. There remains then the case of the habitual, instinctive, professional criminal to be considered, and he presents the most difficult problem. At present he is a source of enormous expense; every kind of elaborate machinery is required to protect society against him, costly prisons, detectives, police, warders, chaplains, and all the other extravagant

paraphernalia which are considered requisite for dealing with this pest. He spends two-thirds of a lifetime in prison, and during that time plans the robberies of the remaining third. When he is at large he is even more expensive to the community than when he is in durance. What is to be done with him?

We hear a good deal about kleptomania at different times, and no one has quite made up his mind, when theft ceases to be mere larceny, and has to be dignified with the longer name. The truth is *all theft is kleptomania* with the exception of occasional isolated acts like that of the starving man who steals a loaf. At present, if a rich man steals something he cannot possibly want, and could pay for easily if he did, we call it kleptomania. That is all it comes to. But kleptomania should be a much wider term than this, and should include thieving as a profession, for that is only another form of what is really a disease in either case. The rich man steals without any apparent necessity. The thief also steals without any *apparent* necessity in a vast number of cases. *Apparently*, he could earn a better living in a hundred pleasanter, more honourable, and even less arduous ways. But the choice is only apparent. He can't help himself. He *must* steal. Like the enthusiastic sportsman who shot his own retriever, he can't resist the temptation: "I would shoot my own grandmother if she rustled among the bushes like that," said the sportsman on that occasion. We don't understand it. The overmastering necessity of the thief to steal, of the sportsman to let fly at anything that moves, are almost incredible to us. "If they had exercised a little self-control!" we say. But they can't. When a leading barrister was pleading kleptomania on behalf of his client, the judge replied grimly, "That's what I'm sent here to cure." The reply was just. Instinctive theft is a disease. It should be the duty of judge and jury, and warders, and the law generally to cure it. "Punishment" in this regard is a misnomer. It is the same with the burglar and the violent ruffian, who are again and again committed to prison for the same offences. The judges are there to cure them. Only, they don't do it, because they don't know how, and they don't realise either the extent or the nature of the disease with which they have to cope. Perhaps a little more knowledge, and a little more humility, would enable them to do both somewhat better.

The criminal can be treated in two ways, from the mental and from the physical side. He is often weakly in body, badly nourished, undeveloped. Again, he is often hopelessly dull, uneducated, untrained. In the case of those who are defective physically, it is found that good moral results can be obtained by exercise and careful bodily training. For there is no doubt that bodily health reacts on *morale*, and that certain states of the blood are likely to produce certain kinds of crime. In the case of those who are

untrained intellectually, a great deal can be done by careful mental discipline, often in conjunction with more strictly medical treatment, physical exercise, baths, &c. For the habitual criminal is a creature apart. He is abnormal just as the lunatic is abnormal. He is idle, incapable of sustained effort, incapable of regular work. He must be trained carefully if those inherent faults are to be corrected. To put him in prison as we do at present, is to court failure. You may as well keep his cell vacant and ready for him with his plate on the door. He will return with absolute certainty. Possibly, even if you attempted his reformation all your labour would be wasted, and he would be found to be incurable; but we do not give up all efforts to treat lunatics scientifically, because many never recover the use of their faculties.

There are two ways in which prison affects the criminal adversely. One has been mentioned already. The solitude and the confinement prey on the mind of the weaker sort, and not infrequently reduce them to melancholia or imbecility. This is comparatively subtle. The other way is more obvious to the lay mind. If you take an irresponsible, helpless being and place him under strict discipline, map out his way for him, rigidly arrange his hours, his meals, his exercise, you may make him an excellent automaton; *but you will never fit him for looking after his own affairs, and regulating his own living.* Nay, every year you keep him under that all-embracing supervision, you take the spring out of him more utterly, weaken his will, render him incapable of originating anything or shifting for himself. If a man was unfit to regulate his own affairs and showed himself unequal to the task of earning an honest livelihood before that treatment, how much less will he be able to do so after a few years, when you have accustomed him to have everything arranged for him, and to live entirely at the orders of others. You kill all feelings of responsibility, strangle all ideas of arrangement, method, and initiative on the part of the man himself by lack of use, and then, when he leaves prison, you imagine he will be capable of managing his own affairs, and getting a living. It is true that to be able to rule, one must have learnt to obey, but this absolute subjection, without appeal, to an established order of things which never alters from year's end to year's end, and does not admit of the slightest variation on the part of the prisoner will certainly never send forth at the end of five or ten years a man capable of performing the duties of a citizen. What is to be done then?

One of two courses alone remains as either rational or humane. The first is, a careful curative treatment of the criminal, some very elastic system which would allow every possible variation according to the particular idiosyncrasy of the patient. Such a treatment must be both mental and physical—moral is implied in both. It must tend to inculcate responsibility not to crush it, to elevate the

Ego not to degrade it. Beginning by restoring the health (and therefore the vigour) of the criminal, it must carry out a thorough treatment of each individual case, and the patient must not be dismissed till, in the opinion of his medical advisers, he is cured. He must not be sent to prison for a fixed time as a punishment. He must be sent for treatment for a specific infirmity. Only when that infirmity is overcome can he be set at liberty once more. He must be compulsorily treated for a dangerous malady. If it be said such a treatment is impossible, that the expense would be enormous, the appliances, staff, establishment needed, too great for any country to afford, we should be inclined to reply that the expense after the initial outlay would be no greater than that of the present system. There would be fewer men in prison, for there would not be the constant crop of prisoners, who return again and again. And, as we saw above, many kinds of crime which are now punished with imprisonment would be disposed of in other less expensive ways. The results would be more satisfactory, and therefore indirectly would save an enormous amount of money at present wasted. For it must be remembered that our vast criminal class is absolutely unproductive. It is so much dead weight, a part of the body politic which performs no function and only preys upon the other members. Of course the treatment of the criminal—criminal therapeutics if you prefer the term—is still more or less in its infancy as a science, and despite the elaborate investigations at Elmira in America remains largely experimental in character; but still a good deal is fairly well established, and much is being learnt every year. But if the objection of expense outweighs all other considerations there yet remains an alternative plan, inexpensive, humane, and rational, three characteristics which our present methods certainly cannot boast of. The *révidiciste* must be put out of the way. He is the lost dog of the human species. He must be taken to a judicial Battersea, put in the lethal chamber, and painlessly extinguished. It is no question of punishment. It is not vindictive. It is useless to prate about justice. Society can only exist while its members conform to certain usages. The criminal, as we have seen, is anti-social. He is a perpetual menace to the community. If he cannot be mended he must be ended. If you will not cure him you must remove him. It is ridiculous to send forth a criminal again and again from prison with the fore-knowledge that his disposition is unchanged, that he is only fitted for one line by education, nature, will or want of will—namely, to prey upon society. It is not because he is wicked that he must be destroyed just as it is not because people are wicked that they are put in prison. No one pretends that is the reason nowadays. Men are sent to prison because the safety or convenience of society demands that certain acts shall not be done. It is for the good of the

majority that these few should be sacrificed. They are sacrificed whether you destroy them or merely seclude them in Dartmoor or Pentonville. There is a good deal to be said after all for the Laws of Draco. "Every crime is worthy of death, and there is no greater penalty that the State can exact." Draco was a profounder legislator than his countrymen dreamed, and had he lived now might have been a most distinguished anthropologist. Persons who are hopelessly criminal by disposition, who have shown it by returning again and again to their old life of crime, persons who are palpably abnormal, or undeveloped, or incapable, persons who are hopelessly perverted morally—for all these there can be no room in this crowded world. There are some six thousand of them in our prisons at present, to all intents and purposes permanently installed. There are an enormous number in our asylums. The "criminal lunatic," as his very name implies, is an unfit person to survive. For the mere criminal there is hope. He may, under certain treatment, become a reformed and useful member of society. But when to criminality lunacy is added, the case becomes hopeless, and death is the only solution of the problem. Further, if the criminal, while not in the ordinary sense lunatic, is found to be thoroughly irresponsible, hopelessly perverted, and mentally and physically incapable of reformation, he must be put out of the way also. He is a dangerous animal, and society must be protected against him. If it be urged that it will be difficult or impossible to certify absolutely that a man is beyond cure, then a certain number of convictions followed by sentence—say five—must be taken as evidence of a criminal disposition that cannot be successfully combated. If some one or two are thus destroyed unnecessarily, we can only comfort ourselves by the Abbot of Citeaux' cynical order—"Kill them. God will know His own."

ST. JOHN E. C. HANKIN.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE WORK OF PIERRE LOTI.

"As I turn the last page," writes M. Lemaître, with reference to the books of Pierre Loti, "I feel quite intoxicated. My soul is like an instrument which has vibrated too much, so that even the silent persistence of past vibrations is painful"; and he adds that these romances have taken a deeper hold on him than any classical drama or novel, influenced him more powerfully than Racine or Shakespeare. "This life," he confesses, speaking of the vast range of experience disclosed, "seems to me so beautiful that if I would keep from bitterness and envy while thinking of it, I must recall these words from the *Imitation of Christ*: 'What can you see elsewhere which you do not see where you are? Behold the sky, the earth, and the elements, and from these all is made. If all that is in the world were present to your eyes, what were it but a vain vision?' But even this is not sufficient to console me."

Words like these, extravagant as they may seem to those who have not come under the spell of Pierre Loti's romances, express without exaggeration the extraordinary effect sometimes produced by them, and the facility with which they induce an enthusiasm which goes beyond all critical justification. This peculiar and bewildering fascination is only paralleled by the perplexity induced by an analysis of the attraction of Wagner's music. As Wagner is to Beethoven, so is Pierre Loti to Shakespeare, and it is with humiliation that it must be owned that the lower genius draws more inevitably than the higher. This may purify our thoughts, and raise them above the earth like some divine illumination, but it will never haunt us, lay hold of us and master us, like *Tannhäuser*, or *Tristan und Isolde*. It is less of an intoxication, more of a great still force, but claims us less irresistibly and fatefully. In an age of disillusion, when the old ideas and creeds have lost their validity, we are an easy prey to this drift of formless emotion setting in from all sides, and flooding the world with waves of incompatible tendencies, which toss hither and thither, or strand on unknown shores. It is a sign of the times that great poetry is no longer being written, while poetical prose is in the main taking its place. Modern moods are apt to pervade style as a subtle aroma, rather than to shape themselves into definite creations prompting to

metrical utterance. It may be added that the sense of veracity developed by science has influenced modern thought to a degree which seriously restricts literature. The writer of to-day is too sensitive about the limits of absolute knowledge to be capable of those soaring flights of imagination which incarnate themselves in great poems. The real has become sacred in our eyes from any mixture of the ideal. Even Wagner's revival of mediæval legend-cycles tempts chiefly as a genuine resurrection of the mediæval spirit, and has little in common with any such "baseless fabric of a dream" as Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." The historic past, like the exotic present, fascinates us as a mere extension of experience, and the exotic and mediæval tendencies reach their completest expression in the art of Wagner and the writings of Pierre Loti. Hence the strength of the fascination exercised over us, through the application of a rare and exquisite art to a vivid realism always loyal to the crude fact. This faithfulness to material reality affects us the more because of the manner of the rendering, the medium chosen in the one case being the musical drama, which acts directly on the whole being through the vividness of the actual presentment and the suggestiveness of sound; in the other, poetic prose, the natural language of men heightened and varied with the utmost skill, but retaining in some measure the simplicity and naturalness of ordinary speech. The effect produced is in proportion to the immediateness of the method, and is stupendous.

The idyll of human life—this is what Pierre Loti has chosen to depict, and the outlook in his books is of the most simple and primeval kind. His main characters are chosen from the classes whose lives have remained most "simple, sensuous, and passionate," and primitive man, little altered in disposition and habits since the days of the patriarchs, holds place instead of the supercivilised Parisian of contemporary novels. All that is eternal in human character and destiny, all that has remained unchanged since the Golden Ages, uncorrupted and undeveloped by civilisation, is brought into full light, while the nineteenth century, the age of progress and democracy, of mechanical intellect and hard practicality, looms as a monstrous phenomenon on the horizon. The world in which these fishermen, rustics, and savages exist seems so remote from, so incompatible with, all modernity; and the clamour of political parties, the zeal of social and religious reformers, barely reaches in faintest reverberations this realm of the "Eternities and Silences." The very earth seems larger than we are wont to imagine it, with ample room for all its population, and infinite empty spaces beyond. The monotonous simplicity of this idyllic life, so strongly in contrast with the complexity of artificial civilisation, gives grandeur to all its elements, to all the passions of uncivilised man, the lust of adventure and travel,

the nostalgia which haunts the living present with echoes from a dead past; the shadow of overhanging death with that pathetic clinging of the mortal creature to the eternal beauty which eludes his grasp, and that intense fondness for the familiar solid earth which recalls Emily Brontë sobbing for joy as she waked from a dream of heaven to find herself on the brown moors. It is all very heathen, quite unintellectual, and there is nothing humanly sublime or heroic about it; it is great with the greatness of mountains or the sea, but there is no moral element in all this grandeur. It is "bitter glad, even to tears," like Giorgione's "Pastoral" in the Louvre, but its gladness and its pathos are alike pagan, steeped in sense and unlit by gleams from any Beyond. The joys of higher natures are apt to have a core of pain, to seem rather ideal than actual, but the penetrating charm of this poetic agnosticism consists in the reversal of all this, the glow of the vivid present being tempered and softened by the shadow of death and annihilation. Yet the Breton romances show a regard for honesty and simple faithfulness surprising in so irreligious a writer, as in the stories of Yves, the sailor cured of drunkenness by the brotherly care of his superior officer; of Gand, the Breton girl, who walked so modestly through all the allurements of Paris, and lived nobly and honestly in the midst of affliction and discouragement; of Silvestre, the frank sailor lad, devoted to an aged grandmother, and dying at the end of a blameless life as simply as he had lived. The *Roman d'un Enfant* is full of sympathetic reminiscences of a homely Protestant upbringing, and the somewhat ephemeral sketch of the hospital of Penbron inserted in *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*, shows some comprehension of modern philanthropic effort. But we are conscious throughout of a lurking antagonism between the tendency of these books and the spirit of Christianity, and find on analysis that it arises from their intense earthliness and from the unheroic temper which is the inevitable consequence of atheism.

Apart, however, from any human interest these novels may possess, they derive especial value from their treatment of Nature. Pierre Loti writes of the sea, the earth, and the sky with the intimacy of one who has lived seldom under roofs, and to whom the "mystic phenomena of the silent hours" are as familiar as the glow of summer sunshine. Here the exoticism of his matter hinders rather than helps appreciation; yet he is marvellously successful in flashing distant scenes on the eye with more than dioramic vividness. In *Pêcheur d'Islande*, the exotic fascination is combined with a faithful rendering of natural phenomena in familiar regions; and what could be more impressive than the accounts of the fishing expeditions of Silvestre and Yann in the seas round Iceland, the slow, marvellous sunrises, the chilly, colourless water, the wan misty daylight? With what art, too, the voyage of Silvestre to Cochinchina.

China, and his death on tropical seas, are used to touch in the warm colour without which this narrative of life on the desolate Breton coast and in the Northern seas might seem frigid and monotonous. Nature is used with orchestral effect, the human thread of tragic melody permeating the symphony of inanimate things. The war of wind and wave seems everywhere present, from the opening scene on the Iceland waters to the shipwreck of Yann, haunting even those enchanted gardens in the Isle of Singapore where Silvestre Moan lies buried.

One might be tempted to describe Pierre Loti's feeling for Nature as pantheistic, were it not for the odd exclusiveness which limits its range to the Old World. In one or two curious mystical pages he confesses to idolising the tropical sun, the Beelzebub of the Hebrews, adding that the sun-worship of South America has no interest for him, that in those "too-distant" regions, the home of the yellow races and of the red, he was conscious of a nameless terror, a sense of desolation. We know from the *Roman d'un Enfant* what deep hold the Hebrew poetry laid on his imagination, and can easily understand how the persistence of childish impressions led to the illogical inconsistency through which he is attracted by the mythical associations of Tahiti but not of Mexico. Pierre Loti's love of Nature resolves itself into a passionate clinging to the earth familiar to his childhood, an earth consisting chiefly of France, the Orient, and the Pacific Islands. Nature, in the ordinary sense of the word, is nothing to him; his predominant craving being for beauty in conjunction with a peculiar kind of suggestiveness. This passion for beauty is the dominant note of his books, though the beauty idolised is seldom of a kind appreciable by the mere senses. There is a mystic tinge even in *Madame Chrysanthème*, one of the most soulless of his books; and the peculiarity of this mysticism, leading as it does to a limitation in the range of his sympathies, distinguishes his antinomianism from that of Walt Whitman. His way of looking at Nature is less catholic than Whitman's adoration of the concrete earth with all that lives and grows on it, but both have the passion for profusion of life, for fulness of energy, the contempt for the restraints and petty rivalries of civilisation, the fine feeling for simple greatness in character, the sympathy with all that is spontaneous in emotion and action. In susceptibility to the grandeur of deep thoughts and impressions, the French writer is distinctly inferior, and Whitman remains unrivalled as the prophet of the glory of the open sunlight, of the solemnity of night and death, of the spirit of love which animates the very animals, and finds voice in the mystic song of the night birds. Pierre Loti's ardour is, on the other hand, less animated than the lust of life and adventure in the open stirred in the hero of *The Light that Failed* by a few sea songs and the scent of the sea, and has more in common with the

Some Aspects of the Work of Pierre Loti. 35

enthusiasm of Richard Jefferies, whose habitual Nature-worship is apt to merge into sheer adoration of beauty, whether in Nature or in art. We find in Jefferies many of the same peculiarities; the "great sun burning in the heavens" was half deified by him also, and the panegyrist of Summer who took pains to note the indefinable undertone which distinguishes its utmost stillness from the silence of winter, would have understood how one of Pierre Loti's earliest remembrances was of the sonorous summer air which filled an empty house at high noon. Passages might be quoted in abundance which show a strong similarity of feeling, and even of expression, between the two writers; and the broad differences which separate them are rather differences of education and circumstances than of temperament. I do not mean to suggest that the diffuse and unequal exuberance of Jefferies' style can be compared with the exquisite finish of Pierre Loti's, or that he had any of that verbal magic through which pages as hauntingly beautiful as the most perfect poem are created. For the English equivalent of some of the descriptive touches in the *Roman d'un Enfant* we must turn to the *Imaginary Portraits* or to *Marius the Epicurean*. But compare the sunrise at the opening of *Pêcheur d'Islande* with that quoted by Mr. Besant in his *Eulogy of Richard Jefferies*, and see how close the resemblance is, a resemblance which lies deeper than superficialities of style. What with Pierre Loti is actuality is often with Jefferies mere yearning and expectation. "My heart is fixed," says Jefferies, "in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the summer, the flowers and the azure sky shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence." What better words could be chosen to describe the idyllic life as presented in the pages of *Le Mariage de Loti*. Again, thinking of Jefferies craving ever the same old and loved things, the same wild flowers, the same birds singing, and *all in the same place*, we recall passages in *Sulcima*, in the *Roman d'un Enfant*, in *Madame Chrysanthème*, descriptions of a garden where yellow irises spring in a great sheaf from clear water between mossy stones, and dragonflies alight year after year on the wet grass. "You want colour, flexibility, light, sweet low sound," writes Jefferies, speaking of the beauty of a summer day; "all these to paint it and play it in music, at the same time you want something that will answer to and record in one touch the strong throb of life and thought, or feeling, or whatever it is, that goes out into the earth and sky and space, endless as a beam of light. The very shade of the pen on the paper tells you how hopeless it is to express these things. . . . Never yet have I been able to write what I felt about the sunlight only. Colour and form and light are as magic to me. It is a trance." And Pierre Loti tells us, too, how powerless words seem to express the wonder and glory of things—except in Japan! "So much the more snatched from inevitable time," cries Jefferies;

thinking of hours spent in the enjoyment of beauty, "the only hours when we really live"; and with him, as with Pierre Loti, the thought is often expressive of the transitoriness of man's life, its inadequacy to satisfy his thirst for "the exceeding beauty of the earth."

This thirst for earthly beauty finds concentrated expression in such books as *Le Mariage de Loti*, than which, to quote again from M. Lemaître, "nothing could be more sensuous, more enervating, more melancholy." Yet the penetrating sadness of this romance may be traced to a deeper cause. Like lunacy, or the mental infirmities of old age, the riddle of "the abyss which separates nations," is seen to cast almost as much bewilderment into religious theories as does the existence of the higher animals, fairly faced by no philosophy but that of Schopenhauer, no religion but that of Buddha. "Our race is so different from yours," says Rarahu to Loti, "that in spite of what the missionaries say, I am afraid your Saviour has not come for us, and will not recognise us."

"The sun which was so soon to rise in Europe for an autumn morning," continues Pierre Loti, "sank rapidly in the sky, casting on these gigantic visions its last golden beams; the great clouds which slept beneath our feet in the basalt gorges assumed extraordinary copper hues; on the horizon the Isle of Morea spread out with its great ruddy peaks—dazzlingly bright.

"Then all this conflagration died away from beneath, night fell, rapid and starless, and the Southern cross, with all the Austral stars, shone out in the deep sky.

"'Loti,' said Rarahu, 'your country—how high up must one go to catch sight of it?'"

The story of Rarahu need not be told here. In spite of the haze of dreamlike poetry which transfigures its slightest incidents, one is touched less deeply than by the romance of "Aziyadë," that immature and badly composed narrative of a love affair between a European and a woman of alien race into which the youthful writer put "all his soul of those days." Whatever sinister light may be thrown on the Turkish episode by the sequel, it would be impossible to forget the haunting interest of these strange fragments through which, in a setting of crude cynicism and threadbare Byronic melancholy, the child Aziyadë appears to us, sweet and innocent despite her questionable position like the heroine of *In God's Ways*. Aziyadë has great green eyes, sea-green, with lustrous pupils, and sits on a gay Turkish carpet, her crossed legs clad in silken trousers. "She had an almost prophetic expression in strong contrast with the extreme youth of her face and the naïveté of her ideas, an expression she assumed when she wished to put into my head some train of reasoning based usually on a parable of her own invention, the effect of which must be conclusive and irresistible.

Some Aspects of the Work of Pierre Loti.

"'Look, Loti,' said she, fixing her deep eyes on me, 'and tell me how many fingers there are here.'

"And she showed her hand, spreading out her fingers.

"I answered, laughing, 'Five, Aziyadë.'

"'Yes, Loti, five, but they are not all alike; this one—the thumb—is a little shorter than the next; the second rather shorter than the third, &c.; finally this one, the last, the shortest of all.'

"Aziyadë's little finger was really very small. The nail, very pink at the base, the part which had just grown, was tinged above a fine reddish orange with henna just like the others.

"'Well,' said she, 'so and much more, Loti, the creatures of Allah, who are far more numerous, are not all alike. All women are not the same, nor all men.'

"The object of this parable was to prove to me that if other women I had loved before had been able to forget me, if other friends had deceived and abandoned me, it was a mistake to judge all men and all women by these; that she, Aziyadë, was not like the rest and would never forget me; that Achmet himself would certainly always love me. 'So stay with us, Loti.'

"Then she thought of the future, that unknown gloomy future which fascinated her thoughts.

"Old age—how strange, how melancholy, and hard to imagine—loving one another eternally, in life and after life; growing old together and loving one another still.

"'You will be old,' said she, 'I shall be old.'

"The last phrase was hardly articulated, and, as usual with her, expressed rather by gestures than words. To say, 'I shall be old,' she broke her young voice, and crouched together for a few minutes like a little old woman, bowing her body so full of the eager freshness of youth.

"'No matter,' was the conclusion, 'no matter, Loti, we shall always love one another.'"

Aziyadë was a Circassian slave, nominally the wife of a polygamous Turk, and it is easy to see that the story will not admit of any but a tragic termination. The real *dénouement*—the *dénouement* told long afterwards in *Fantôme d'Orient*—is sadder and more disenchanting than the fictitious one. In this extraordinary book we are told, with the want of reserve so characteristic of many French writers, how the lover of Aziyadë, after receiving no tidings of her for seven years, set off at last for Constantinople to recover her trace, believing her dead, but anxious to fulfil his vow of visiting her tomb. Long voyages, want of money, and what, not, are pleaded in excuse of the delay, but the plausibility of the explanation is fatally marred by the fact that out of the ten days which might have been devoted to the long-deferred search, the first seven were spent in a visit to a recent acquaintance, leaving barely sufficient

time for the difficult enterprise to be attempted with any chance of success. It would be hardly surprising that a youthful passion should have cooled during the long separation, and the world has seldom been slow to pardon the fickleness of men of genius; but indignation is roused here by the hypocrisy of the sentimentalist who claims sympathy for a love not strong enough to move to sacrifices, of the egoist who cherishes for years the pathetic memory of one who sacrificed much for him, yet is content to rest in ignorance whether she be dead or alive. The first feeling on reading *Fantôme d'Orient* must be one of surprise that any writer should have published so barefaced a confession of some of the ignoblest workings of the human heart, and yet it is only on after-reflection that the mechanism of this despicable sophistry and blighting egoism becomes fully apparent. Such a jarring note as the sudden revulsion of feeling after the visit to Kadidjah is unique in Pierre Loti's books. It may seem bad taste to lay such stress on details of the private life of any writer, but if *Fantôme d'Orient*, and other books by Pierre Loti, are to be taken seriously at all, it is impossible to avoid doing so. Such a psychological study merits our attention all the more because it was obviously intended to impress us in quite a different way. How to acquit oneself gracefully of a sentimental debt under difficult circumstances is the problem proposed unconsciously by the writer, and the solution would perhaps appear satisfactory were it not for this extraordinary want of reticence, due perhaps to the intoxication of a sudden popularity. "I have drunk of a potent liquor, I talk," exclaims Ralesqurat in the *Sharing of Shagpat*; and the giddiness of success may at times produce similar astounding revelations. One is tempted to wish that the touchstone had been applied by the discovery of a living Aziyadé, for unless, indeed, we are to regard as pure fiction a narrative which is so interwoven with other autobiographic fragments scattered through Pierre Loti's books as to be practically inseparable from these, it must be admitted that the conjuncture would have been a final and adequate test of the moral validity of sentimentalism.

Le Roman d'un Enfant, if not the *Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*, would, however, in any case, remain unaffected by doubts cast by any recent circumstances on the genuineness and moral veracity of the novelist. The child whose story is told in the former, must, like the child Elia, that "other me," be held irresponsible for the sins of its sophisticated successor. "After all, I do not really know how it did happen," the child Pierre used to mutter with quaint scrupulosity, and one wonders whether the words might not be applied to explain that story of the sunbeam, for instance, which is certainly garbled in one book or another. *Le Roman d'un Enfant* is surely one of the most delightful things in literature. It has all the charm and *naïveté* of early childhood, and circumstances have

combined to throw the charm of ideality over even the most trifling accessories. What admirable surroundings—the ancestral home, the quiet town, the sun-scorched uplands, the dark woods of Limoise, varied by scenes in the South of France and on the Isle of Oléron, all pervaded by the same subdued yet mellow light, full of cool silvery tones, wrapt in a haze of softened reminiscence! The human element is wrought into harmony with this: simple old-fashioned folk—the mother, aunts, and grandmother—Lucette and her brother, the little Peyrals, Jeanne the sailor's child, and the southern cousins, school-life being relegated to its inevitable place, as a grey blank lit by random gleams of unexpected poetry. The real education went on at home, or during those long holidays spent in Southern France, by the château of Castlenau, or on the sunny Bories estate. The "heaven which lies about us in our infancy," the "shades of the prison-house," which close round too soon, are here lucidly and serenely depicted; the "blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds unrealised," touched in with marvellous strangeness of effect. Take, for instance, that scene by the deathbed of the old grandmother. "Moreover, I had stopped of my own accord, startled and shuddering, I had begun to understand.

"In spite of the terror which riveted me to the spot, I was astonished that grandmother was so far from unpleasant to look at; having never yet seen any dead persons, I had imagined till then that, the soul having gone, they must all from the first moment make a fleshless and expressionless grimace, like the heads of skeletons. And on the contrary she had a smile which was infinitely sweet and tranquil; she was still pretty, and looked younger, being fully at rest.

"Then, by one of those sad little flashes of illumination which pass at times through children's heads, as if to permit a furtive, inquiring glimpse into hidden abysses, I made this reflection: how could grandmother be in heaven, how incomprehensible this dual existence, since what remained to be buried was so completely herself, and kept, alas! *her very depression*.

"Then I went away without questioning any one, my heart heavy and my soul bewildered, not daring to ask for confirmation of what I had so clearly divined, and preferring not to hear the word uttered which caused my fear."

Take, again, that story of the sunbeam entering through a chink in the shutters, which recalls the incidents in De Quincey's childhood; or, for another kind of interest, that marvellous little chapter in which woes of the Apocalypse are wrought like a haunting refrain into a story of winter dawn and evening dusk. Reading in bed at daybreak, the spray of pink larkspur pressed in the leaves of the tiny Bible is redolent for him of hot summer sunshine on the golden stubble-fields of Oléron, alive with grasshoppers and blossom-

ing with late cornflowers or larkspur, white, purple, and pink. It was "that sublime Genesis" above all, with the Apocalyptic visions, "all that poetry of dream and terror" which fascinated and haunted the child's imagination kindled by marvellous pictures in an ancient *History of the Bible* perused at nightfall on winter evenings in the old grandmother's room.

For simple rural poetry, one would choose the account of a weekly visit to Limoise.

"Two kilometers of a very straight avenue, edged at that time with old and stunted trees, absolutely yellow with lichen, and all bending their branches to the left, because of the sea-winds which blow constantly from the west through the great empty meadows round. . . .

"On either hand is nothing but grassy plains, over which stray herds of oxen. In front, along the whole extent of the horizon, is something which seems to wall in the meadowland like a long sombre rampart; that is the ridge of the stony upland opposite, beneath which the river flows, the other bank, higher than this one, and differing from it, but just as level and monotonous. And this very monotony is to me the charm, so little appreciated, of our country districts; over vast spaces the tranquillity of line often remains unbroken and profound.

"The river to be crossed was at the end of that straight avenue of old trees eaten by golden lichens and tormented by the west wind. It was a very variable river, fluctuating with the tides and at every caprice of the neighbouring ocean. We crossed it in a ferry-boat or a yawl, always with the same well-known boatmen, old sailors with white beards and sunburnt faces. As we reached the other bank, the stony bank, the town we had just left, whose grey ramparts were still visible, seemed suddenly to recoil; spaces grew suddenly in my little head, the distances flew. Then everything was changed, the soil, the plants, the little wild flowers and the butterflies which came and alighted on them; nothing was the same any longer as in the neighbourhood of the town, the marshes and meadows where I took my walks on the other days of the week. These Wednesday twilights even had I know not what peculiarity, which I found it hard to define; generally by the time we reached the other bank the sun was setting, and seen so from the height of the isolated upland on which we were, it seemed to me to enlarge more than usual, as its red disk sank beneath the plains of deep grass we had just left.

"After crossing the river, we immediately quitted the highway to follow scarcely visible paths through a region called 'The Chaumes,' exquisite then but odiously profaned now.

"'The Chaumes' were a common connected with a village, whose ancient church was visible in the hollow. As they belonged to no

one, their comparative wildness had been left unchanged. They were simply a kind of plateau formed by a continuous layer of rock slightly undulating, and carpeted with crisp, short, fragrant herbs, which crackled beneath the feet; a whole world of tiny moths and microscopic flies, strangely coloured, lived there on rare flowerets.

"One met also sometimes with flocks of sheep and the shepherdesses who kept them, much more countrified, more tanned by exposure to the air than those in the neighbourhood of the town. These melancholy sun-scorched 'Chaumes' were to me, so to speak, the vestibule of Limoise, scented already with thyme and sweet marjoram.

"At the end of the little moor appeared the hamlet of Frelin. Now I loved this name of Frelin, for it seemed to me to come from the great and terrible hornets (*frelons*) of the Limoise woods, which made their nest in the heart of certain oaks and were destroyed in spring by lighting great fires round these. The hamlet was composed of three or four cottages. Quite low, as is usual in our part of the country, they were old, old and greyish; their little arched doors were surmounted by gothic ornaments and half-effaced blazons. As I almost always caught sight of them at the same hour, in the dying light at the fall of dusk, they evoked in my mind the mystery of the past; and above all they bore witness to the antiquity of this rocky ground, far older than the meadowland of our town, which was gained from the sea and has nothing on it which goes back further than the time of Louis XIV.

"After passing the Frelin, I began to watch along the path ahead, for usually it was not long before we saw Lucette coming to meet us, walking or driving with her father and mother. As soon as I recognised her, I started off to run and kiss her.

"We went through the village, past the church, an antique little marvel of the twelfth century, in the rarest and most remote Romanesque style; then, in the deepening twilight, we saw a lofty black band rise in front of us, the woods of Limoise, composed chiefly of evergreen oaks, with their gloomy foliage. Then we became involved in the private roads of the estate; we passed the well where the oxen were waiting their turn to drink, and at last opened the little old door, entering the first yard, a kind of grassy court, already plunged in the dense shadow of its centenarian trees.

"The house was between the courtyard and a large and rather neglected garden, which bordered on the oak woods. On entering the ancient rooms, with their whitewashed walls and antique wainscoting, I looked first of all for my butterfly net, always hung up in the same place ready for the chase of the next day.

"After dinner we usually went to the back of the garden to sit on the benches of an arbour built close against the old outer walls, close against all the mystery of the dark land where the wood owls hooted. And while we were there, in the balmy starlight night, in

the murmuring silence alive with the chirping of crickets, suddenly a bell began to ring down in the village church, clear though so distant.

"Oh, the Angelus of Echillais, heard in that garden on those fine evenings long ago! Oh, the sound of that bell, cracked but silvery still, like those very old voices which have been lovely and are still sweet! What a charm of days gone by, of pensive contemplation, and of quiet death, that sound shed through the limpid darkness of the land! The bell rang for a long while, varying in the distance, now muffled, now clear, at the caprice of the soft breaths which stirred the air. I thought of all the people who must be listening to it on the lonely farms. I thought especially of the waste places round where there was no one to hear, and shuddered at the thought of the woods hard by, where doubtless the last vibration died away.

"A municipal council, composed of highly cultivated people, has suppressed the Angelus now, after covering the poor old Romanesque steeple with a scaffolding and a tricolored flag. So it is all over; that immemorial appeal on summer evenings will be heard no more."

It was at Limoise too, in the Louis Quinze bookcase of an upper room that the great discovery was made of a sailor's diary kept on rough ancient paper, noting the aspects of sea and sky from hour to hour on the Tropical Pacific. One sees how these, reinforced by the letters from Australasia of a sailor brother, must have sunk into the mind of an impressionable child and prepared the way for that strong impulse toward the seafaring life which determined his career.

Pierre Loti has spoken of the dread of growing-up which haunts some children. Can we wonder, remembering how hard and sad life, the life of the great majority, inevitably is. After the golden days of childish freedom, little respite from care and toil is granted most, and the very joys of adult life are seldom so pure and fresh as those of earlier years. "Why should we live and grow up?" asks little Pierre, envisaging with dismay the prospect of a prosaic life on land; "to stay all the while in one place, parsing without really seeing anything of the earth—what a disenchanting future." Sometimes, indeed, for a favoured few, in the tranquillity of university life, or the superficial experiences of travel and residence abroad, some return is possible of the old objective spirit, of the freshness of ignorance, of the eager unhampered curiosity of the impartial looker-on, but in the nature of things this can rarely last. The "go-fever" happily is rarer than some are apt to suppose, and the craving for more poetic conditions of life extinguishable even when once aroused, but the weariness and desolation of a routine existence is no satisfactory thing to look on with the penetrating and unsophisticated gaze of youth. Affection may sweeten the

hardest lot; but is there ever in the wayward and unsatisfying loves of after life compensation for the atmosphere of kindly endearment which surrounds happy children? May we not even feel that the purely objective life, the isolated life of a Jefferies, for instance, has much in its favour compared with that usual state of passive endurance described by Keats in scarcely exaggerated terms, "here where men sit and hear each other groan." The consistent agnostic must inevitably end by granting that since this world is all, the simplest and most natural life, the life of children and beasts and flowers is most worthy of admiration, most desirable as an aim. "I think I could turn and live with animals," exclaims Walt Whitman in one of his quaintly petulant moods, and in default of genuine spiritual ideals, it must be allowed that there is force in his whimsical complaint of the inferiority of man.

Little need be said here of books of mere travel, or of that morbid romance of a soldier's life, the *Roman d'un Spahi*. *Madame Chrysanthème* strikes most as a marvellous piece of work constructed from the flimsiest material, though part of the impression produced by it is doubtless due to the excellent and most original illustrations. Art is especially conspicuous when expended on so inadequate and grotesque a subject, but the book lacks human interest, and in spite of one or two fine and subtle passages, we are conscious of viewing Japan from a distorting and exceptional standpoint; Perhaps Pierre Loti is hardly the writer to do justice to Japan. "I find it little, old," he declares on leaving it, "its strength and vigour exhausted, and am more than ever convinced of its antediluvian antiquity, its centenarian mummification, which will soon end, by contrast with western civilisation, in pitiful buffooneries and grotesqueness.

"'Les mots embellissent,'" he adds in *Japan*.

The shadow of overhanging death is to me less noticeable in Pierre Loti's book than the sadder sense of the transitoriness of youth. The death of the hero of *Le Roman d'un Spahi*, as the cruel end of a nostalgic exile, the death of Silvestre Moan on his way home from Anam, the death in extreme youth of the real or the fictitious Aziyadé, are instances in which death's terrors are dwelt on and accentuated. But the decay of all mortal things, the want of any sure hold for the affections in a changing world, the dread of the creeping infirmities of age, its dulled perceptions, its faded vision, have never been insisted on more strongly. "Is this really the whole splendour of summer?" Loti asks in *Japan*, "was this all?" and the *Roman d'un Enfant* was professedly written to save what remains of a vanishing past from oblivion. Death is regarded merely as the climax of all this, the "great black blot," ending a process of dissolution and decay. This gloomy background, far from decreasing the charm of luxuriant beauty which pervades Pierre Loti's work, throws up in

full splendour the glowing colours of life's pageant, the thought of ultimate annihilation even adding keenness, as it seems, to the zest for life. The world is dearer to him for its mouldering decrepitude, the memory of "the dust of dust, the ashes of ashes" lending a pathetic sublimity to fleeting and perishable things.

In the poem of *Empedocles on Etna* Matthew Arnold dealt with the position of those for whom the great lights of faith and hope in the unseen have gone out, and who are tempted to despise the finite tangible existence which alone remains to them. He is the advocate of a temperate wisdom, of a content rooted in the recognition of limitations. "Is it so slight a thing," he asks, "to have enjoyed the sun, to have lived light in the spring, to have loved, to have thought, to have done?" This Epicurean philosophy, reaching more artistic expression in the writings of Pierre Loti, makes them an unintentional challenge to the preacher and theologian. We are confronted with a double issue: either there is no Beyond, no unseen Power which makes for righteousness, and our choice is to be made between the hedonism which makes the most of this wonderful earth and the Quixotic cultus of certain illogical feelings and ideas which survive the wreck of supernatural religion; or if a Beyond and an Unseen Power exist, the true relations between the spiritual and the material are still in question. On the second hypothesis may there not be some peril in the idolatry, the worship of the symbol for its own sake, which is the keynote of such ardent Epicureanism as inspires the soul of Jefferies and of Loti? "What of soul was left, I wonder, when the kissing had to stop?" Browning questions, thinking of those Venetian women, "dear dead women," who loved the world and its lusts too well, and passed perchance into extinction as the natural end of their butterfly existence. What if, as some theologians suppose, a soul not intrinsically immortal exist, susceptible of death like a germ cast into unfavourable soil or unvisited by rain? May we choose with blind eyes this world and the glory of it unwitting that such choice is disregard of the one irrevocable opportunity, pass into nothingness having never known the possibilities just within our reach, gazing within the theatre at the stage sunset while the real dawn breaks without unmarked? Setting aside such questions as insoluble, yet can we blind ourselves to the want of horizon inherent in this hedonistic life, to its lack of deep feeling and noble emotion, its incongruity with all the world has dreamed of as divine? St. Augustine, pondering over the sorrows of a world he had renounced, must have been assured of much that is ignored in the optimistic theology current, of the everlasting opposition between the flesh and spirit, the fundamental impossibility of really reconciling them. The unheroic nature of that ardent earthliness which pervades the work of Pierre Loti with its tendency to benumb the spiritual

faculties can scarcely be denied. The ideal of life suggested derives its fascination from its exquisite adaptation to the complex nature of man, and satisfies all cravings but those inexplicable instincts on which creeds are founded. It lulls the soul into a pleasant but ignoble repose which gives the lie to such shallow maxims as that happiness eludes the grasp, that no earthly joy satisfies. Even the saddening and humiliating sense of moral inferiority, the shadow of the great things from which they shrink, is insufficient to rouse the hedonistic agnostics to sympathy with great spiritual conflicts. Descrying as possible a transformation of life in which it should be possible to drink in beauty like the common air, beauty of sound, of sense, of colour, of mystical suggestiveness, are they not naturally loath to surrender so rich a life for any shadowy spiritual consolation? Like Sordello they may avow themselves "ready to serve, granted that I do serve," but claim that a life "gigantic in its possibilities of joy" is not to be lightly thrown aside, opportunities for real heroism being rare, and the petty heroisms of daily life of such questionable importance. Will not the only adequate incentive to noble-mindedness and generous self-sacrifice pass from the world with the faith in a God who reads the inmost thoughts, who overlooks no lofty effort however ill-expressed in outward act, who measures deeds by the intention rather than the performance?

SOUTH AFRICAN LABOUR QUESTIONS.

SOUTH AFRICA, in many respects an interesting country, is presenting several aspects of the labour problem which are peculiar, and worthy of being studied. Few countries possess such a magnificent store of labour in the raw state, yet the supply of that labour to those engaged in mining and agriculture, the two great South African industries, has so far been quite precarious. Mr. Cecil Rhodes, admittedly a "big" man, to use a convenient expression, is perhaps faced with no more really difficult task, amongst all his empire-enlarging prospects, than the solution of the labour problem as far as the Cape Colony is concerned, which he has resolved to attempt. By a resolution of the Cape Parliament, passed last session, at the instance of one of its ablest and most moderate members, Mr. Sheron, the Secretary of the Africander Bond, the Cape Government is charged to make exhaustive inquiries as to the causes of the present scarcity of labour. In the Transvaal, the Chamber of Mines, which certainly represents the brain and energy in the State far more nearly than the Volksraad has done up to the present, has found the question of labour one of the most difficult subjects which have engaged the attention of its members.

The complaint of the colonial farmer is that he cannot get native labour for love or money, though it does not appear that he is extravagant in distributing the one or the other—certainly not the latter. Upon the side of the farmer it is to be frankly conceded that his mode of life is in reality more precarious than that of the Stock Exchange itself. Locusts, drought, native disturbances, scab in his sheep, and rust in his wheat, with the ever-present dearth of labour, are some of the difficulties with which he has had and still has to contend. No doubt these are answerable for the low rate of wages paid to native farm labourers; but, whatever the cause, it is not to be gainsaid that the rate paid for agricultural labour is entirely inadequate. The perfectly natural consequence has been that as the country has been opened up by railways, and as the mining industry at Kimberley, as well as in the Transvaal, has developed, native labour has been diverted from the farms to public works and the mines. If there were not the inducement of higher wages, the preference might still be defended. In a delightful book—I think it is Sir Arthur Helps's *Social Pressure*—a pleasant picture of agricultural life is drawn, and agriculture is spoken of as

an elevating kind of pursuit. It may be all that to the farmer, but to the labourer it would scarcely appear to be fascinating. Certainly there is little in the life led by a native farm-boy in South Africa, with his ten shillings a month, and his allowance of vile Cape "smoke," that should make him regret changing it. At the mines, or on public works, on the other hand, better wages are obtainable—£3, or even £4, a month in many cases—a greater amount of liberty out of working hours is to be had, and there are more interesting surroundings. Some of the farmers seem disposed to regard the mines and public works rather jealously, and to blame the Cape Government because, in carrying out departmental contracts, it has paid a just price for labour, and the old disposition to expect the Government to carry out everything, from the policy of the country down to sweeping the locusts out of their barns, which is the weak point of too many South African farmers, has been very noticeable of late years in regard of the labour question.

New difficulties are springing up every year, and it was hinted plainly, in the Parliament last session, that one great cause of the unsatisfactory state of things which prevails is the system of native education at present followed in the Cape Colony. The old patriarchal idea, which was no doubt admirable a thousand years ago, that the black man is to be vote-less, soul-less, money-less, and land-less, has still a deep-rooted hold of the minds of some Cape farmers, to whom institutions like Lovedale are anything but objects of kindly regard. Yet it is clear that, however strongly these gentlemen and their few—very few—advocates in the Cape Parliament may express themselves, they cannot carry their views into effect, since they can no more turn back the car of educational progress than Prospero could change the course of his boat. It is one of the hopefulest and one of the most gratifying facts upon which a South African can reflect, that year after year, as the Left Wing of the *Africander Bond* has caused to be brought forward the beneficent and patriarchal measure known as the Strop Bill, under which farm and other servants could be chastised practically at will of the master, not a paper of any standing in the country, Government supporter or otherwise, has received the proposal with anything but scorn and contempt.

It may at once be admitted that for a farmer to be unable to gather his crops, whilst labour in plenty is at his very door and refuses to be hired, a condition of things often experienced in Cape Colony, must be irritating in the extreme; but it is an excellent thing to have noticed, again and again, the firmness with which those of real influence, amongst the farmers themselves, politicians, or journalists, have steadily refused to listen to any suggestion that patriarchal methods should be followed, and the native compelled to work. It has been said that a considerable advance in the amount

of hut-tax would have the desired result. The *Cape Argus* has suggested that a higher duty, or other addition to the price of the commodities peculiar to trade with the natives, might go far to solve the problem. That a solution will have to be found is made more plain every year, as a glance at the census returns and the rate of increase among the natives would show; but the problem is really so vast, and has so many phases, that perhaps we shall be little nearer a solution a score of years hence than we are to-day.

Turning one's attention to the Transvaal the prospects appear more promising in view of a scheme recently formulated by that energetic body, the Chamber of Mines at Johannesburg. It is projected to establish a kind of Native Labour Bureau in connection with the Chamber, to obtain supplies of labour from the adjacent colonies, and to appoint an officer as a Native Commissioner, who will supervise the practical carrying out of the scheme. This gentleman, who will be a man respected by and of substantial influence amongst the natives, whilst on the one hand assisting the gold mining companies to obtain labour, will guard the interests of the natives, from motives of expediency as well as for higher reasons. The more closely the plan is examined the more excellent does it appear. The necessity for it is sadly apparent in the interests of both sides. In the past the mining companies have had to pay exorbitant prices for native labour under the galling circumstances that almost every penny paid away in wages has gone straight to the canteen-keeper, a parasite whose thriving upon the native labourer has been wonderful. As to the native it would be difficult to convey an idea of the change which is wrought in him as the result of working in the towns. It may truly be said that the effect of town life upon the Kafir has been to destroy him, body and soul. Those who have seen the Kafir in Kafirland, in the rich districts of the Eastern Province of the Cape, and the Transkei, and who have also seen the miserable wretches who crowd the low parts of Cape Town, or Kimberley, or Johannesburg, will surely only recognise in the latter a horrible travesty of the true African. Mr. Rhodes has said, amongst other apt sayings, that he regards the African as a child, and most people, even those whose knowledge of the race is slight, will confess the perfect justice of the remark. That being so, if there are two things which the friends and well-wishers of the natives could desire more than others at present, they are the absolute prohibition, under all circumstances and at any time, of the sale of liquor to the natives in every part of South Africa, and a great increase of every sort of agency whose aims are to Christianise the Kafir, in the best sense of that expression, and to help his advancement in other respects. Especially is this the case in the Transvaal, where the rough-and-ready method of lashing the black man for pretty nearly every offence in the calendar is carried out with singular thoroughness and

attention to detail. That there will be a change for the better when the scheme of the Chamber of Mines is fairly in the process of being carried out seems very probable.

There are other and even more delicate phases of the question. Coloured artisans and craftsmen, as a result of the system followed at Lovedale, are very frequently met with, and often whites of the same trade refuse to work with blacks. The latter cannot all be turned upon the land. The condition of things, then, is that in a country like the Cape Colony, which is agricultural above anything else, where the land is capable of producing perhaps a hundredfold its present yield, the natives, without whose aid farming cannot be pursued, appear more reluctant to take farm service each year; that coloured artisans become more numerous every year; and that there is growing up in South Africa, as the result of the introduction of the unprepared native to the very worst side of civilisation, a class of natives whose case is miserable, and for whom, practically, little or nothing is being done. Perhaps this attempt to state the case—it is hoped fairly and with an honest desire that a remedy may be found—may have this effect: that South African statesmen and publicists, in applying themselves to the question, may feel that they possess the sympathy of the larger public, which for some time past has exhibited a true interest in questions affecting South Africa.

ALBERT CARTWRIGHT.

THE INTER-RELATION OF NATURAL FORCES.

LINNÆUS wrote, in 1748, that "The stony rocks are not primeval, but the daughters of Time." His idea was far in advance of his age, but has been since then borne out by the discoveries of Lyell, Darwin, and other geologists and scientific men, as well as by astronomers such as Laplace and Sir W. Herschell, that, not only this our earth, but also the planets and stars, have only come into their present liquid and solid condition and development after immense intervals of *time*, and very gradually.

Herschell was of opinion that "our earth may have been first in a gaseous state, resembling those nebulae which we behold in the heavens, and which are of dimensions so vast that some of them would fill the orbits of the remotest planets of our system."

Lyell's great work, *The Principles of Geology*, was published in 1835, or a few years earlier, and refers mainly to the development of the rocks, whether primary and raised by volcanic agency, or from water by sedimentary deposits, or by the labours of coral insects in the secondary and later periods. Lyell wrote also on the order and appearance of vegetables and animals, and showed clearly that each and all of them only came into existence when the surrounding conditions were favourable to their development. In the present century Darwin and other great writers have borne out Lyell's opinion respecting the enormous periods of time requisite to bring the inorganic world into its present condition, and also slowly but very gradually to develop from the waters and rocks the vegetable and animal growths by evolution, whenever the environment favouring such growths enabled the forces of Nature to call them forth; whether by chemical agency, by electricity, by magnetism, by voltaic action, or by that of the sun's rays; by heat, by cold, &c. We reinforce our statement, that such transformations could only take place, under certain and definite conditions, by a passage from the work of a highly esteemed writer: "It is a permanent and universal law in all inorganised bodies that the composition of substances is definite and invariable, the same compound always consisting of the same elements united together in the same proportions: for example, one part by weight of hydrogen gas will

combine with eight parts by weight of oxygen gas, and form water. This law of definite proportions, established by Dr. Dalton, is of universal application." In continuation of our argument we may state that "heat and cold affect substances in very different degrees. Water freezes and becomes ice at 32° of Fahrenheit, whereas mercury only freezes at 39° below zero of Fahrenheit; olive oil, on the contrary, shows signs of congelation at from 40° to 45° of Fahrenheit. The three substances quoted being all liquids, the difference in the loss of heat requisite to bring them to solidification is very great indeed. The action of heat on fluids or solids is equally various. Water boils at 212° Fahrenheit, lead melts at 612° ; the fusing point of gold is 2016° , and of iron 3000° . We give these particulars in order to show what enormous changes can be effected by cold in the transmutation of a substance from a liquid to a solid, or by heat from a solid to a liquid state. Ether boils at 96° of Fahrenheit, but has never been frozen by the severest cold. The forces exerted by the action and reaction of heat and cold are best exemplified under the head of steam, which has only been called forth and made use of by man since about the middle of the eighteenth century, but it has been in action on a gigantic scale in Nature for probably hundreds of thousands of years, it being the opinion of many geologists, including Lyell, that it is the generation of steam, whether developed by the internal heat of the earth in a state of fusion, or whether by that of the chemical action of the elements in the bowels of the earth developing heat, which, acting on water and thus generating steam, is the great force that throws up such enormous rocks and masses of lava as Etna has lately been doing. The rocks and lava thus thrown up are in a state of fusion by heat; but they gradually cool by exposure to the air and form solid rocks and mountains. This action and reaction has been going on for thousands of years with little cessation. Heat and cold, again, cause the oceanic currents on our earth between the equator and the poles, and *vice versa*, and thereby affect the earth's magnetism or polarity, not only on our globe, but probably all throughout the universe. This is borne out by the fact that "the aurora borealis is decidedly an electrical phenomenon, which takes place in the highest regions of the atmosphere, since it is visible at the same time at places very distant from each other. Dr. Faraday conjectures that the electric equilibrium of the earth is restored by the aurora conveying the electricity from the Poles to the Equator. It may be well here to call attention to what is called "induction, which is the process by which magnetism, or electricity, is developed in a body by the magnetic, or electric, action of another body." When the North Pole of a magnet is brought near to or in a line with an unmagnetised iron bar, the bar acquires all the properties of a per-

fect magnet; the end next the North Pole becomes a South Pole, and *vice versa*. By induction the iron has not only acquired polarity, but the power of inducing polarity in a third body.

"Magnetism, galvanism, and the chemical affinities, which are all in intimate relation to each other, can be variously and greatly affected by almost any changes that may occur, whether by heat or by cold, by hammering perpendicularly on an iron or steel bar, by change of position, or by induction. But the changes are so numerous and so varied that we can only just advert to them in this paper. It has been proved by the experiments of Favre that the heat developed by the galvanic current is entirely due to the chemical action which takes place in the battery;" the chemical action depending on the current produced by the decomposition of the metals by the acids, it follows that by the augmentation and size of the plates almost any degree of heat can be produced. This has rendered the voltaic pile so valuable an instrument to effect the reduction of the alkalis to their metallic bases and to effect other extraordinary chemical changes, as was done by Sir Humphry Davy. We give these details to show the enormous force that can be generated and kept up by the voltaic battery. But Nature was in this respect ahead of man by countless ages of time, for she had produced, and still produces, voltaic electricity in a living animal, and by means analogous to the voltaic pile, generates in the living tissue of the torpedo (a fish like a ray or skate) a force or power of shock with which it attacks and kills other fish for its sustenance or defence. There are other fishes (seven in all), such as the electric eel, which have this power, and the eel in a very high degree.

It appears to us, therefore, that if nature can produce so complicated an arrangement as a galvanic battery in the body of a skate, she can equally produce other complicated organs in animals of a higher grade, such as the mammalia. In these animals there are a number of important organs, the glands, all of them serving very necessary and indispensable purposes for the use and benefit of the animal; the glands all secrete some necessary fluid or product, of which the secretion of the liver, of the kidneys, of the mammary, the salivary, and of the lachrymal glands are well known, together with very numerous other glands distributed all over the different parts of our bodies, without which our life as mammalia could not be carried on. Yet every gland secretes its specific fluid or substance; these secretions are all derived from chemical processes, and it would seem that the glands probably act as galvanic batteries. Liebig (*Organic Chemistry*) shows that "for the production of bile in the animal body a certain quantity of soda is necessary; without the presence of a compound of sodium no bile can be formed." Again he says: "The venous blood, before reaching the heart, is made to pass through the liver; the arterial blood, on the other hand, passes

through the kidneys ; these organs separate from both all substances incapable of contributing to nutrition. The substance of the brain and nerves contains a large quantity of albumen, and in addition to this, two peculiar fatty acids, distinguished from other fats by containing phosphorus (phosphoric acid); one of these contains 'nitrogen.' Thus it is clear that whether for the sustenance of the elements or organs of the body, or for those of the brain, all is brought about by means of chemical action, yet chemical action and galvanic action are analogous." Again, from the same author : " Physiology shows that every manifestation of force is the result of a transformation of the structure or of its substance ; that every conception, every mental affection, is followed by changes in the chemical nature of the secreted fluid ; that every thought, every sensation, is accompanied by a change in the composition of the substance of the brain, the ultimate cause of the different conditions of the vital force are chemical forces." Since, then, we have no knowledge of the manifestations of mental or of muscular activity, excepting through the substance or structure of the body, brain, and nerves, it appears impossible to doubt what Liebig asserts, that all such manifestations are due to changes effected in those substances. We may add that without oxygen there is no life, that the absence of air to a man for so short a time as two or three minutes is fatal. This, therefore, so far bears out the eminent chemist's opinion, since the air requisite to us is for the purpose of oxidising the blood, of which iron forms a part, iron being more susceptible to the action of oxygen than any other metal. This action brings about constant changes and transformations of tissue by means of the heart and lungs. The power inherent in electricity and magnetism of transmitting to a third body the same force by induction thereby gives nature the means of effecting any transformation, since she acts doubly by positive and negative, and thereby brings about as results third and new substances, structures, or conditions. It may be replied that sensation and motion, so observable in animals, are not attributes of vegetables. We can, however, show that vegetable growths have both sensation and motion ; their life, indeed, could not proceed without them. What is growth but life and movement, and can there be growth without sensation ? If a tree or plant grows and reproduces, it does so because the conditions of the soil, of its food, of the necessary moisture and air, of the sun's rays of heat or of light, &c., are in relation and adapted to the plant's existence. If they be not so, the plant will die like any animal. The plant has, moreover, in it the power to discriminate and to select those parts of the soil suitable to its requirements, and to leave out the others. The vine and the olive, in the south of Europe, grow together in the same field and at the same time, which is, besides, often sown with maize and pulse ; yet one plant produces grapes, the other oil, the third Indian corn, the fourth gram (a pulse), or kidney beans ;

yet no harm occurs to any of these products from their being grown in the same piece of ground, since they evidently each select that part of the soil necessary to them and of no use to the others. But selection implies sensation and growth, which never cease until the plant has reproduced its seed or its kind. Then again, creeping plants grow up to extraordinary heights, more especially in the tropics. The *Piassaba* (a kind of *Liana*) grows, climbing up trees thirty, forty, and, we believe, in some cases to over one hundred feet. The Rattan cane also grows to great lengths, as well as the bamboo; and the ivy in our own country the same. These creeping or climbing plants must all have both sensation, motion, and force in a large degree. There is in the Atlantic Ocean a seaweed growing in the Sargasso Sea, to the west of the Canaries and Cape de Verde Islands, where many hundreds of square miles of this weed are found, since it grows in such large quantities as to have alarmed Columbus and his sailors lest they were getting aground. Some of these seaweeds have stems more than a thousand feet long. Respecting sensations in the vegetable world, this is more especially evidenced in the *Mimosa pudica*, or sensitive plant, which shrinks from the touch and gives other signs of animal life, since it is said to be acted on by chloroform, and to thus lose temporarily its sensitiveness, as do animals. Then again, there are other plants equally sensitive, and which can also digest animal food; we allude to the insectivorous plants, of which it appears that some five hundred species are known. These plants catch small flies or insects by means of their sticky leaves and other devices, digest them, and thus furnish themselves with food. One of them, well known, is the *Dionaea muscipula*, or Venus's fly-trap, thus proving that plants have sensation and movement, and even powers of digestion. We know of no life without growth, nor of growth without matter; what, therefore, is the difference between so-called inorganic or more highly organised structures? They are only differences of degree; the process is the same in both cases. Transformation and also structure are equally visible in the rocks and earths as they are in the more organised developments. Liebig states: "The formation of a crystal, of an octohedron, is not less incomprehensible than the production of a leaf or of muscular fibre; the production of vermilion from mercury and sulphur is as much an enigma as the formation of the eye from the substance of the blood." That the rocks have sensations is proved by their being acted on by magnetism, by electricity, by the oxygen of the air, and by chemical affinities; in other words, that they have a sort of power of selection, as is shown particularly by the magnetic ironstone, which can both attract and repel; in fact, most of the metals are found in the state of oxides. The whole earth is but one great magnet and vast chemical laboratory. To the action of the forces of electricity, magnetism, galvanism, and of the che-

mical affinities, it may be stated generally, that there is no limit, since man alone, during the present century, has, by experimental processes, discovered no less than 606 methods of transformation in the electricity of both kinds, as well as in magnetism. These forces are in constant action, so that changes and transformations are ever and continually taking place. The very distant stars act on us, since we see them, and we believe that photographs have been taken of some of them, especially of Sirius, therefore we are (in such case) under the influence of his actinic rays, as we are under those of our sun. A large part of the electrical, magnetic, and chemical phenomena referred to have only been discovered during our present century; what limit, therefore, can we place to those and others of Nature's forces (many probably yet to be discovered), acting in the formation of the materials of our globe, for tens of millions of, or for yet more years. Surely, if chemistry in the hands of man has been able to effect such important changes in a century, Nature has both the power and the means of bringing about still greater changes, having had the whole earth and its surroundings at her disposal for millions of years. That the forces herein mentioned have been in action for long periods who can dispute, since, had they not existed, no changes could have been effected; no life, whether animal or vegetable, could have existed without oxygen and water, nor could the very earth we stand on hold us but for the attraction of gravitation. That the force of gravitation itself is only relative and conditional may be shown by its feeble action on a comet; nor can it call down the clouds from the heavens until they are previously transformed into snow, hail, or rain. Our endeavour has been to show that we know of life only by means of and through its relation to matter, on which it is as equally dependent as are what are designated inorganic substances; that from or through matter all sensation, all our forces are derived; that all living beings (vegetable or animal) grow; that growth is life; that living beings are only superior or more complicated structures, since the simpler formations came first into being, the more complicated ones afterwards; that all came forth (whether inorganic or organic) only and when the relations and the conditions necessary for their development enabled the powers of nature gradually, but slowly, to call them forth by means of evolution, and by the various forces we have mentioned. That not only this, our globe, but the whole universe, appears to us to have sensation as well as motion inherent in all matter, more or less, of which the formation, whether of rocks or of more highly organised structures, are only a part and a natural sequence—or perhaps we may better say a natural consequence—of every change in the relations and conditions of matter constantly taking place. In exemplification of our statement, we may refer to the fact, well known, of the fish inhabiting some sub-

terranean lakes in Carniola (Austrian Alps), as well as to the similar lakes in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. These lakes are perfectly in darkness, and the fish inhabiting them are without eyes ; they are blind, since eyes without light would be useless to the animals. It would thus appear as if light acts as a force in developing the formation of the eye. The want of the force in the case above mentioned prevents or inhibits the development of the organ of vision. We will give one more exemplification of our statements by a reference to the sun's heat rays. It is well known that the diminution of the heat of the sun's rays results in ice and snow at the top of Mont Blanc, or Chimborazo and other lofty mountains. Why so ? It is said to be in consequence of the smaller quantity of earthy matter on the top of a hill, and to its greater abundance on a plain, whereby the rays of the sun on the latter have more matter to act upon—more fuel, as it were. Be that or not the true solution, the fact remains that the higher we go the cold increases. Thus, again, we see that even the action of such a force as the sun's heat is modified by the conditions of the materials on which it is brought to bear.

ARTHUR H. IVENS.

ALASKA AND ITS PEOPLE.

PART II.

PEOPLE who have visited Alaska in the summer, and have tasted a few Alaskan-grown potatoes and raspberries (both of which are excellent) go back talking of the delightful climate, the fine timber, and the lovely scenery, and even praise the agriculture; while, on the other hand, the October tourist and the disappointed miner, call it a rocky wilderness, inhabited by mosquitos and people who have not money enough to get away; with just enough fine days to let you know there is such a thing as a sun, and gardens that exist only in the imaginations of the newspaper reporters. Of course the truth lies between these two extremes.

A little north of Fort Wrangel is Wrangel Narrows, a passage that is marked out by buoys, and is so narrow that, when the tide is running, it is as bad as a very rapid river for canoes and small boats. In a few hours we come to Gasteneaux Channel and the wide mouth of the Taku River. On the one side is Douglas Island with Douglas City, and the Treadmill mine—which has the largest stamp-mill for crushing ore in the world, and is well worth a visit—and on the other is Juneau City, a mining town, which has had its ups and downs, but on the whole continues to flourish. Here in the streets will be seen Indians squatting down with baskets of native berries for sale, old squaws or klookchmen (as they are called), bowed down with their load of bangles, also for sale, made out of dollars by the Indians themselves. The boat stops here sometimes, and then goes on to Chilcat, where there are several canneries.

The Chilcat Indians are the fiercest of the lot, and will not allow the white men to trade with the Indians of the interior. Whisky and disease, and the fearful compounds sold by the stores, are gradually, however, killing them off. Here the country is very rich in old mausoleums, containing the remains of their deceased doctors or shamans, held by them in great esteem. The dead are generally laid to rest in impressive places, such as the pinnacles of hills, or on small islands. The Indians have some old cannons, which they took from a Russian boat on an occasion when they killed the whole crew.

After leaving Chilcat, the boat proceeds to Glacier Bay, where she may probably take on board an iceberg for her water supply, while the tourists land for the Muir Glacier, one of the show glaciers of Alaska. It is said to be one mile long and 300 feet high, with a velocity of seventy feet a day, about fifty times quicker than the motion of the Mer de Glace, Switzerland. Here the air is more bracing, and of course colder, but so clear that distance seems annihilated. The stream, constantly flowing from underneath, keeps the surface tolerably free of ice, and makes it comparatively safe.

This being as far north as the big steamers go, the vessel turns her head south for Killisnoo, where a German-American company have an oil refinery and a fleet of small boats engaged in catching herrings, from which the oil is extracted, the refuse making good guano. We retrace our way for a few miles and then go through Peril Straits, lovely in summer, with its white-headed eagles, its sea-gulls, and other wild birds, but a very nasty place in winter with a gale of wind.

We are now close to Sitka, the seat of Government for Alaska, and one of the most strikingly beautiful places imaginable, with its Greek church, the handsome dome and square tower of which are ornamented with gilt Greek crosses. On the rising ground stands the castle, built of logs, interesting as a relic of the old times of the Russian government, with its splendour and feasting. From Sitka there are several lovely walks, and one should row out among the thousand islands that seem to enjoy life so on a sunny day, with their green trees so tastefully planted by Nature and the sparkling waves dancing round them in the sunlight, as gleefully as ever Wordsworth's waves danced round his daffodils. The name of Sitka was originally New Archangel, a name which will revive recollections of their old geography books in the minds of the more mature readers of this article. It was captured after hard fighting with the Indians by Baranoff, in 1799. However, during his absence, his stockade was destroyed by about 5000 Indians, and his men killed; but it was recaptured in 1804 by some forty Russians, with the aid of several hundred Aleuts. The castle was then built, and the present strong Russian log town, and although disturbances have occurred since then, they have never been very serious.

As the large steamers go no farther in this direction, a small boat conveys us to the Aleutian Islands *via* Jakatat and Kodiak Island. At Jakatat, the first stopping place, we take leave of the Th'linket Indians. I do not think I have yet described their personal appearance, which differs considerably from that of the ordinary North American Indians: they have flat faces, black eyes, large mouths, hair like Japanese dolls, and complexions more resembling the Japanese than the Red Indians. As I before said, they are probably half Japanese.

At Jakatat the canoes are much smaller than those we have hitherto seen, as the growth of the spruce of which they are made does not admit of larger dimensions. They have a curiously shaped bow, not unlike a modern cruiser's ram, to protect them from the ice, of which there is a great deal floating about from glaciers that empty into Jakatat Bay. Jackatat is the nearest town to the famous Mount St. Elias, concerning whose position and height there has been a good deal of controversy. Several people are said to have reached 11,000 feet through many hardships, of which I believe want of water was the worst. The foot of it is all glaciers, with the exception of a small fringe round the bottom of spruce and cedar, and even that is supposed to have a mass of ice underneath. Anyhow, there is enough soil on the top for vegetation, and for the sustenance of foxes, wolverines, bears, &c., and, of course, the eternal mosquito.

At Kodiak Island we get into a different country, not very cold in winter, nor with so much rain in summer, as in the south-east. Indeed, if it were not for its isolation, it would be a very pleasant place to live in. Here are a Custom House and some Government offices in a bright little town. On some islands are fox farms. These islands are entirely devoted to the raising of silver foxes for the sake of their skins. A proportion of the males is killed off every year, and a very good income is realised. The little steamer next passes Prince William Sound and the Nutchek villages.

The coast all along here is very curious, and from the sea looks like loose rocks; in reality it is an accumulation of rubble and rocks on the top of ice; it is even covered in some places with brush and vegetation. Cook's Inlet is also passed, with its salmon canneries and coal mines. The tide comes in here even more rapidly than the famous Solway, the sandbanks seeming literally to sink below the waters at the commencement of the flood. Between Jakatat and Cook's Inlet there are said to be fine coal banks; but they still remain untouched. The climate at Cook's Inlet is delightful in summer, generally one long warm spell of clear weather; in the winter, however, it is far from pleasant. It is well wooded and mountainous on the west shore, which is rather a contrast to the flat sands of the east side.

The Aleutian Islands, which we now approach, have one or two active volcanoes, and these naturally give rise to a great many superstitions.

The Russian popes, or priests, have lived here for a great many years, and the people are more or less civilised and Christian, but old superstitions die hard. We may now consider that we have done with the Indians, for the Aleuts, with their comparatively fair complexions, are more closely akin to the Yap than even the Th'linkets; their country is by no means cold in winter, stock being

left out without any shelter. However, cattle cannot be said to do really well, as the grasses, though abundant, are not very nutritious, and in a few generations the cattle get small and very thickly coated.

Belkopki and Malaska are now reached, and have a very thriving look. One can only get farther north by a special boat, so that to see the famous Pribylov Islands in the Behring Sea—where the seals go to deposit their young, and the road to which is now under arbitration—is a separate trip. Here, however, the Alaska Commercial Company, who have leased the right to kill the seals from the United States Government, have their headquarters, and keep up good schools for the natives. The Islands are not particularly interesting, except as impressing one with the immense importance of the seal. We all know the value of his skin. Then his flesh is the chief diet of the natives, and you see old women washing out yards of the intestines for the night's supper. But most of all is the oil precious—in an island where the tallest tree is two feet high; it is fire, meat, light, and drink. It is used for everything, and eaten with everything.

Still farther north are the Ku-kokwim and Jukon rivers, the last being one of the largest in the world. At the mouth it is very broad, and in summer dirty and muddy, and deposits great sand-banks for the unwary mariner to run into during the fogs that abound. The Eskimos here are a primitive race, and not at all unfriendly to the few whites who come in contact with them. They still retain their ancient customs, slightly modified perhaps, and their complicated religious ceremonies and festivities still form the chief feature of their lives. They are skilful workers in bone and ivory, which they get by hunting the walrus and the sea-lion. They wear coats made from the intestines of animals, chiefly bear, I believe, and sewn together with sinew till they are perfectly water-tight. Then they tie themselves in their bidarkas, or canoes, made of walrus skin stretched on bones, and are ready for any sea. So dexterous are they in the use of the paddle, that in case they capsize, they paddle themselves the right way up again without any seeming effort. Now and then, of course, they get lost, but probably from running into a piece of loose ice, or in a fight with some sea animal.

Still farther north, and inclining eastwards, we sail past low-lying shores covered with a small green herbage to Point Barrow, the most northerly point of Alaska. Here there is a refuge station for whalers, and provisions can be got. The country is flat, but it is not cold in summer unless a northerly wind blows, and then it is best to keep indoors.

Having now followed the sea-coast hurriedly round, though leaving out many places and things of more or less interest, I am unable, in this short article, to do more than glance at the general

features of the interior. It is inhabited for the most part by a fine race of Indians, who depend on the chase for their living, and a very precarious living it is at times. The moose seem to be going further south, and the scarcity of cariboo, or reindeer, has become so serious that the United States Government have imported a few hundreds from Siberia. Ptarmigan are plentiful at some seasons of the year, and white rabbits and other animals (nearly all white) are to be got up on the higher Yukon. The country is mountainous in some places, and there is a little timber, though of course not of any great size. When the Indians have to go down the river they cut down a few trees, make a raft, and, skilfully guiding it, get to their destination. One point in which we might well take a lesson from them is their extreme honesty. Such a thing as stealing or pilfering is unknown, and any property lost on a trail or anywhere else, when found, is at once restored to its owner. About their truthfulness the less said the better.

Skins are more used for clothing here than in any other part of Alaska, but woollen and cotton goods are by no means unknown, and the women are not at all averse to finery. Their bone needles are being given up now for the steel ones, but sinew is still used in preference to cotton. The cold is so intense that when a really cold spell is on, it is almost death to go out; but on milder days the children may be seen running out of their tents and mud-houses with nothing whatever on. When the summer comes, which is in May, it makes up for the long winter by its heat, and there being no night; but even then, the ground is frozen three or four inches below the surface—a fact that does not keep prospectors and others out of the country. Good potatoes and roots have been raised, and grow very quickly, but they need irrigation, and it cannot exactly be called a garden country.

CHARLES WENTWORTH SAREL.

THE POETRY OF MADAME NEGREPONTE.

"THERE were of old three mighty poet-kings,
Who girdled Athens with an undying wealth
Of beauty-blossoms. See, the passion-flower
Euripides has planted on her soul;
Torn from the living human heart, with tears
Besprinkled, fed with joy-dews. Sophocles,
The fairness of thy city's olive sprays
Types thy proud verse, clear cut, faultless in form,
Reflecting in its strength the soul of Greece,
Her sense unparallel'd of symmetry.
Thou, Æschylus, art as some cedar tree
Which breasts the lonely wind upon the crags
Above this human coil. The Universe
Is thine. No special hand may claim thee, for
Thou art the heritage of all the world."

So runs the dedicatory poem in the thin little volume now before me. Apart from their beauty of thought, these few lines have a distinctly educative value. Here we have an instance of the suitability of verse for the purpose of imparting instruction. Were we to ask that particular Professor Dryasdust towards whom Thomas Carlyle had such a violent antipathy to illustrate the quality of the work of each of the three greatest poets of ancient Greece, the worthy gentleman would probably expound for a few hours, or he might hasten home to write an elaborate treatise in answer to your innocent question. Poetry and Madame Negreponte satisfy us in fifteen lines. The peculiar merits of the sublime Euripides, of his rival, the warlike, yet tender, Sophocles, and of that rival's master, the imaginative Æschylus, are satisfactorily described in a few simple words.

Such a happy beginning prepared me for the more substantial delights that were to follow.

The titular poem of the book details the sufferings of Io of Argos, the unfortunate priestess of Juno, during her wanderings from

" . . . bright Molossia's plain "

to that Caucasian peak where Prometheus, lying captive,

" His spirit free as when he filched for men,
The element primordial of all art,"

became the oracle of the anguished heifer, prophesying the termi-

nation of her sufferings on the banks of the Nile, and the birth of his own deliverer, Hercules,

“The thirteenth in descent from thee.”

Let us for a moment recall the mythical story of Io. We are told that Jupiter became enamoured of this beautiful priestess and that he changed her into a sleek heifer, when the jealous Juno was on the point of discovering the intrigue. Juno, worldly-wise, suspected the animal that emerged from the clouds and mists with which her spouse had obscured himself, of being more than what it seemed; and, in order to gain possession of the heifer, she praised its beauty so coaxingly that her lord was constrained to present it to her.

A guard was now mounted over “the metamorphosed maid”; a terrible minion of Juno’s—Argus the hundred-eyed, who always slept with ninety-eight of them open.

Jupiter, distracted with the thought of the sufferings of his mistress, despatched his son Mercury to destroy Argus. This accommodating confidant of the paternal amours used his seven-stringed lyre so effectually that one by one the whole hundred wakeful eyes of the monster closed in slumber. Mercury then slew Argus, and Juno immortalised him by decking the burnished feathers of her sacred peacock with his eyes. You may see them on the glorious fan-like tails of its descendants to this day: proof positive—living proof of the truth of the story. Juno further comforted herself by giving one of her Furies the pleasant task of persecuting Io, in the form of a ferocious gadfly, compared to whose bite the mosquito’s is even as a pin’s-prick to a sword-thrust. Unhappy Io distractedly wandered over the greatest part of the earth, unceasingly tormented by this terrible insect; finally, after visiting Prometheus, as we have already seen, she reached the banks of the Nile, where Jupiter restored her to her ancient form, according to the promise of the chained Titan. There, in the lotos-land, she presented Jove with Epaphus, founder of Memphis; afterwards taking Osiris for her spouse and assuming the name and dignity of Isis. This is the story of Io, and it is not only an interesting legend, but a lovely allegory, full of the most pathetic human interest.

Fill your virgin quires with abstruse abstractions, and the world heedeth not; deal with humanity, and the world reads: A thousand years ago the world read of Io; a thousand years hence it will likewise read of her, because succeeding generations see their own sufferings in the sufferings of this tortured soul. Almost every classic legend is an allegory, as applicable to our nineteenth-century lives as to the lives of the Pelasgians; as appropriate to these modern times as to the days when the Sirens sang in Sicilian seas,

and the milk-white temple of Jupiter shone amidst the honied heaths of Hymmetus.

Behind this ancient myth there is a human tragedy. Woven through the fantastic warp and woof of the story of Io there is the unmistakable anguish of a human soul :

“ No rest for her in bright Molossia’s plain ;
 Poor heifer, goaded ever by the sting
 Of Hera’s venom’d fly, for she must speed
 Onward, beyond the Atintanian peaks,
 Beyond Menale, loved of shepherds, where
 The Jovian eagle trails his tired wing. . . . ”

Coming freshly upon this pathetic narrative, we may find a luxury in investing it with our own immediate sufferings. Who is it that can boast of immunity from the attack of life’s venom’d fly? To one comes the tiny gnat with its miniature stab: this we may call Worry. To another comes the mosquito of Melancholy; to another comes the hornet of Ambition; and to yet another the scorpion of Benefits Forgot; whilst others—alas, far too many!—are tormented by the *furia infernalis* of Despair. Even as Io became transmuted to Isis, so may this and many other classic legends transform themselves, by means of the reader’s sympathy, into the allegorical semblances of the profoundest modern tragedies. Such adaptability is one of the highest, if not the very highest, of the functions of poetry. We may find our own feelings, our own failings, our own passions, and our own sorrows in the moving story that the poet places before us. Unless we have loved, the story of love will but feebly move us; and unless we have suffered, the tale of suffering will fail to bring sympathy’s full measure of those exquisitely refreshing tears that some of the poets so happily bring to our eyes :

“ But ere the half-formed wish grew to a will,
 Out of the shadows a dark figure sprung,
 A mighty woman, stern and terrible,
 With eyes as deep and strange as the lone sea.
 She held an hour-glass and a flaming sword ;
 And iron characters in unknown tongues
 Clang’d on her bosom’s breadth like jangling keys.
 Silent she stood, and then sad Io knew
 Her for Anange, dreaded of mankind,
 The arbitress of human destiny.”

At sight of this significant apparition Io wearily accepted her inevitable doom. The sin had to be atoned for. It is only the old, old story of wrongdoing washing itself clean in woe: as perfectly applicable to this moment as to that primeval hour in which it was first conceived. “ For Justice and Reverence are the everlasting central laws of this universe, and to forget them, and have all the universe

against one, God and one's own self for enemies, and only the devil and the dragons for friends, is not that a 'lameness' like few?"

Which of us has not seen his or her Anage loom up, dread and silent, at some excruciating period of life? Like Saint Edmund at the horizon's edge, when Henry of Essex was duelling with Robert de Montfort: Saint Edmund mutely threatening the misdoer in the hour of extreme need; crippling the belligerent soul with a sudden sense of its own wrongdoing, silently smiting it to impotence at the most perilous moment of all, because of the wickedness unatoned for.

In the stately Miltonic verse in which the sufferings of Io are pourtrayed, Madame Negreponthe gives us delightful glimpses of the natural beauties of that land in which she has even more than a poet's interest:

"She reach'd the bounds of Charados, and pass'd
On through the sweet, lime-scented northern vales,
Crushing the sleeping sorrel 'neath her tread,
Quenching the radiance of the glow-worms' light,
That blink their emerald eyes unto the stars
In hopeless rivalry, as the weak bard
Tunes his poor feeble lyre to the same air
That echoes forth the nobler melodies
Of the great kings of song."

.

This, also, is specially valuable to the student who has neither time nor funds for the land of Pallas Athene:

" Sometimes a nymph
Leaps laughing from the neigh'ring forest glade,
Garland in hand, of pale narcissus blooms,
And hyacinth bells, and gopher odorous." . . .

Then again:

"'Tis nightfall e'er she gains the dewy vale—
'Thyamis the beautiful, where she would fain
Dream 'neath the silv'ry olive, while zephyrs sweep
The natural lyres of swaying undergrowth. . . ."

And again:

" Cool breezes stirr'd
The lordly poplars and streak'd water-reeds
Mass'd in the ebon stillness of the mere."

.

To this lovely picture of still life we may add in our mind's eye the figure of the disconsolate Pan, reflected also in the calm water,

where he sits on the bank mournfully piping sweet ditties to
lost love Syrinx, changed into rustling reeds.

Here is another picture in a single stately line :

“Strange, dim Dodona, shrined in hoary oaks ;”

And this is a pretty vignette:

“ . . . for, lo, beyond
The quiet champaign, sprent with saline spray,
Lies the blue stretch of the Ionian sea,
Thus named because thou soon wilt traverse it.”

Followed by :

“O! sandy beach of the wild Rhean sea,
On which the violet strings of algæ lie
In tangled lengths, concealing little pools
Left by the tide.
O! stony beach of the wild Rhean sea
Heap the jagg'd edges of thy flints with sand,
And smother in thick weed thy pointed shells,
For wearied Io, halting, nears thy shores,
For wearied Io, weeping, gains thy coast!
O! lonely stretch of the wild Rhean sea,
Store in thy heart remembrance of this day;
For thou art, for the nonce, Ionian main,
Such glory will the trembling heifer's swim,
Reflect on thine unfamed transparency!”

And here comes a passage which helps us to recognise our own
selves in Io :

“ . . . Cradled in the luxury of rest,
She watch'd the flowery hours of afternoon
Lazily defile towards dusk-robed night,
And oh, the bright sea-visions that she saw!—
Sweet Aphrodite thron'd upon a shell
Drawn by Poseidon's steeds, breathing forth fire,
With flying Loves, and Tritons blowing horns,
Pass'd in a burst of flame and melody. . . . ”

On seeing Aphrodite, the words of the oracle of the Sacred Oaks
recur to Io's memory :

“ ‘ Behold, from pain,
Beauty may rise, to charm thy soul to joy.
To joy, but not to hope, for of the *sense*
Was the famed fairness of the Paphian Queen ;
• Yea, of the sense, and therefore lacking depth,
Which still abides in perfect loveliness
To comfort and incite to greater aims.’
Yet Io felt the quickening influence,
Which, like live winds sweeping o'er fenny tracts,
Scatters the noisome vapours of the place.

So this glimpse transient of the Beautiful
Swept sweet through Io's soul, awakening thrills
In its most secret cells, awakening joy,
Awakening active will ; to do and dare
That, which of old th' Immortals had ordained."

The inversion in the line,

"So this glimpse transient of the Beautiful,"

is by no means commendable ; but apart from this blemish the foregoing is sympathetically good.

There are other fine passages in the poem under notice ; notably these :

"The hopeless anguish which Prometheus frets,
Worse than the agony of vulture claws
For ever in his flesh ; the grief of one
Who craves the infinite, and who must abide
Obedient to the puny laws of earth."

Prometheus is the prototype of modern genius, which is a child whose nurserymaid is Science. Science leads the infant by the hand until the two arrive at the summit of a high mountain ; there the child is left to grow to man's estate, and is condemned to remain there, chained and impotent, until the coming of Death the deliverer.

The poem of *Io* ends suddenly, like our own lives sometimes end, before their meaning and our real world-utility become apparent to us. In it our poetess sometimes rises to very great heights indeed. For instance :

"Io's spirit leapt to meet
The challenge which eternal wisdom threw,
To the ideal puissance dormant in her ;
And still she gazed, reading in those strange eyes
Of that which is, and that which was, and that
Which shall be after the aeons have whelm'd
Our earth into a lightless, airless mass,
Drifting towards chaos. One thing, she read, abides,
Outlasts the shivering throes of dying worlds,
Outstays the transitory reign of men,
The mutability of spheres and suns,
*Even the climbing march which knowledge makes
Towards her unachierable desire.*—
'Tis Truth or Wisdom. None can rightly tell
What name best fits the essence of all good.
This is the changeless factor of unwaning force
Which masquerades in myriad phantoms now
Chameleon-like, but in whose being lives
The germ of the 'To be' eternally."—

This may be safely termed very fine poetry.

In *Io* there are many other passages of a high order of merit :

"Though Morn was still adreaming on Night's breast.

A hush upon the forest fell, as when
The tender hour of twilight gossamers
The sunny world with shadowy folds of gloom."

In these few lines the gradual deepening of the gloaming is very felicitously described. Then again :

"The grove
Behind whose leafless arms Selene paled
Gently into the violet of the sky."

And

"The chainless fury of the elements."

In a poem entitled *Jeannie*, Madame Negreponte deals with that mystic and poetic exhilaration that occasionally blesses the true lover of nature.

"Ah ! there is a light in sweet Jeannie's eye,
Caught from the hues of the earth and the sky."

The gossips, as they watch her gather the bramble sprays, attribute Jeannie's vivacity and sparkle to a proposal :

"'Tis *that* which has brought the rose to her cheek."

But we are reminded that

"The knowing ones, worldly wise as they are,
'Take the rushlight off for the morning star'";

and the real cause of the girl's joyaunce is shown to be the beauty of her content in nature and the water from the pixies' well of pure contemplation.

The invention of new forms of verse is by some regarded as a sure sign of genius ; whether Madame Negreponte possesses this indefinable attribute it is not in our province to determine ; in her poem *Chios*, however, she makes a daring experiment in rhyme :

"The 'chimarrós'¹ of Homer still
Winds down each thostle-haunted hill ;
But oreads lurk no more within
Each tiny cleft and steep ravine,
Where shepherds tend their flocks in peace.

"Ally of Athens ! Chios, when
Sail'd from thy port five thousand men,
Did not thy soul with rapture glow
To think, without thine aid, the foe
Had quench'd, perchance, the light of Greece ?

¹ Chimarrós = waterfall,

"Then slowly did fair Chios come
To learn that barter's not the sum
Of human effort ; but that art,
Creative, plays the greater part
In the development of man.

"So wrought her sculptors gracious shapes
Of maidens, crown'd with purple grapes,
Of smooth-limb'd adolescents gay,
Of long-lock'd syrens pearl'd with spray,
And dancing faun and piping Pan."

The Aquamarine is a poem that suggests the influence of Keats :

"Scintillant and subtle-natured stone,
Bright guardian of the sea's transparency,
Sprent with vague, low, shimmering lights, each tone
Of colour variant in a half-degree
Betwixt the hue of early pasture-grass
And the green underside of falling waves

Oh ! tell of tempests fierce and cradling calms,
When ocean croons the halcyon's lullaby ;
And tell of eyeless creatures of the deep,
Of orange zoophytes and the sea-horse,
Which swings upon the scaly weed asleep,
While o'er it the warm aqueous currents course.
Oh ! tell of dolphins and of fish which dart
*Like forked lightning flashes thro' the sea.*¹
'Tell of all these, and in thy crystal heart
Let the wide water-world reflected be."

In this book there are also several other poems which may be read with advantage and pleasure ; one dealing with that *Germanie* in which there was a very manifest growth of greatness

"When Schiller's flute-like treble voice
In founts of lyric beauty roll'd."

Another, entitled *The Last Words of St. John Chrysostom to a Disciple*, in which occur these fine lines :

"Lone vigils when
Half truths grew whole and vivid, like fair gems
Whose sober crust the lapid'ry removes,
Then facets into beauty ;"

Another will bear quoting in full :

"I, even I, am Beatrice."

—*Div. Com., Purg. XXX.*

"Yea, Dante, I am thy heart's love,
No riddle feminine ; but she
Who lifts thee from thy grief above
This earth-noise to felicity.

¹ The italics are mine.—R.T.

And those who know me not will say,
'She was a maiden in life's May.'

"Not that; but something fairer still —
The essence of a poet's dreams;
For even thou mayst not fulfil
Thy hopes, till on thy visage beams
The light which to the truth doth lead;
Thus hath it ever been decreed.

"For I am Ideality,
That which is link'd to flesh, and lives
In utter peace with poesy.
My love a touch of genius gives
To lowly minstrels; songs of thine,
O Dante, it had made divine."

As this is Madame Negreponte's first book we must be neither too severe nor too analytical. There are blemishes—very apparent ones too—but such are inseparable from the work of a new writer. The amount of central fire and reserve force, the lofty erudition and fine command of language are, however, very marked; and the favourable reviews which appeared in the press when the book was first published were none too favourable. *Is and Other Verse* is a thought-compelling volume, containing a promise and foreshadowing of higher and still more perfect work.

Such verse as this on Shelley does great credit to Madame Negreponte:

"He was his own Alastor, roaming o'er
Thro' ethereal realms of solitude
Peopled by naught more real than classic wraiths,
Reflections of the sun-bright Grecian myth;
But higher than reminiscences of these
Rings the wild voice of Nature, many-key'd,
Sadder than the death knell of old worlds
Once habited by beings, warmed by suns,
Clearer than hymnal strains of seraph choirs,
And deeper than the unfathomable abyss,
Lonelier than a fallen angel's soul
Sunder'd from heaven and earth; not loneliness
Cursed by that sickly vain self-love
That trills its lyric plaint with half a world,
Sharing the workings of the poet's soul.
No! Shelley dream'd of elements and floods,
Of sleep and twilight, of silence and of death,
And harp'd not with causeless melancholy
Upon one egotistic monochord,
Unlike weak natures sensitive, he ne'er
Felt the sharp sting of human negligence
As others felt it, for the stars and clouds,
The 'loud and hollow gulphs,' spake to his soul,
And kept him sweeter company than man."

The Poetry of Madame Negreponte. • 71

The foregoing, together with a noble piece entitled *The Musician's Dream*, which is too long to quote in its entirety and too interdependent to suffer dismemberment, may safely be said to place Madame Negreponte well in advance of many contemporary verse writers.

ROWLAND THIRLMERE.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

THE mines of Britain are of so great importance that we are glad to welcome a clear and practical account of our iron ores in a manual of reasonable size.¹ If Mr. Kendall's new book were merely a technical description of iron mines, it would scarcely be necessary for us to do more than mention its publication ; but it is more than that. The author has necessarily been obliged to devote a large part of the space at his disposal to statistics, and to accounts of actual workings. He has not neglected, however, the more scientific aspects of the question, and has given a number of sections, drawn to scale, showing various masses of iron ore and their relation to the surrounding country. These illustrations of the strangely irregular pockets in which the ore often occurs ought to be of great value both to the mining engineer and to the geologist, who may wish either to discover fresh deposits, or to learn under what conditions the already known masses were formed. From this point of view, it would perhaps have been better to replace the long lists of fossils from certain of the ironstones by short notes on the conditions of deposit to which these fossils point. A mining engineer's knowledge of the scientific names of fossils has probably become somewhat rusty from disuse, and notes, such as we suggest, would be of more value to him in his attempt to understand the origin of the deposits with which he is dealing. We would suggest, for instance, that a note on the common occurrence of plants and of scorpions in certain coal-measure ironstones, and of marine fossils in the Cleveland ores, would be of greater interest than the Latin names of the species, however accurate the lists may be.

The latest publications of the Meteorological Department of the Government of India include the *Monthly Weather Reviews* for

¹ *The Iron Ores of Great Britain and Ireland: their Mode of Occurrence, Age, and Origin, and the Methods of Searching for and Working Them, with a Notice of Some of the Iron Ores of Spain.* By J. D. Kendall, F.G.S. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1893.

*September and October, 1892*¹; the second part of the fifth volume of *Indian Meteorological Memoirs*²; and the *Indian Weather Review, Annual Summary, 1891*.³ The first two are a continuation of the Monthly Reviews so frequently noticed in this section of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW, and give in the form now become familiar to meteorologists the chief features of the weather during the months to which they refer. The second is a critical *résumé* of the hourly observations taken at Patna and Hazaribagh, and is made up, for the most part, of tabulated averages, variations, &c., of the meteorological factors from 1873 to 1885. The station at Patna, with those at Lucknow, Agra, Roorkee, and Allahabad, represent the climatic conditions of the great Gangetic plain; while Hazaribagh, situated on the highest part of the plateau between the Gangetic delta and the Sone valley, represents those of the broadened extremity of the belt of high land that runs across the peninsula immediately south of the tropic. The observations discussed include solar radiation, temperature, atmospheric pressure, winds, humidity, and cloud. Twelve plates accompany the text and tables, which show graphically the diurnal variations of these elements at the two stations. The third publication completes the discussion of the meteorology of India for 1891. It is based largely upon the Monthly Reviews, bringing the main facts they embody to a focus, and giving, in a tabulated form, the maximum and minimum temperatures, the normal mean monthly atmospheric pressures, summaries of the aqueous vapour pressure data, cloud and rainfall data, and many other results of observations taken at a large number of stations. It contains also a number of charts, showing the tracks of the cyclonic storms of 1891, the mean distribution of pressure, the variations of the rainfall at different periods of the year, &c., and concludes with a summary of the year's observations in the form of two tables containing abstracts of observations taken at 8 A.M. at 153 stations, and of observations recorded at 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. at 83 stations.

After a careful perusal of its contents, and with some knowledge of the works of a similar character that are already in use, we have formed a high opinion of the merits of Mr. Shipley's *Zoology of the Invertebrata*.⁴ It is not an ambitious book, and is in no sense, the author tells us, a work for advanced students; but it is good throughout, and the chief criticism to which it seems open is that there is not

¹ *Government of India Meteorological Department, Monthly Weather Reviews, September and October, 1892.* By John Eliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing.

² *Indian Meteorological Memoirs.* Vol. V. Part II. Containing the Discussion of Hourly Observations made at Patna and Hazaribagh. Published under the direction of J. Eliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing.

³ *Government of India Meteorological Department, Indian Weather Review, Annual Summary, 1891.* By John Eliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing.

⁴ *Zoology of the Invertebrata: A Text-book for Students.* By Arthur E. Shipley, M.A. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1893.

enough of it. As explained in the preface, the author has adopted the plan of giving fairly full descriptions of some one example of each of the larger groups of animals, and then a shorter account of the most interesting modifications presented by other members of the group. In order to keep the book within reasonable limits, however, he has not described fully certain types which are dealt with in the well-known text-books of Huxley and Martin, and Marshall and Hurst. In this, we venture to submit, an error of judgment has been made, and we are of opinion that, even at the cost of a little extension, the treatment should have been made uniform and proportionate throughout.

In the present state of zoological science, the author is perhaps right in treating it so largely as he has done from a morphological standpoint, and relegating the histology, embryology, and natural history of the forms described to a subordinate position. At any rate, it has enabled him to make a volume which is sufficiently distinct in its characters to give it an independent position among works of its class. The characteristics of the various groups, which are formulated at the head of the more detailed descriptions, are unusually good, and will bear the closest criticism. We know of no attempt to characterise the various divisions, classes, &c., of the animal kingdom which can compare with them for precision, terseness, and accuracy, save that made by Huxley many years ago in his *Elements of Comparative Anatomy*. They conform strictly to the principles of sound classification, and will be very helpful to the student in framing a clear conception of the limits and characteristics of the various groups into which the Invertebrata are divided. The classification adopted by the author differs in some respects from others that have been put forward, but in the main it is a fair reflex of the present state of knowledge. In the case of the *Protozoa* he follows the classification given by Professor Lankester in the article contributed by him to the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, against which there is little or nothing to be said. All the classes of this important group of animals are passed in review, save the interesting but little known *Labyrinthulida*. We notice, however, that the *Sporozoa* are dealt with at the end of the corticate forms, as if their systematic position was higher than that of the rest, whereas other authorities, such as Lankester, would derive them more directly from the simple *Gymnomyxa*. The *Ciliata* are described at some length, and a good account is given, with illustrative figures, of the investigations of Maupas on the process of conjugation in *Paramecium aurelia*. The arrangement of the sponges is based upon that of Vosmaer, but the author very properly warns the student that the classification of the *Porifera* is still an unsettled question. *Holisurra* and *Oscarella*, which, with *Choudrosia*,

are devoid of any supporting structure, are classed as a sub-order of the *Spiculispongiae*, a course which seems scarcely as satisfactory as that which regards them as a distinct class, though it is not without authoritative support. The chapter on the *Celenterata* is a good one, and a better and fuller account of the *Platyhelminthes*, *Nemertea*, and *Nematoda* is given than is usually found in text-books of the same scope. Among the *Chaetopoda* a place is given to the *Archiannullida*, a group which includes a number of minute animals referred to the genera *Polygordius*, *Protodrilus*, *Histriodrilus*, and *Dinophilus*. Some authorities regard the position of these animals as doubtful, but there is much to be said for Mr. Shipley's view that they are intermediate between the Turbellarians and the *Chaetopoda*. The special attention given to them is in conformity with the plan deliberately adopted throughout, to give more space to intermediate groups than to the more specialised members of the groups which are more sharply limited. The plan is an excellent one, and to it we owe the fact that when the *Brachiopoda*, *Polyzoa*, *Mollusca*, *Echinodermata*, and *Crustacea* have been disposed of there is an admirable description of *Peripatus*, which has attained to the dignity of a class under the name of *Protracheata*. In the chapter on *Crustacea* more than usual attention is given to *Daphnia*, *Cypris*, *Argulus*, *Cyclops*, and other forms well known to microscopists, a feature which will make the volume popular in quarters where the formal text-books are not always found. The obscure question as to the nature of the body cavity and the homology of the antennary or green gland in *Crustacea* is considered in the section on the *Brachyura*, and Weldon's researches on *Palæmon serratus* and other Decapods, and Allen's on *Palæmonetes varians*, are summarised in this connection. The *Insecta*, as becomes their numbers and importance, are described in the longest chapter of the whole volume. The description is both thorough and comprehensive, and may be commended to the entomological specialist as well as to the general student. Finally, the volume closes with an account of the *Chordata*—one of the most important of the various *phyla* which make up the animal kingdom, as the author puts it—which forms a fitting conclusion to an able and well-written volume. That minor faults may be found in it we do not for a moment deny, but, taken as a whole, it is a very creditable piece of work, and one need not dwell upon its deficiencies. In the interests of many students of pond life, however, we may ask what Mr. Shipley has done with the *Rotifera*, for we cannot find them?

In *Our Country's Birds and How to Know Them*,¹ Mr. W. J.

¹ *Our Country's Birds and How to Know Them*. By W. J. Gordon. With an illustration in colour of every species and many original diagrams, by G. Willis and R. E. Holding. London: Day & Son, and Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.

Gordon has given us a volume whose object is to enable any one to recognise and readily distinguish the birds on the British list. The method adopted is practically the same as that so successfully followed in *Our Country's Flowers*, and will in the main be effective for its purpose. There is no attempt at a scientific description and classification of birds, but advantage is taken of a number of diagnostic characters applied in various ways to get at the bird's identification. In the first and second chapters are given the popular, technical, and local names of birds, and the third consists of thirty-three coloured plates, containing 398 figures. By means of these chapters it is claimed that any bird can be at once identified if its name be known, and we see no reason to doubt that the claim is a good one. The figures are not uniformly good, and in some cases are too highly coloured, while the markings are frequently more regular and definite than they appear in nature. Still the effect is in most cases such as to give a fairly good impression of the appearance of the birds, and this is perhaps as much as can be expected in a cheap and popular book. In the fourth chapter the families are sorted out so as to leave the Passerine birds for special treatment: in the fifth the key to this sorting is given; and in the sixth and seventh the passerines are dealt with in the same way. The sorting is done in an ingenious way, the characters of the claws, toes, wings, and other anatomical parts being utilised for the purpose. The families are grouped together into the orders in the eighth chapter, and in the ninth the families are arranged alphabetically. In the twelfth chapter the dimensions of each bird are worked out so as to help in its identification, and the thirteenth is devoted to the eggs. This may give some idea of the author's method; though we ought to say that an examination of the volume is necessary for a just estimate of its merits as a practical guide to the identification of birds.

In his volume on *The Nationalisation of Health*¹ Mr. Havelock Ellis pleads that the primary conditions of health should be recognised as of first importance to the community, and that the present time is peculiarly favourable for taking in hand seriously their organisation and socialisation. In doing so, he advances some things that even individualists may accept in the abstract, but which they and many others would oppose if any attempt were made to give them a practical application. For ourselves we could accept his contention that the State, as such, should see that the conditions for a healthy life are within the reach of all classes, and that to attain this end means should be adopted for the protection of workers engaged in unhealthy trades, for the limitation or eradication of infectious diseases, and so on. But on these matters

¹ *The Nationalisation of Health*. By Havelock Ellis. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

it is not so much the principles as the methods that give rise to differences of opinion, and it is here that many readers will part company with the author. Thus, to take one of the questions discussed by him, public opinion is not yet unanimous as to whether the notification and isolation of disease should be universally compulsory, and at present the authorities of two neighbouring towns under a different *régime* may each maintain that the plan adopted is the most effective. Then the drawing of the line between the diseases that should be notified, and those that should not, is a difficulty which has not yet been got over to the satisfaction of both the public and the profession, and in consequence of this the present position of affairs is wanting both in uniformity and consistency. Writing for the future perhaps, rather than for the present, Mr. Ellis would sweep away these and other difficulties by what would be a sort of disestablishment of the private practitioner and the institution of national hospitals. In the end he would have every medical man in the country attached to a hospital and every individual living within the district of a great institution of health. He would bring the methods for the prevention of disease and the methods for its cure under the control of one and the same organisation, giving to prevention the first place as the one to which it is justly entitled. The advantages of such a system he enumerates at length, and it may be admitted that they are both real and great. But how it is to be inaugurated and subsequently maintained he does not appear to consider so fully, and seems to be of opinion that it is the business of the community to make plans as they are required. The volume is not occupied entirely with such matters as these, however, but contains several chapters showing how disease and death may be prevented by attention to hygienic laws both by the medical profession and the community at large. Thus, he shows the success with which hygienic science has been applied in the case of typhoid fever, blindness and short sight, child-bearing, &c., and that in a manner which is most convincing. For the chapters in which these matters are dealt with, irrespective of its proposals for the socialisation of medicine, the book deserves to be widely read, and we hope it will be so.

This Report¹ on *The Epileptic and the Crippled*, with the accompanying suggestions for their treatment, scarcely lends itself to the objects of the reviewer, but may be commended to the attention of all who are interested in the well-being of the classes it refers to. From it we gather that there is a large number of such unfortunate beings, and especially epileptics, for whom no suitable provision is

¹ Charity Organisation Series: *The Epileptic and Crippled: Child and Adult. A Report on the Present Condition of these Classes of Afflicted Persons, with Suggestions for their Better Education and Employment.* London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

made by the State, and one of the objects of its publication is to suggest measures for remedying this condition of affairs. The suggestions are based upon information derived from the few institutions that already exist in France, Germany, and in this country, and seem to have been carefully thought out.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

WE have received the first and second parts of the first section (*la Meccanica*) of the third volume (*Esologia*) of a philosophical work which is as ambitious in scope as it is voluminous in size. These two parts alone extend to nearly 1500 pages; they were preceded by two similar parts of a second volume (*Esologia*, with one *s*), and by two more of a first volume of *Prolegomeni*. The completed work will be the Italian translation of a Latin original (*Pasalogices Specimen*) written by Pietro Ceretti under the pseudonym of Theophilus Eleutherus, and published by him in the North Italian town of Intra, from 1864 to 1867. The author, little known to the world at large, died a few years since; and the filial piety of his daughter, with the co-operation of a number of disciples of the deceased philosopher, has undertaken to make better known the results of her father's long and toilsome thinking. The work has been furnished with notes and a lengthy introduction by Professor Pasqua le d'Ercole, of the University of Turin; altogether it forms an exhaustive *Essay on the Logical Reason of All Things*.¹

At first sight the erudite critic will cry, "A seventeenth-century revival," with its incongruous mixture of decadent scholasticism, as in the Averroist school of Padua, and free-thought fettered by mathematical methods, as with Descartes and Spinoza; after further examination, he will recognise the spirit of Hegel. The student, who is willing to seek for grains of philosophic truth amid the discouraging chaff of head-splitting analyses, wherein the terminology is either new or, sounding the same, means differently from the old, will have many incidental rewards for his labour.

The attempted assimilation of German thought by Italian minds during the last half-century is one of the most curious phenomena in the history of philosophy. In the introduction of the present

¹ *Saggio circa la Ragione Logica di Tutte le Cose*. Per Pietro Ceretti (Theophilus Eleutherus). Torino: Unione Tipografico-Editrice. 1892.

instance, we are told of the importance of Ceretti's system and its distinction from that of Hegel. The distinction is difficult to seize, except that, where the German philosopher abounds in Idea and Spirit, the Italian superabounds in Logos and Consciousness. It is hard to speak with patience of either as a writer, because of this capricious use of words. Both also make an abuse of mere classification of thoughts, which they mistake for metaphysical analysis—"dissecting into dust" Seneca denominated it in his day, when Greek thought was dissolving into thin air. A more serious obstacle to the speculation of philosophic truth is their confusion of essence with existence, to use an Aristotelian distinction, of the purely ideal with the actually real order, to speak in more modern terms.

The student who possesses his soul on this point may profit by a special reading of several parts of the present work, especially of the "historical compendium of *ecological* speculation" (*Exologia* is the "philosophy of Nature"). The encyclopædic character of Ceretti's speculations may be gathered from his successive treatment of abstractions, mathematical and physical, winding up with "monomania in its resistance to physio-psycho-noetic remedies."

The application of the evolution theory to religion and theology goes on apace and is attempted by writers of various degrees of ability and with varying aims. Mr. Dadson, in his volume *Evolution and Religion*,¹ deserves a distinguished place amongst such writers, not only for the marked ability of his work, but also for the generally respectful and sympathetic manner in which he treats of conceptions which are now found to be erroneous. "Theology," he says, "has divided man's nature by introducing a being more or less incomprehensible and monstrous, and has said to the heart, 'Love this being,' while the intellect has persisted in repudiating him. When the two parts are brought into harmony, there will still remain the problem of man's relation to the Unknown Power; but it must be wrought out, if at all, by the intellect alone, and the heart left free to expend its love, in a natural way, upon things of flesh and blood." This may be taken as the text of Mr. Dadson's book, though it may be regarded as not quite a complete statement of the new religion which will supersede the old. There is, after all, more for the heart to do than expend its love upon things of flesh and blood. If it is incorrect to say that we can love the Unknown Power, it still seems possible and essential to regard it with a deep feeling of reverence, and even love does not seem altogether an incorrect term for the feeling with which we should regard moral impulses and an

¹ *Evolution and Religion*. By A. J. Dadson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

ideal of conduct. Mr. Dadson enters upon his study of the subject with a short review of ancient evolutionary thought beginning with Democritus, and refers to the strange fact that this view of Nature was lost sight of for over 1800 years, until it was re-discovered in the latter part of the last century. The chapter on the Principles of Evolution gives, in about sixty pages, a clear and succinct summary, derived from the best authorities, from Kant and Lamarck to Darwin and Haeckel and their followers. In this there is nothing fresh, but it is well done. The chapter on the Evolution of Religious Ideas embodies the view made familiar to us by Mr. Herbert Spencer, and the writer shows how largely *fear* and *hope* are responsible for man's belief in benevolent and malignant beings more powerful than himself. A chapter on *Jesus* is devoted to a criticism of popular theology, and is in full sympathy with Strauss and Renan. The writer does not hesitate to say, and he is certainly justified in saying, that the bare possibility of the Great Cause of the Universe becoming the carpenter of Nazareth is an unspeakable absurdity. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Dadson thinks of Jesus as what we should call a Socialist to-day—as one who taught the equality and brotherhood of man. “I confess,” he says, “I like to think of Jesus as having existed, as we are led to believe he did. To me he is a grand figure in history. I love the man; and it is a melancholy pleasure to picture him, poor and lonely, stern and rugged, with the fire of a great and righteous indignation burning in his heart against those inequalities of human conditions to which the mass of suffering around him was due.” Whether this is a substantially correct picture or not, it can do no one any harm to cherish it. Several chapters of the book are devoted to a historical review of the development of religion amongst civilised people—beginning with pre-Christian civilisation, tracing it through the decadence of Rome—from the rise of Christianity to Constantine, from Constantine to the Crusades, thence to the Reformation, and concluding with a trenchant chapter on *modern* Christianity. The style of the writer is unpretentious, but the work is that of a man of high intelligence who evidently has the welfare of his fellows deeply at heart.

Resembling in some respects the book just noticed, but differing in important particulars, is *La Terre*,¹ by Emmanuel Vauchez. The first part of the work describes inorganic and organic evolution—astronomical, geological, and biological—but as this is familiar ground we need not dwell upon it, we need only say it embodies the latest scientific discoveries and theories. Another part of the book,

¹ *La Terre*. Evolution de la Vie à Sa Surface, son passé, son présent, son avenir. Par Emmanuel Vauchez. 2 Vols. 2nd Edition. Paris: C. Remwald et Cie. 1893.

the third, may be distinguished as theological, and deals with the history of religions. M. Vauchez recognises religion, in some sense, as necessary to man ; and says that Jesus the Galilean uttered a truly great saying when he declared that man needs not only bread, but eternal and divine truth. Religion is a manifestation of this seeking after truth. M. Vauchez then gives a sketch of the great religions of the world, in a comprehensive and vivacious manner, beginning with Catholicism and ending with pagan humanity. Our author has not a very favourable opinion of Constantine, with whom Catholicism originated : "C'était dans toute la force du terme un scélérat, souillé de tous les crimes. Le grand roi des Juifs, David, est un forban ; le fondateur du Christianisme gouvernemental est un bandit." As to the divinity of Jesus, M. Vauchez describes the belief in terms not very different from those of Mr. Dadson : "Si lorsque l'ouvrier Jesus passait dans les rues de Jérusalem, portant une planche sur les épaules, quelqu'un avait dit, voila celui qui, il y a plusieurs milliers d'années, en compagnie de Dieu le père, a créé l'univers, on aurait regardé ce propos comme un propos de fou." M. Vauchez also strikes some comparatively fresh ground by reviving the life of Jesus by Celsus, which he calls a fifth gospel. This section of the work also contains an account of natural religion and the religions without God. We are thus prepared for the writer's own views on religion which are introduced by a chapter, "L' idée nouvelle." Though all the religions are dead or decaying he does not believe that the religious sentiment can ever become extinguished, or that the poetry of ideas, the delicacy of hopes, are destined to perish in this glacial period of positivism. The religion of the future, while disdaining all prodigies, will also seek with a restless ardour the solution of the problem of destiny, the word of the enigma of existence. And here we reach the original and curious part of the doctrine of M. Vauchez ; the book must be read for this doctrine to be fully understood, it is connected with a more or less scientific view of natural forces and the chapters on electricity and the molecular theory of gas, &c., afford a base for a theory of life. There is, according to our author, a fourth condition of matter. We are familiar with the solid, fluid and gaseous states, but we are told there is a fourth state, which is that which is known as spirit. It is in this sense that man has a spirit or spiritual body which is separable from the physical body, and is capable of existing separately. Re-incarnation is M. Vauchez's solution of the problem of existence ; we have inhabited bodies before and we shall re-inhabit other bodies. When Jesus said, "Ye must be born again," he meant, according to our author, a literal re-incarnation. This doctrine, in the writer's hands, has many curious consequences, for instance, as a person, when about to

become re-incarnate, after a temporary disembodiment, naturally seeks the same environment to which he was accustomed, he may become his own grandson or great-grandson. Another consequence of the *solidarity of the visible and invisible worlds* is that disembodied spirits do not cease to be interested in or to exercise an influence over mundane affairs. It is only thus, thinks M. Vauchez, that great and sudden movements, originating we scarcely know how, can be explained. All this is outside criticism, much of it is ingenious, interesting, and amusing, but in spite of M. Vauchez's elaborate and systematic presentation we cannot recognise that it has any scientific basis.

*A Modern Layman's Faith*¹ (*Nova Religio Laici*), by Mr. W. B. Woodgate, is another work abounding in curiosities, not to say absurdities. It begins with science, but with a more or less original theory of the earth's history. We do not profess in this section to be competent to deal with purely scientific matters, and this part of the work must be left to those specially qualified to deal with it. We may say that Mr. Woodgate thinks that the axis of the earth was originally vertical, which would, by perpetual equinox, explain the uniform temperature of the carboniferous epoch and many other things. Under that condition, too, the distribution of land and water would have been different from that which at present prevails, and there were great tides, which are necessary to explain the level deposition of stratified rocks, and these also would account for the separation of continents, or even portions of continent, and explain the isolation of races as long as the conditions remained the same. At some period, apparently not very remote, Mr. Woodgate appears to think that the plane of the earth's axis was changed probably by the planet coming into collision with some stray meteorite. This would have produced the change of climatic conditions, the alteration in the distribution of land and water, and the Deluge.

The important point with our author is that various races had a separate origin and distinct cradles. Adam, or the "thoroughbred man," was created or evolved apart from previous and inferior human races, and until the change in the earth's axis remained isolated. When the water barriers were removed the mixture of races commenced, and the Bible represents the effort made by the representatives of the "thoroughbred" race to preserve it from commingling with lower types. This appears to be the author's general thesis. This theory is then illustrated by an analysis of the text of the Old Testament, which we have not space to refer to in detail. Based upon this theory is a very curious account or speculation of the

¹ *A Modern Layman's Faith concerning the Creed and Breed of the Thoroughbred Man.* By Walter Bradford Woodgate, M.A. Oxon. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.

Adamite March ; of the progress of this "Conquering caste" since its liberation from its primeval cradle. A most extraordinary supposition of the author's is, that this "thoroughbred" (Caucasian ?) race, from which of course the most intelligent modern peoples are descended, were in the very earliest historic times acquainted with scientific facts which it is supposed were never known until lately, and this leads Mr. Woodgate to an extremely rationalistic explanation of Old Testament miracles. Premising that the Biblical language which attributes miracles to the direct intervention of God, is only a way of expressing the idea that all the productions of the human intellect are due to divine enlightenment, we are given a scientific account of Scriptural wonders. This explanation appears to be given in all seriousness, though to many people it would read like an irreverent burlesque. For instance, the great miracle of Elijah on Mount Carmel was wrought by means of mineral oil, and a lens, or as boys call it a burning-glass, thus literally bringing "fire from heaven !" Elisha and the Axe-head (2 Kings vi. 5)—"That Elisha was a student and practical exponent of the sciences not generally known in those days, nor known in Europe till later centuries, seems evinced by the anecdote in this case. He apparently was conversant with the use of the magnet, and astonished his followers by this experiment with one."

A chapter on "Psyche" brings Mr. Woodgate again somewhat into line with M. Vauchez, and we have an explanation of clairvoyance and some other mysteries ; and re-incarnation or "re-existence" is part of the modern layman's creed. The author is satisfied that his exposition of the "thoroughbred" tenets is not injurious to the Church in which he was born, nor does it contradict any article of the Apostle's Creed, and if he is satisfied we have no cause to complain ; but as we do not feel bound to believe that creed we must also be excused from accepting Mr. Woodgate's rather peculiar defence of it.

*The Place of Christ in Modern Theology*¹ is a work of a very different class from the preceding ones, but it is nevertheless one in which we find little to interest us. It is not new theology, but, if we may call it so, new scholasticism, and strikes us as being as wordy as baseless, and as uninspiring as the old. It is in a sense a massive work, and is divided into two parts ; the first Historical and Critical, the second Theological and Constructive. The historical part traces the Development of the Ancient Church, the Greek and Latin Theology, Scholasticism, the Renaissance, and the Reformation, &c., which is followed by four chapters on Modern Critical Schools. The second book contains Dr. Fairbairn's Constructive

¹ *The Place of Christ in Modern Theology.* By A. M. Fairbairn, M.A., D.D. Second Edition. London ; Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

Theology. "This theology must, to use a current term, be, as regards source, Christo-centric; but, as regards object or matter, Theo-centric: in other words, while Christ determines the conception, the conception determines the theology." The principle subjects of this theology are Christ as the interpretation of God, and God as interpreted by Christ. Some space is also devoted to a consideration of questions affecting the Bible and the Church. We prefer to give our readers some idea of the contents of the book rather than attempt to criticise a system which appears to us to be purely speculative and baseless and which could well be spared.

*The King and the Kingdom*¹ is evidently the work of a devout and sincere writer, whose modesty is not only shown by his anonymity, but is marked throughout the pages of these three volumes. Who he is we do not know, but we should imagine him to belong to the old Unitarian or Quaker school. The theology of the book is rather Arian than Socinian, and the author has a liberal as well as a pious mind. The form of the book is not very convenient, as it is a combined harmony and commentary on the Gospels, and thus does not follow any very clear order. The writer goes behind all the churches and theologies to the Gospels themselves for his ideas; but appears, in the main, to be content to take the Gospels as they stand, though he does not hesitate to apply the best critical information to the text. As a commentary we may commend it both for its insight and its religious spirit.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

"Business" does not come very aptly under any of the above heads; but the book² "is but a little one," and we will take it first. Our own opinion is that first lessons in business are best given orally, by a kind and wise friend, and enforced by practical experience; but we will not say that there are none to whom instruction by book is a boon. And if a book is to be used at all we think "E. S. G." has produced a very fair one. There is a considerable quantity of really good advice, which is not, though it ought to be,

¹ *The King and the Kingdom*. A Study of the Four Gospels. Third series. London: Williams & Norgate 1893.

² *First Lessons in Business Matters*. By a Banker's Daughter. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

familiar to every one. Many of the terms used might be explained a good deal better. And a few points are not quite wise. For instance, we should always give advice to a beginner not to draw a cheque except on the recognised forms supplied by his own banker; it is convenient that a rougher method should be legal, but it is objectionable to make use of it as a rule. We observe with some amusement that a "banker's daughter" has a tenderness towards bankers which we should not necessarily have exhibited.

*The Dictionary of Political Economy*¹ may fittingly introduce the books proper to the section. Its parts come out slowly but steadily. The fifth, which lies before us, contains, amongst others, articles on Cost of Defence (in Great Britain), Demand, Demand Curves, Depopulation, Difficulty of Attainment, The Ethics of Distribution, The Law of Distribution, and Docks. This last is a very interesting and useful article, concluding with a list of the English docks in 1892. We think that the work will eventually be found remarkably complete, and fairly correct. It is not always accurate, or arranged in the best fashion, and we observe some articles which are not above criticism at the hands of one thoroughly acquainted with their subject: for instance, while the history of the dollar is contained in a good pithy article, the other notes on the use of the word are entrusted to a different, and unfortunately less adequate, hand. One point which we observe with increasing doubt is the extent to which Mr. Palgrave admits articles on matters of law and international law, and of administration, which hardly seem to belong to a work concerned with economics proper. Demonstrative Legacy, Department (of State), Department (of France), (Copyright in) Designs, Discovery (in Actions), Distress (for Rent), and others are instances of what we indicate. We certainly think Mr. Palgrave would do well to curtail the number and length of such notices; to drop them altogether would spoil the symmetry of the dictionary.

*The English Peasant*² is certainly a pleasing book. There is nothing great about this collection of essays: the work is for the most part humbly done. But there is much to learn from most of them, there is a great deal which is deeply interesting, and not a little which is light and attractive. The sketches of peasant homes in a Yorkshire dale, in the fens of Lincoln, on Surrey commons, or in Devonshire gardens are touched with impressions of the country and the men which could only be gained by the personal experience which Mr. Heath has enjoyed: we too know the peasants of

¹ *Dictionary of Political Economy*. Edited by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S. Fifth Part: De Cardenas—Drawing. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

² *The English Peasant: Studies, Historical, Local, and Biographic*. By Richard Heath. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

parts of England, and where we are fully qualified to criticise, we must admit that Mr. Heath, though by no means perfect, has done very well. He makes little slips of course, as when he makes the Swale flow from Richmond to Reeth, instead of in the opposite direction; but most readers will not observe these, and we imagine that the book will be, as it deserves to be, popular. Most of the essays have been published before in *Golden Hours*, and are designedly light and popular.

We hope we are not wrong in our opinion that Mr. Heath's error is his pessimistic and gloomy view: he paints in the worst side of the picture, and paints it in colours much too strong. In the English *via dolorosa*, which opens the book, we seem to discover a want of the critical faculty, a lack of deep research into the growth of the people's life, impairing the value of the sad representation which it is Mr. Heath's desire to lay before us. His great sympathy has run away with his practical sense; and we miss that sterner spirit of inquiry and judgment which assigns to different causes their just proportions and grasps the motive and bearings of the struggle as a whole. The struggle of the English agricultural labourer throughout the Middle Ages was part of the general effort of the English people after freedom: but it occupies a great space in the history; for the mass of the people were at first connected with the soil, and upon these fell the brunt of feudal tyranny and baronial raids.

Yet the story of the peasant, from the days of the Conqueror to the present century, is intensely sad: we cannot explain it away; we cannot shake the main facts of Mr. Heath's details; we turn over page after page with a heartache, until we are fain to cry out in agony with the young king, "O Lord! save thy people!" We are bound to admit the truth of the indictment against the "cottage homes of England"—we are terribly disenchanted as we are referred to report after report of responsible commissioners. Mrs. Hemans' songs and Mrs. Allingham's pictures are stamped henceforth with the device *κάλλος κακῶν ὑπουργον*.

Perhaps the most generally attractive chapters will be the biographical essays on William Cobbett, John Clare, and William Huntington, very different types of great minds which sprang from the cottage home.

One of the first alleviations of the labourer's lot was the discovery that his labour was available elsewhere than in the place where he was born. The great sin of the armed baron towards the serf in the days referred to in reviewing the last work was the effort to bind him to the soil of his native village. The Labour Exchange marks the modern development of his emancipation in this respect.

M. de Molinari in his book¹ on this subject claims to have been the first to call attention in France to the inevitable consequence of improved communications. He had been accustomed, he tells us, to observe the great inequality which existed between the strength of the labourer and that of his employer—the disadvantage which pursued the former in all questions as to wages. The railways seemed to him to bring the solution of these difficulties; they made the labourer the master of a portable property; they tended to level upwards the rate of all wages. The widening of the market seemed to call for the establishment of a labour exchange in the same way that there was a stock exchange and a produce market. In an address to labourers published in the *Courrier Français* he proposed that by way of a start they should make use of a public paper, which he was ready to place gratuitously at their disposal. The idea was not altogether well received. Paris workmen were indignant at a proposal which would expose them to competition from the country. But the Provisional Government took the matter up, and very slowly it came before the Assembly, only to be rejected on the ground of its Communistic tendency. Later attempts were not more successful; and at last, in 1887, the plan became part of the Socialist programme, and in a form to which M. de Molinari strongly objects, for he is not a Socialist.

“Ces Bourses du travail se partagent en deux catégories : 1° celles qui ont été établies, comme à Paris, par des municipalités plus ou moins socialistes et dont la gestion est confiée aux syndicats ouvriers; 2° celles qui ont été fondées par des institutions philanthropiques, telles, notamment, que la Bourse du Travail de Liège.

“Ni les uns ni les autres, mais pour des raisons différentes, ne sont aptes à rendre aux ouvriers et aux entrepreneurs d'industrie, aux producteurs et aux consommateurs du travail, les services que rendent les bourses ordinaires aux producteurs et aux consommateurs de marchandises et de capitaux.”

But M. de Molinari is nothing if not careful and complete. He does not merely discuss the question as it presents itself. His book is a history of labour and the labour market—starting from the economic genesis of wages as opposed to profits, and taking the reader through the story of gradual emancipation from the days of the serf to the rise of the trades union; discussing the effects of strikes and the fallacies of the Socialistic remedy, and briefly setting out in conclusion the probable future of commerce and the expediency of a “unification des marchés du travail.” Without having much that is original, the book bears the mark of that care which we

¹ *Les Bourses du Travail.* Par G. de Molinari. Paris: Librairie Gillaumin et Cie. 1893.

notice in all M. de Molinari's work, and we are of opinion that it will be found useful.

It would have been well had M. de Molinari enforced an idea which struck us in reading one of the essays in M. Desjardins' work.¹ It is not actually brought out there; but it has evidently occurred to the author. It is a mistake after all to treat labourers as a class: they are not really much less free or much more oppressed than most of the men employed in other stations: in the press and throng of modern life all really hard-worked men are driven too fast: there are too many of us who can hardly stop to understand the beauty of life or to enjoy for a short space the gladness of every day: the presence of carking care is not for the "labourer" only: the idle man is not an offence to the "labourer" especially. The so-called daily labourer is only part of the overworked portion of humanity: if his lot is often worse than that of the young clerk who is driving his quill all day long, very often it is much better. It is a mistake then to treat "labourers" as a class: it is unfair of them to erect themselves into a class, and to set themselves against the brain-workers. "He that is not against us is on our part": the common foe is the idler: and the peer of the realm who passes his time in horse-racing and gambling is economically an equal curse with the Whitechapel thief. In the social condition of a people extremes most certainly meet.

If once we get this idea adopted by the hand-workers it will be better for the self-respect of the labourer and better for his relations with the rest of the community. M. Desjardins lets us see this in his essay on the "Civil Code and the Labourer," which we strongly commend to the notice of the modern politician, who considers that everything must be set right by special legislation and by State interference. M. Desjardins is, of course, considering specially the state of the law in France; but in so doing he criticises with much justice certain proposals which have already become part of English law, and shows us all the more that even accepted principles are not therefore altogether wise. He analyses the contract between employer and labourer and discusses the question of insurance for the labourers with much wisdom and with a conclusion that we may quote.

"Voici notre conclusion. C'est un service à rendre aux ouvriers que de leur inculquer le goût de l'assurance, et l'on ne saurait trop recommander à tous ceux qui exercent sur eux quelque autorité morale de les éclairer, à ce point de vue, sur leur véritables intérêts. Mais il nous paraît inutile d'introduire dans le 'code du travail' en supposant qu'on fasse un code du travail, une loi spéciale sur

¹ *Questions Sociales*. Par Arthur Desjardins. Paris: Librairie l'ion. 1893.

l'assurance contre les accidents. Si l'on tient à faire une loi, c'est en Italie, non en Allemagne, qu'il faut chercher un modèle."

But M. Desjardins does not approve either a special code or a special law ; and he begins the next section of his essay by suggesting that this would mean the overthrow of a wise, equitable, and well-trying code. "Mais tout ne nous paraît pas chimérique," he proceeds, "dans les réformes proposées par les juriconsultes, et nous allons chercher, avec ceux que nous réfutions tout à l'heure, s'il n'y a pas moyen de corriger ou de compléter dans l'intérêt des ouvriers, sans nuire à l'intérêt général, plusieurs dispositions éparses dans notre législation civile."

We have dwelt on this essay simply because it comes into line with the leading thought of our sociological reviews this month. Perhaps we have given it undue prominence, for it is merely a sample of a series of essays on international law, politics, social questions, and history, all of which have much merit and interest. Space forbids us to notice others in detail, but we may call special attention to the interesting subject considered under *La Politique de Henri IV.*

*Agricultural Insurance*¹ is a subject which has received very little attention in this country, and it is one which presents considerable difficulty. The book before us is German. It cannot be called attractive : the form in which it is embodied forbids that, for it is practically a series of Blue Book reports for the Japanese Government. The problem before that Government was to raise the status of its cultivators, to free them from the almost universal grip of the usurer. The translation comes from Canada, a land more and more interested in the stability and prosperity of its farmers.

Insurance against accidents and misfortunes is simply the wider distribution of loss : it brings in the whole community to lighten the burden of the individual : it is in fact a scientific form of socialism. In these days, when the local producer has to meet the competition of the world, the fairness of distributing his occasional losses becomes more and more demonstrable ; for it is often by his losses, or at least in spite of his losses, that others gain. In no industry is this truer than in agriculture. The question propounded by Professor Mayet must therefore demand our earnest attention, and we can testify that his papers approach the subject in a thoroughly cautious and scientific spirit, as his own words shall tell.

"We see, therefore, that in as far as it is only a question of

¹ *Agricultural Insurance in Organic Connection with Savings Banks, Land-Credit, and the Commutation of Debts.* By P. Mayet. Translated from the German by the Rev. Arthur Lloyd. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

procuring the money, it would be quite *possible* to include insurance against *chronic* natural calamities. But what is possible is not always advisable or economically wise. . . . It is possible to pay money to the farmers whose crop is deficient on account of insufficient manuring, but voluntary injuries should always be *excluded*. One chief principle of insurance is that a man *should not be insured against the consequences of his own culpable negligence or his own evil will*. . . . If we apply this principle to crop insurance, then no payment should be made to the insured farmer for any deficiency of crops arising from negligence, &c. . . . But when a farmer pleads a deficiency of crops from chronic natural calamities, how shall we decide whether he has honestly fulfilled all his obligations, or whether the deficiency is not rather due to his negligence?"

It will thus be seen that the inquiry is one which demands care proportioned to the intricacies of the subject, and Professor Mayet's work answers this demand. It is not precisely suitable for use as a primary exposition of its subject, and yet it presents many of the qualities of an elementary treatise, combined with the practical details required by a statesman who has to work out the problems proposed. The book is, moreover, an interesting study of what the Japanese are doing, and what they still intend to do, in the direction of developing their resources and national life.

We must pass over very briefly the *Report of the Canadian Minister of Education*,¹ which contains statistics that will be useful to those who are practically interested in education. The report itself is very brief.

Nor shall we do much more than notice a certain pretty-looking *brochure*, the chief title² of which hardly indicates its subject-matter. Dr. Ernest Hart has put together and edited a series of articles from the *British Medical Journal*, dealing with the important subjects of Sanitary Legislation, Lunacy Legislation, the Medical Services of the Army, Navy, and India, with the state of Scotland, and Poor Law Medical Administration. These papers are eminently suggestions to be considered by members of Parliament, and by the different departments of the State, to whom accordingly we recommend them.

*Irish Nationalism*³ is the answer of the Duke of Argyll to Mr. Gladstone's challenge, that he should "make good by definite evidence and quotation" the statements that the Premier's language

¹ *Report of the Minister of Education (Ontario) for the Year 1892*. Toronto: Warwick & Sons. 1892.

² *The State and its Servants*. Medical and Sanitary Questions in Current Politics. By Ernest Hart. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1893.

³ *Irish Nationalism*. An Appeal to History. By the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. London: John Murray. 1893.

respecting the Irish Question was simply an "inflated fable." The greater part of the little book appears to us to be rather ancient history, and hardly to the point in the controversy which is at present raging in Parliament and the country. But the Duke labours to be fair.

Criticism of great murder cases—of the motives which prompt the deed, the state of mind of the individual accused, the mode in which criminal law deals with the evidence—will always be found to have interest for very many. We are ourselves, as a rule, content with the decision of an English jury on the summing up of a judge; we do not find that, as a rule, English law is very far out. Accordingly, we do not take up with real sympathy *The Maybrick Case*,¹ by Dr. Helen Dunsmore; we do not altogether care for its tone, and we prefer not to express an opinion upon it. We know very well how anxiously the Home Secretary considers such a case; and it is for Mr. Asquith and his private secretaries to read Mrs. Dunsmore's work.

*Letters from Queensland*² come, if we mistake not, from the same hand as the *Letters from South Africa*, which we noticed a short time back. Like them they are well written, full of information, and wide in their grasp of the life of the colony. The industrial life of Queensland falls into three divisions, each of which is fully treated—sugar, minerals, and pastoral occupations. The great Australian colony is described as eminently the poor man's country; but we think this a somewhat dangerous phrase, and should advise the poor man to make careful inquiry before he is attracted by it. There is an intelligent and intelligible letter on the question of separation, which is for the moment the great question of Queensland politics.

*Where To Go Abroad*³ is rather a tantalising title for one who sees no immediate prospect of getting abroad at all. We will begin at the beginning, and praise the introduction, which is a capital piece of work, likely to save the uninitiated, especially if he be of a sensitive nature, a good deal of trouble and annoyance. And when we plunge into the body of the book, we must praise it again, in its completeness, its conciseness, and its general bright and friendly tone. It will give almost as much pleasure to those who cannot travel as to those who can; and to all the latter class we commend the book as a personal companion.

¹ *The Maybrick Case: English Criminal Law.* By Dr. Helen Dunsmore. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

² *Letters from Queensland.* By the *Times* Special Correspondent. Reprinted from the *Times*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

³ *Where To Go Abroad.* A Guide to the Watering Places and Health Resorts of Europe, the Mediterranean, &c. Edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1892.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE life of Theophile Gautier,¹ by M. Maxime du Camp, of which an English translation has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is deeply interesting. Theophile Gautier was not a poet or a novelist of the first order; but he was a true artist—a man who had the rare and inimitable gift of style. M. Maxime du Camp, the author of the biography, knew Gautier well, and could appreciate his subtle and delicate genius. It would seem that the brilliant author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* had a hard struggle with adversity; and, in spite of Mr. Andrew Lang's rather ungenerous preface, we believe that, had he been more fortunate, Gautier would have produced even greater works than those with which he has enriched the literature of France. Next to Victor Hugo he is, perhaps, the greatest representative of French romanticism; and as the years go by his place in literature will be higher.

Though his prose writings are full of originality, his title to fame must ultimately depend on his poetry. There is marvellous beauty in some of the verses in *Émaux et Camées*. Their exquisite cadences, their perfection of form, their exotic charm, appeal to the imagination of all who love the unique and the bizarre. Another remarkable characteristic of Gautier is his appreciation of the work of other poets, such as Baudelaire, who had to encounter the adverse criticism of the orthodox French reviewer. In many respects Poe and Gautier may be compared, and, in spite of Mr. Lang's dogmatic assertion, we are inclined to think that Gautier was a man of greater genius and more refined artistic perception than the author of *The Raven*.

Unhappily for himself he was forced to devote the best part of his life to the drudgery of journalism, and to write for his daily bread. In the midst of his incessant toil he was gay and uncomplaining; but his soul rose up in revolt, for all that, against the misery of his lot—he was like a caged nightingale. Gautier was an enthusiastic worshipper of the beautiful, and those who see immorality in his works are Philistines who would moralise over the nudity of a Greek statue of Venus. He differs in this respect from Gustave Flaubert, who is essentially a moralist, like Fielding and Thackeray. The spirit of Theophile Gautier was as ethereal and non-ethical as that of Shelley. He belongs to the same school as that great English lyricist; and he might also take rank beside a living English poet who is perhaps his greatest admirer, Mr. Swinburne.

¹ *Theophile Gautier*. By Maxime du Camp. Translated by J. E. Gordon. With a Preface by Andrew Lang. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

*La France et l'Italie devant l'Histoire*¹ is an attempt to show historically that the intervention of France in the affairs of Italy has always been advantageous to the latter country. At the same time the author admits that France, while promoting the interests of Italy, has always left its work of progress incomplete. The theme is an interesting one; but perhaps M. Reinach has strained the facts of history a little to prove his leading proposition. The materials are collected with masterly knowledge of the subject, and the work is well deserving of perusal by the student of European history.

The life of Alexander the Great is a subject which has not found so many historians as the achievements of that marvellous conqueror deserve. Arrian's *Anabasis of Alexander* is one of the best attempts to do justice to the great deeds of the son of Philip of Macedon. He obtained his materials from the best sources, and is anything but an indiscriminating historian, for he freely acknowledges Alexander's faults. An excellent translation of Arrian's work has just been published, with a copious commentary, by Messrs. George Bell & Sons.² The translator, Rev. E. J. Chinnock, M.A., LL.D., has in his notes referred to the other extant authorities on the history of Alexander, such as Curtius, Diodorus, Plutarch, Justin, and Aelian, so that the text and notes taken together form a pretty complete history of Alexander the Great. Arrian lived in the second century of the Christian era, and his Greek is not always classical. He is, however, next to Lucian, the best Greek author of the century in which he flourished. That he undertook the history of Alexander with enthusiasm is clear from his own words: "This historical work is, and has been, from my youth up, equivalent to native land, family, and public offices for me." The nobility of Alexander's character is shown by his generous treatment of the family of Darius, his fallen foe. He acted with the utmost delicacy towards the wife of Darius, who was said to be the most beautiful woman in Asia. In spite of his faults and excesses, Alexander was a chivalrous and magnanimous warrior.

In *Some Further Recollections of a Happy Life*³ we have some charming pictures of travel in Spain, Hungary, Greece, Syria, Egypt, and other parts of the world. The narrative takes the form of an autobiography, and the materials are supplied by the Journal of Marianne North, the work being edited by Mrs. John Addington

¹ *La France et l'Italie devant l'Histoire*. Par Joseph Reinach. Paris: Ancienne Librairie Germer, Ballière et Cie.

² Arrian's *Anabasis of Alexander and Indica*. Translated, with a copious commentary, by Rev. Edward James Chinnock, M.A., LL.D. London: George Bell & Sons.

³ *Some Further Recollections of a Happy Life*. Selected from the Journals of Marianne North. Edited by her sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. London: Macmillan & Co.

Symonds. The period dealt with is chiefly between 1859 and 186 when the facilities for travelling were not such as to make Egypt or Syria easily accessible. The writer records her impressions faithfully and without the slightest affectation. The volume has an interest in these days of railways when the old mode of travelling by "diligence" seems indefinitely remote. This was the way in which Marianne North journeyed through Spain, and a most delightful journey it must have been.

The controversies between Catholicism and Protestantism have much that is puerile about them. Still a work dealing with so distinguished a member of the Church of Rome as the late Mr. W. G. Ward¹ cannot fail to interest all classes of readers. Mr. Ward was a brilliant controversialist, and his correspondence with John Stuart Mill and Sir William Hamilton proves that his intellectual powers were very remarkable. Mr. Ward's conversion to Catholicism took place in 1845. From that time he was strongly Ultramontane, and fiercely opposed to the doctrines of Liberalism. In the book we find an admirable parallel drawn between Ward and Mill. Both were "men who dealt alike with ideal results and reasoned for minds filled exclusively with the dry light of philosophy." We must, however, differ from Mr. Wilfrid Ward's estimate of his father as a thinker. He was an intolerable dogmatist, and his logic was not of the ratiocinative but of the logomachic type.

*La Guillotine Pendant la Revolution*² is a curious book dealing with a ghastly subject. M. Lenotre, the author of the work, has collected a great deal of information as to the history of the guillotine and of the executioners who flourished during the Reign of Terror. It is almost unnecessary to remind even the ordinary student of history that the inventor of the guillotine was a Parisian deputy, a medical man by profession, and a person of by no means sanguinary disposition. Dr. Guillotin really intended to inculcate principles of humanity when he proposed that the death-punishment for the guilty of every rank should be decapitation. The date of this proposal was the 10th of October, 1789. Dr. Guillotin recommended his machine in this naive fashion: "It will make your head jump off in the twinkling of an eye, and you will not suffer at all." The Assembly laughed, but some time afterwards they adopted Dr. Guillotin's suggestion, and on the 3rd of May, 1791, they decreed that all persons condemned to death should have their heads cut off (*Tout condamné à mort aura la tête tranchée*).

The strange thirst for blood which appears to have manifested itself in France during the Reign of Terror, gave a certain importance

¹ *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival*. By Wilfrid Ward. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

² *La Guillotine Pendant la Revolution et les Exécuteurs des Arrêts Criminels*. Par G. Lenotre. Paris: Librairie Academique, Didier, Perrin et Cie.

to the office of executioner. The Sanson family enjoyed a kind of sinister distinction. We find that in some of the provinces amateur executioners arose, who adopted this dreadful profession through either taste or what they imagined to be patriotic enthusiasm. One ferocious "patriot," named Ance, declared publicly that it was his ambition to make the heads of his country's assassins fall on the scaffold. His offer was accepted, and several persons asked to be permitted to assist Ance in the performance of his awful functions. At Rennes cartloads of victims were led to execution, and hungry dogs fought over the human remains that dropped from the scaffold. In the same town, a company of children was organised under the name of "The Hope of the Country" (*l'Espoir de la Patrie*), and employed in shooting in the cemetery the poor wretches who had made themselves obnoxious to the revolutionists. Such were some of the atrocities of that terrible period. It would, however, be unjust to condemn the French Revolution on account of its excesses, and so, in reading M. Lenotre's work, we must remember that he is dealing with the worst scenes of the Terror, when, for a time, France was plunged into utter anarchy.

The story of the life of François Mahé de la Bourdonnais is one which will always excite the interest of English readers, for not only is it the record of a life of indomitable energy and daring, but it also forms no small part of the history of the rise of the English power in the East. Hence the *Mémoires Historiques de B. F. de la Bourdonnais*¹ will have much interest for a wide number of readers.

Born in 1699 at St. Malo, Bourdonnais early in life took to the sea, and before he attained to manhood entered the service of the French East India Company. There his enterprise and energy soon made him conspicuous, and in 1734 he became governor-general of the Isles of France and Bourbon, at a time when the struggle between the French and English in India was beginning. Bourdonnais' policy was to fortify the Isle of France, using it as a base of operations for French enterprise in India. His attempts did not, however, meet with support from the Company, which preferred large dividends to increase of French power in the East, and which did their utmost to discredit the new governor at home. In 1740 La Bourdonnais returned to France, owing to the death of his first wife, and rendered so satisfactory an account of his rule, that he won the support of the Ministers and of the King.

At this time war with England became imminent, and La Bourdonnais saw the advantage of making the first attack, but his view was not shared by the Company, who thought chiefly of protecting

¹ *Mémoires Historiques de B. F. de la Bourdonnais*. Paris: Albert Savine. 1892.

their merchandise. He was, however, restored to his old post, and moreover made commander of the king's ships in India, returning to Mauritius with a small fleet in the autumn of 1741. But La Bourdonnais was compelled to remain inactive until 1745, when he was given powers which led to his disputes with Dupleix, then governor of Pondicherry. In spite of opposition, however, La Bourdonnais took Madras from the English.

The quarrel between these two great men brings out clearly both the strength and weakness of La Bourdonnais' character. He had not the faculty of conciliating those with whom he had to work, he wasted his strength by impatience, which would not allow him to overcome obstacles, but rather led him to dash through them. But he had keen political insight, and treated with deserved scorn Dupleix's proposal to destroy Madras and its commerce. But if La Bourdonnais possessed keener insight, Dupleix had more worldly wisdom, and at length he brought about the recall of his bolder rival, though by the use of methods far from honourable. Nor was the issue happy for French rule in India. La Bourdonnais was recalled, and, taking passage in a Dutch vessel, was landed at Falmouth, owing to the outbreak of war between Holland and France. Taken to London in 1748, he was irritated by the false charges of treachery brought against him at home and demanded to be allowed to answer those charges in person. Accordingly he crossed to France, but without trial or inquiry was thrown into the Bastille, where he remained for three years and wrote his memoirs. At last a commission was appointed to try him, but La Bourdonnais died in 1753, worn out by injustice and ill-treatment.

The memoirs of La Bourdonnais, published in 1751, are now published with other documents relating to his life, and are full of interest and value. Their style is simple and clear, but of far greater note is the plain, straightforward spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice which runs through them. The writer's last wish, written on the last page of the Memoir, has now happily been realised—"But I shall not regret the length of my imprisonment, nor the loss of the most precious years of my life, nor the ruin of my health, if I can one day convince my king and country that I have always served them well, and that I have some title to their regard."

ERRATUM.—We regret that in our notice of the *Highway of Letters and Its Echoes of Famous Footsteps* we gave the name of the author as being "Thomas Arnold" instead of "Thomas Archer."

BELLES LETTRES.

*A Father of Six*¹ gives a touching account of the struggles of a starving village deacon, in the heart of Russia, crushed beneath the burden of six small children, who have all arrived, as their dying mother expresses it, "without any interval." This poor overgrown "Father" Anton, with his boyish face and childlike ignorance, is a pathetic figure, pleading desperately for the promotion, which is to him a matter of life and death, against the callousness and greed of his immediate superiors in the hierarchy and the caprice of his Bishop, who bids him "Go away, and learn to sing in tune!" This tale, and the one bound up with it, *An Occasional Holiday*, give a vivid picture of the suffering and extortion to which the Russian peasant in his abject poverty must needs submit, and like so much of the work of Russian authors is clearly written as a protest against the existing order of things.

The string of stories which make up a delightful little volume called *Finnish Legends*² are taken from the *Kalevala*, the national epic of the Finnish people, through the medium of Mr. T. M. Crawford's translation. They contain curious echoes of the myths of other lands as well as many wildly fantastic yet childlike imaginations which are new to us. The story of the Christ-child is given with quaintly suggestive variations and the famous magic mill for ever grinding corn, and salt, and gold, finds its way as usual, through a series of adventures to the bottom of the sea. This Finnish "Sampo" is, however, a beneficent machine and not an invention of the Evil One, for some of its fragments are sufficient to bring prosperity to the land on which they are washed ashore.

Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Novel Series," although excellent in form and type, by no means shows his usual taste in the choice of paper covers, nor is Mr. G. Colmore's novelette, *Concerning Oliver Knox*,³ up to the level of a "Pseudonym" in literary merit. Some of the scenes are no doubt clever, but the incident of the stolen child concealed for fifteen years by a revengeful husband in a secret chamber, where it grows up in savagery within earshot of the bedroom of its mourning mother, is really childishly crude and improbable.

It is a sign of the times when three-volume novels written by Australian ladies, and dealing not only with the picturesque incidents of life in the Bush, but with Australian town society, begin to

¹ *A Father of Six*. Pseudonym Library. T. Fisher Unwin.

² *Finnish Legends for English Children*. By R. Eivind. "The Children's Library."

T. Fisher Unwin.

³ *Concerning Oliver Knox*. By G. Colmore. Unwin's "Novel Series."

make their appearance in reviewers' book parcels. *An Australian Millionaire*¹ has a most elaborate and complicated plot, carefully thought out and conscientiously written; but it is a pity that Mrs. Blitz has not a lighter touch and a more attractive style, for the merit of her book is much obscured by a certain heaviness in the handling. We are inclined, also, to resent the fact that her second volume deals almost exclusively with the unpleasant accident of an engagement between the hero and his own sister, as surely some less clumsy device might have been found for obliging her conspirators to disclose their machinations.

Mrs. Pender Cudlip, in her latest novel, *Utterly Mistaken*,² is far from showing the seriousness of intention which distinguishes Mrs. Blitz. Her book is a society novel of an ordinary class, vivacious and curiously readable, despite an odd want of the sense of the becoming in the action of the characters, and an unsatisfactory style rejoicing in sentences such as this: "All that was masculine in the nature encased in that exquisitely feminine form rose in revolt," &c.

Lady Lindsay is not a strong writer, but her volume, *The Philosopher's Window and other Stories*,³ contains many touches of quiet humour, and is a good book for girls. The best of her stories is, perhaps, the little character sketch entitled *Poor Miss Brackenthorpe*, while passages in *The Philosopher's Window* pleasantly, if very faintly, recall some of the most delightful pages of M. Anatole France.

*Cap and Gown Comedy*⁴ contains the confessions of a schoolmaster, for whom a sensitive nature and scrupulous conscience have made the exercise of his authority, and the enforcement of discipline, matters of the most anxious self-questioning. Most stories of school life are written with a boy hero, and a book from this *vice versa* point of view ought to be useful as teaching the lesson, so difficult for boys, of sympathy with the trials of their masters. It is hardly to be expected, however, that this volume will be popular with boy readers. The tales no doubt contain a mixture of fiction, but their incidents appear to be taken from experience.

We detained Mr. Moor's translation of Cicer's *De Oratore*⁵ till we had leisure to compare it with the original, and we now pronounce our verdict in its favour. To translate a classic is to lay oneself open to severe criticism. A good translation must be true to its original, yet it must run freely in its own language. Further,

¹ *An Australian Millionaire*. By Mrs. Blitz. Ward, Lock, Bowden & Co.

² *Utterly Mistaken*. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip). F. V. White & Co.

³ *The Philosopher's Window and other Stories*. By Lady Lindsay. New Edition. Adam & Charles Black.

⁴ *Cap and Gown Comedy. A Schoolmaster's Story*. Adam & Charles Black.

⁵ *Cicero De Oratore*. Book I. Translated into English, with an Introduction, by E. N. P. Moor, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1892.

the publication of a translation is hardly justified unless the subject is one of enduring interest. On none of these counts do we condemn Mr. Moor. There is much in Cicero's treatise which may be read with interest by the ordinary Englishman at the present day. And we have found the translation careful and accurate, happy in its turns of expression, and almost always thoroughly readable simply as a piece of English composition. Mr. Moor's introduction is appreciative and scholarly. The book is suited to the library of the school or college as well as that of the individual.

Mr. T. Pinkerton is hardly likely to produce any story devoid of merit; but his work is very unequal. *Arnold Bolsover's Love Story*¹ is far from reaching the degree of excellence attained in *The Spanish Poniard*—the best thing Mr. Pinkerton has written—or *The Last Master of Carnandro*. One reason of the falling off is, we think, that both these romances derived no small part of their merit from the vivid and accurate delineation of bygone, or remote, modes of life, and traits both of manners and thought. Of this somewhat rare faculty, which Mr. Pinkerton possesses in an eminent degree, he could make no use in a novel like the present, which deals with contemporary English life among middle-class people in a provincial town; and the consequence is that he appears at a disadvantage—like a billiard-player whose favourite stroke is “barred.” Compared with earlier and more brilliant achievements, *Arnold Bolsover's Love Story* is a very tame affair, and it is not only flat, but rather coarsely painted. The *haute bourgeoisie* of “Millington”—a riverside town, which bears a shadowy resemblance to Kingston—are wanting altogether in verisimilitude; they are, indeed, so vulgar and illiterate as to be quite out of date; the “love story” is anything but romantic or interesting, nor can we discern any one salient excellence in the book to counterbalance these faults.

*Jolie Propriété à Vendre*² is one of “Henry Gréville's” pleasant tales, with all the brightness and gaiety of comedy, and with a touch of drama sufficient to keep the reader's interest on the alert without waking poignant, or painful, emotions. The *mise-en-scène*, and all the adjuncts, tend to fill the imagination with cheerful, homely, and yet graceful, images. The soft spacious scenery of the lower Loire, the unpretending time-honoured, ancestral home, surrounded by its fields and vineyards, the kindly, refined, unselfish father, the faithful, capable, old family servants—all combine to compose an ideal picture; and ideal indeed it would be, were it not “sicklied o'er” with the pale hue of “poverty”—an ever-increasing straitness of means, sharply accentuated by the dread advent of the

¹ *Arnold Bolsover's Love Story*. By Thomas Pinkerton. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

² *Jolie Propriété à Vendre*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie.

phylloxera. Into this old-world home—at once patriarchal and refined—comes the daughter of the house, the only child of her widowed father, but brought up by a rich maiden godmother (who has now unexpectedly married), with modern towny tastes, and petty social ambitions. She is, of course, the heroine of the tale, and her entire want of harmony with her new surroundings, her ferocious youthful egoism—all the more ferocious because unconscious—which goes near to turning the pretty comedy into a tragedy; all this, ending in her final transformation (or reformation) by the ennobling influence of true love, constitutes the life and soul of the story, and is best told in the author's own "winged words."

Charles Lamb, with delicate discernment, said of the Post-Restoration dramatists, that their work was not so much *immoral* as *non-moral*. In *L'Aimé*¹ M. Jean Richepin is far beyond the reach of any such charitable palliative. His work is trenchantly, militantly immoral. Like Milton's *Satan*, he seems to have said, "Evil, be thou my Good!" It is not a book that can be very closely reviewed in an English periodical; the personages are, one and all, too foul, too morally unclean; their acts, their schemes, and their aspirations, too monstrously corrupt. But, without entering into any detail, a single phrase will give the measure of the book's mad perversity. It sings the praises of what is known in France as "*le Don Juanisme*"—nay, it elevates this lowest instinct of male humanity into a touching, tender, and mystic *culte*. Now, there are two widely dissimilar classes of offenders against sexual morality: the men who are weak, and more or less defenceless, against the charms, or the wiles, of women, and the men who of set purpose make a prey of women. These last are the *Don Juans*—beings who arouse in other men, not tender admiration, but disgust. *

After this protest, it is but just to add that *L'Aimé* is—like everything of M. Richepin's that we have read—a work of singular power. It stands out among other books, read before and after it, like some fragment of Cyclopean architecture in a row of modern houses. We remember somewhat the same sensation after reading *Miarka*, *La Fille à l'Ours*.

¹ *L'Aimé-Roman*, Par Jean Richepin. Paris: Charpentier. 1893.

ART.

PROFESSOR MIDDLETON long since made himself known as a complete and accurate student and clear writer in certain great fields of archæology. The present two large volumes, of nearly four hundred pages each, go far toward making him the chief English authority on *The Remains of Ancient Rome*.¹ They include and bring up to 1892, in a completer form, all that he had previously written on this important subject.

The importance of such a work is all the greater on account of the rapid disappearance of so many ancient remains in Rome's present progress toward "the aspect of a third-rate Parisian suburb." It is precisely the historical features which connected the ancient with the mediæval city, itself in full existence a quarter of a century ago, that have been obliterated by the growth of the modern city. This is the real difference to the scholar between Papal Rome, which was a curiously living museum of dead history, and the Rome which has become the capital of United Italy.

After a detailed introduction on the sources of information concerning the remains of ancient Rome—classical writers, inscriptions and coins, mediæval books and pictures, and modern books—the author treats successively, the site of Rome, in its physical aspect and advantages of building material and in its varying architectural styles; the Roman methods of construction in masonry, mosaic, marble wall-lining and wall-painting, with full and well illustrated examples. Then he proceeds, in historical order as far as may be, through the entire list of all that survives of the Eternal City, from the early tombs with Phœnician imports of the prehistoric period, through the regal period to the republican buildings, the imperial palaces and late baths on the Palatine Hill; the Forum Romanum, of which the plan, now "measured and drawn by the author entirely afresh," had already been appropriated in more than one German work on Roman topography; the Capitoline Hill, and a complete summary of the architectural growth of Rome from Augustus to Severus; the imperial fora, circi, theatres, amphitheatres, and baths; the Campus Martins, with Pliny's list of its works of art; various scattered temples and private houses of note, tombs, and triumphal arches; and, finally, the water supply, the roads and bridges, and the whole circuit of the walls of Aurelian.

The author has had the great and, so far as we know, the unique advantage over others of his kind of uniting with sound archæological science a thorough and practical knowledge of the builder's art.

¹ *The Remains of Ancient Rome*. By J. Henry Middleton. Two volumes. London: A. & C. Black. 1892.

Add to this a clear and correct style, a habit of exposition that knows the use of definition, example, and illustration ; a willingness to print short paragraphs instead of page-long blocks of erudition, paragraphs too with marginal titles in addition to the analytical table of contents at the beginning and the alphabetical index, 60 pages long, at the end of the work—along with distinctly printed and well-lettered maps and diagrams, including the handy pocket-bound into the cover of each volume for the larger maps ; and you have an almost ideal book for the student of Rome in history as well as for the visitor of Rome's ruins.

In so perfect a specimen of book-making, filled with difficult details, there are but few and insignificant defects to notice. Thus, an *i* has crept into the last syllable of the name of Cassiodorus, Theodoric's letter-writing minister, on page xx. of the Introduction ; Garruccius on page xxii., for easier recognition of a modern writer on early Christian art, had better have been written Garrucci. Unfortunately, also, the whole section on the Pantheon needs revision, since the discoveries of the last few months made on occasion of the erection, by the Department of Antiquities, of a movable scaffolding to repair the dome. These, however, do not bear on the author's specialty of construction, but only on historical details ; the building is of Hadrian's time, and not from Agrippa.

The most ordinary traveller has stood before the jagged brick edges of concrete walls in the buildings he was told to admire, and wondered how they got there. He has had the natural desire—unfulfilled by guide-books—to know what manner of building produced the dome of the Pantheon, which is, structurally, but a giant earthen pot inverted. He has been curious about tufa and peperino stone, and how the people got into the Colosseum and were then, to use a classical term which Gibbon has rescued from its native inelegance, "vomited" out again, where Cicero stood in the Forum, and how the Vestal Virgins lived. And so on, respecting a thousand questions which the whole course of liberal education raises in the mind from childhood, yet to which the grown man and the traveller find no ready answer. It is the highest praise of Professor Middleton's book to say that he has made it easy for us to learn, accurately and completely, all that remains of ancient Rome.

Ironwork,¹ "from the earliest times to the end of the mediæval period," is one of the excellent "South Kensington Museum Art Handbooks." Mr. J. Starkie Gardner, its author, is to be complimented on his success in doing a most difficult task—the compiling of the historical manual of an art whose complete history is not yet written.

In a few simple chapters he has given, first, an account of iron and its ores, and its manufacture in history ; he then describes the

¹ *Ironwork*. By J. Starkie Gardner. London : Chapman & Hall. 1893.

working of iron in industry and art down to the Christian era, through "the age of the blacksmith" from the ninth to the fourteenth century, the Oriental influence following on the Crusades and making for higher art in decoration, and "the age of the locksmith" in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Like all the South Kensington handbooks, this little volume of 150 pages is suitably illustrated and well indexed. The only criticism to be made of what is so well done, where we had little reason to expect anything at all, is common to nearly all English publications of this kind—excepting Professor Middleton's volumes and a few others. The matter is printed in solid blocks, with here and there a break that may signify a paragraph, but which certainly has none of the intrinsic meaning of that *oratiuncula*, as the Latin rhetoricians defined it. In all teaching to be received from the printed book, the art of the paragraph is of the utmost importance. Only the rare patient student will take the trouble to separate the matter for himself into its logical divisions. In the present case, where the concentrated character of the matter given requires persistent attention, the reader could not but profit greatly by a clearer disposition of the text. On the other hand, the book is written in a plain style, and, fortunately, without literature.

THE DRAMA.

THE month between the ides of May and the fifteenth of June has been one of great artistic importance. It is heavily charged, and although, as usual, there was a great deal of chaff among the grain, the balance, on the whole, has favourably inclined to the credit side. We have received the visit of Eleanora Dusé, an Italian actress, renowned in her own country for several years, but known on both sides of the Atlantic only since 1892, when, at the Theatrical Exhibition, she took Vienna by storm. One thing may at once be said in favour of Duse—she has come to us unheralded by the vulgar trumpets of advertisement, of interviews, or of puffs, which nowadays degrade an artist almost to the level of a patent medicine manufacturer. We, here, knew little about Duse, but some of us, the very same, we may say, who had read Ibsen before the play-going public had heard of him, anticipated that she would make a great success at her very first appearance; practically, however, she came in quietness, and if she triumphed it was solely due to her undeniable talent. We have now seen Madame Duse in four of her principal creations—in *La Dame aux Camélias*, in *Fedora*, in Verga's one-act play *Curalleria Rusticana*, and last, but not least, in the *Doll's House*, and, although we are inclined to assign to the Italian artist a place in the very front rank of modern actresses, we cannot, in spite of ourselves, echo the chorus of fanatic criticism which has greeted her coming, and which has been intensified after each creation. Nor can we honestly subordinate Ristori, or Sarah Bernhardt or Ziegler to the new-comer. She is great, but she lacks that fire, that inspiring power, that over-aweing passion, which is the secret of Sarah Bernhardt, and, on the other hand, that great, classic, spontaneous repose which constitutes the grandeur of both Ristori and Clara Ziegler. What people over here seem to admire so profoundly in Duse is her unaffectedness, her simplicity, the want of effort, in one word, as it were, the *naturalness* of her acting, and, whilst they praise the Italian, they denounce the fervour, the great *elans* of passion of Sarah Bernhardt, as things artificial, ay, unconventional. And here we come at once to the root of the question—is this artlessness of la Duse, which fascinates so many of her admirers, innate, or is it mainly a skilful veil which she throws over her want of passion, of fire, of which she, highly intelligent as she is, is con-

scious? For our part, we say that Duse's simplicity is not less a thing studied than the great outbursts of her rivals. In *La Dame aux Camelias* this was not very transparent, for this play is taken in a quiet subdued tone by all the great exponents of the main part, but both in *Fedora* and in the *Doll's House* we felt that the quiet, insinuating—we should almost say the indifferent—ways of Signora Duse tended to mystify the audience, to withdraw their attention from the drama itself, and to divert it to the fascinating abandon of the actress. Her performance of *Fedora* was absolutely unsatisfactory. It was wanting in dignity, it was wanting in warmth; and, in the *Doll's House*, there were only parts—the first and the third acts, for instance—which could satisfy. The rest was immature and not in harmony with the whole tenor of the character, to say nothing of the conception, as a whole, which could not enrapture us, after having seen Janet Achurch and many greater foreign Noras. As Santuzza in *Cavalliera Rusticana*, Madame Duse was more in her element. This is an Italian play, requiring Italian vivacity and petulance fathered by the Italian sky, and here we perceived most clearly where the limitations of Madame Duse's art lay, and when she is really a tragedienne of immense power. We would say thus: that if Madame Duse would endeavour to be more herself, to use less restraint, to give more vent to the passionate fire which is undoubtedly smouldering in her, she would create a far greater effect. As it is, she puzzles us, she interests us, she fascinates us, but, if we correctly interpret the feelings of the multitude, she does not cause our heart to go out to her—that is, to the woman she tries to portray. We repeat that our judgment is given under due reserve; great artists require intimate study; to judge them aright we should see them in almost all their parts, we should see them in surroundings less shipshod, less inefficient than those which accompany her here. Except Signor Flaviando, there was no one who could be called in any way fit to tie Signora Duse's shoe-strings, and as the old German adage goes, "Among the blind, the one-eyed is king." To resume, we believe in Signora Duse, we believe that she is a great artist, we believe that she will outshine the best of her country folk, but before pronouncing definitely, before burning incense, before throwing our old idols overboard for the new, we shall want to see her in her own country, supported by a company of value—by Italians, in fact, in whom, as in the French, the art of acting is one of the endowments of their birth.

And now let us turn to England. Let us record, with sincere delight, the great success achieved by a native playwright—Mr. Pinero. We allude to his four-act play, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, at the St. James's Theatre. The success of this play is the utter rout of Gilbert's girl of fifteen, it is a feather in the cap of our

censor, it is a slap in the face of those old-fashioned critics who would like to see the stage a garden of Eden, with the apple, but minus the serpent. With *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* Mr. Pinero has endeared himself to the new school, has cut a new path, has proved with *éclat* that Ibsen and his followers have not worked in vain. *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is in the boldest sense of the word the only realistic play produced by an Englishman, and, if we have to find a fault with it, it does not affect the play as a play, but its tendency. The subject is as simple as it is interesting. It can be laid down, to be brief, in the following question. Can a woman, who has been many men's wife, and has been married to no man, adapt herself to a respectable society, when one admirer, bolder than the others tries to eradicate the stigma by leading her to the altar? And Mr. Pinero says emphatically—No! It pictures the woman as a creature frivolous, thoughtless, and coarse, and in juxtaposition it places her gentlemanlike husband, who gives her everything, money and pleasure and luxury. The author also contrasts with the second Mrs. Tanqueray, the pure healthy-minded daughter of her husband, who does not know, but who perceives keenly, and who finds out, and in this *milieu* he shows us how, after a slight futile attempt to live up to the level of respectability and decency, this ex-prostitute feels bored, is tortured by envy, is growing soured, despairing, and miserable to such a degree, that when she finds that she stands between her own happiness and that of her daughter, between the happiness of her husband and his companions, between every happiness, in fact, and her own, she takes her own life, and ends in misery, as she lived in it. The tale which Mr. Pinero has unfolded before us is one of absorbing interest. In spite of an inward inclination to revolt, to exclaim, "Hold hard! your doctrine is wrong; what you preach is not real. Daily life is sure to tell you that women who have erred may walk along the right path as if their foot had never learned to slip"; but in spite of this we watch it to the end with growing interest, and when it is over we say it is a masterpiece, not faultless indeed, but a masterpiece on account of its faults. It is the best thing Pinero has ever done. The delineation of the characters, the perverse woman, the refined though weak husband, the world-wise husband's friend, the innocent daughter—all of them, they are portraits complete and vivid. The style is terse, the language direct, the treatment unconventional, a daring departure for an English playwright who has to take his audience into account. No doubt some grumblers will arise: they will tell us, and not quite without reason, that Emile Augier has treated the same subject, and treated it with even more courage in *Mariage d'Olympe*. Some will even go as far as to raise the red flag of plagiarism; but that is all sheer small-talk—a man of Pinero's stamp, a man with such a record, could successfully answer any such

accusation ; and, after all, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is an English play, a slice of English life, an English picture, and if the conception may have been engendered in France, the fact remains that, as the play lies before us, it is original to the core, because from the first to the last moment it is enlivened with flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray brought to the fore a new actress, yet not so new as hasty critics would like us to believe. For when Mrs. Patrick Campbell was at the Adelphi we had already pointed out how great her talent was, and how great its promise. The talent has now come out in brilliancy, and of the promise much has been fulfilled, which implies that we do not admit that Mrs. Campbell's creation of the second Mrs. Tanqueray is free from blemish—notably because the ugliness, the darkness, the unpleasantness of the character, was brushed in too lurid tones—we gladly endorse the universal opinion that her impersonation was remarkable, and at times overwhelming ; yet again—as in the case of Signora Duse—let us not allow ourselves to be carried away in the paroxysm of delight of a new discovery. We have seen in our career so many stars rising to the firmament, and so many of them disappearing between the clouds after one great glittering effort of glory, that we are apt to be cautious, and to give as our opinion that Mrs. Campbell's performance in the main character of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* prognosticates that if she is not paralysed by untoward success, and an inordinate appearance in the same play, she may become one of the best among the great actresses of the English stage.

Whilst we are talking about revivalism let us record in all rapidity the deep impression which a young English actress, fresh from the provinces, has just made in Browning's great tragedy *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. Yesterday Miss May Harvey, who took the part of Mildred in a performance by the Independent Theatre Society was unknown to London, although in the provinces she had plucked many a laurel. To-day, the ides of June, she made her first bow to a London audience, and, behold ! before she had spoken the first word, she had conquered. Miss May Harvey is, we hold, a powerful recruit to the very thin ranks of our tragediennes. She has a fine sonorous voice. She knows how to treat blank verse well, she has a pleasing presence, and, above all, she has the eye, the wonderful eye which travels beyond the rays of the footlights, and she knows how to keep the audience under a spell. It is too much to say that Miss Harvey was perfect. She is young, she betrays a certain inexperience, she has perhaps yet to learn to grasp the full weight of the burden of such a character as Mildred ; but this she achieved, she—the novice—held those who came to scoff spellbound, and she bore the enormous burden of a tragedy

written by Browning in Browning's difficult, intensely poetic style, upon her frail shoulders. To triumph with that is no small victory indeed, especially when the thermometer stands high, and the atmosphere of the playhouse is sweltering and heavy. Of Miss Harvey's future there can be no question. London has greeted a new talent, and it owes it to Mr. Charles Hughes, the President of the Manchester branch of the Independent Theatre, who had organised this performance, in order to give Miss Harvey a hearing.

We need say little about the latest and probably last experiment of Mr. Charles Charrington and Miss Janet Achurch, the quintuple bill at Terry's. When they started they were full of good intentions. They were to do away with long runs, to produce new talent, to adapt an English theatre to the model of the Comedie Française, or a German subsidised house. But the flesh was willing and the spirit was weak. At the Royalty the Charringtons produced in rapid succession three failures, and when, at Terry's, they attempted to regain the lost ground by billing *five* English plays, all especially written for them by six English authors of repute—to wit, Conan Doyle, Lady Colin Campbell, Walter Pollock, Mrs. Clifford, J. M. Barrie, and Thomas Hardy—they escaped from inflicting upon our literature a stinging defeat by the success of the author of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. The rest was doleful—doleful because it was signed by such well-known names. And if Mr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Pollock, and Mrs. Clifford gave at least something which could have been deemed worthy of drawing-room production, Lady Colin Campbell inflicted such an inanity upon her audience, committed such an outrage in mutilating a scene from *Vanity Fair*, alias *Becky Sharp*, for the stage, that the best one can do is to bury the whole thing deep, deep, in the bowels of the earth.

But Thomas Hardy's little play, *The Three Wayfarers*, although it lacks plot or story, is, in its way, a little gem. It is fragrant with the delightful perfume of the country atmosphere which Hardy knows so well how to translate into words. It is replete with spontaneous humour, worthy of Shakespearean comedy. It is withal such an extraordinarily fine piece of work, that one can but hope that the author will not take it very much to heart that it was engulfed in the failure of a six nights' run, but that he will allow some other theatre to take it up again, which, in dire want, as it is, of contributors of literary power, can ill afford to lose the support of a man of the stamp of Thomas Hardy.

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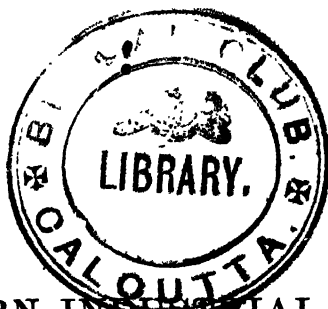
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MODERN INDUSTRIAL WARFARE.

PROFESSOR WALKER, in his work on *The Wages Question*, says that "strikes are of the nature of an insurrection," and he goes on to argue that they are more likely to be successful when in the main spontaneous than when deliberately organised in a state of industrial peace. Most trade unionists would say that the conclusion arrived at is contradicted by experience, and the justice of the whole comparison may be disputed. Under the conditions of modern industry, a strike is less of the nature of an insurrection than of a regular engagement; in some cases, it almost reaches the dimensions of a campaign. The struggle is preceded by negotiations, and due notice is given of the commencement of hostilities. Certain rules are recognised in the conduct of the war, and the issue generally takes the form of a treaty. This is the case with respect to both the struggles which have recently claimed public attention—the dispute in the Lancashire cotton trade and the strike of the Hull dockers. I propose to examine the methods pursued and the results arrived at in either case, with the view of testing the correctness of Professor Walker's conclusion, and ascertaining the conditions under which workmen are likely to engage in such conflicts with success.

The cotton operatives of South-East Lancashire ended their battle by a compromise which could be accepted by each party without the sacrifice of dignity. The matter in dispute was a reduction in wages of 5 per cent.; the reduction eventually agreed upon was between $2\frac{1}{2}$ and 3 per cent. The result in the dockers' case would, perhaps, be best described as a modified defeat. In agreeing to the York conditions they practically accepted the masters' own terms. The men obtained an important modification in securing the abolition of the objectionable promise of "preference"; but, in submitting to the continued existence of a "free" labour exchange managed by the shipowners, they really gave up the main point in dispute. In other ways the cotton operatives came off better than the dockers. So far from leaving a bitter feeling between masters and men, the settlement of the cotton trade dispute has re-established friendly relations, and is likely to lead to united action in the future on matters of common interest. Embittered by their defeat, the dockers are smarting under a sense of injustice, and there can be little doubt that they would renew the struggle to-morrow if they

thought they could win better terms for themselves. They have given in, not because they think they have secured substantial justice, but under the stern pressure of need. The cotton trade has apparently suffered no permanent injury from the stoppage, which was regarded by both sides as the inevitable remedy for the prevailing glut of the market. The special correspondent of the *Labour Gazette* reports that "from no source could information be obtained of any diversion of trade." Whether as much can be said of the port of Hull remains to be seen.

The chief reason of the greater success of the Lancashire operatives is probably to be found in their superior organisation. In extent the struggle was a much more serious one than that at Hull. The latter affected about 7500 dockers and 2500 of associated trades, 10,000 in all. In South-East Lancashire nearly 50,000 operatives were locked out, many of them women and children. This vast army was almost entirely supported by the contributions of the Lancashire people, mainly by the levies paid by the operatives who were not locked out. Hull was the chosen battle-field for a struggle likely to affect the dockers in every port of the United Kingdom, and contributions came from far and wide. Yet the dockers were worsted at the end of six weeks, though they fought bravely and suffered terrible privations. The Lancashire operatives maintained the struggle five months, and could have kept on longer had it been thought necessary. The reason of the difference is that the dockers began the fight with an exhausted exchequer, and were dependent for support on voluntary contributions, their strike pay only amounting to five or six shillings a week. The cotton operatives entered on the struggle with large accumulated funds, and were supported week after week by the regular contributions of those still at work. The Bolton operatives, for instance, were not directly affected by the dispute, and every week they forwarded a sum of £1000 towards the support of their fellows at Oldham. Other districts in the county did the same, and thus a continual stream of contributions was poured into the affected districts, guaranteeing a lock-out allowance of from 12s. to 15s. for each family, and in some cases more than that. After a while the operatives concerned voluntarily decided to go on half-pay, for the sake of husbanding their resources, and though there is no doubt some of them exhausted their little store of private savings, and were hard put to, the suffering was probably neither so severe nor so extensive as among the Hull dockers, notwithstanding the very much longer duration of the Lancashire stoppage. During the twenty weeks the struggle lasted, the operatives waited patiently for an honourable settlement. Although 50,000 people were thrown out of employment, there was no disorder, no disturbance, no increase of drunkenness or crime. I do not wish to saddle the dockers with responsibility which they disown, and there is no

need to do more than point to the contrast presented by the state of affairs at Hull.

Whatever was the cause of the destructive fires, and whoever was responsible for the disgraceful disturbances that took place, there can be no doubt that these painful incidents played no small part in lessening the sympathy of the public, upon which the dockers were largely dependent. Local feeling at Hull, if not antagonistic to the dockers, was very far from being unanimous in their favour; and public opinion throughout the country seems to have been faithfully mirrored by the two-sided resolution passed at the meeting of the Congregational Union. The Press, not merely in leading articles, but in reports of events, was generally unfavourable to the dockers, who complained bitterly of misrepresentation. The cotton operatives had the Press and the public on their side. The Lancashire tradesmen suffered seriously from the loss of wages caused by the prolonged stoppage; but in spite of a reduced income, they showed their sympathy with the operatives by contributing generously to the support of the card-room hands, whose funds were exhausted long before the settlement of the dispute. Yet the operatives did little to conciliate public opinion. They maintained an uncompromising attitude, and insisted on being allowed to manage their own affairs. Early in the history of the dispute the Mayor of Manchester offered his services as mediator, and was curtly told to mind his own business. Archdeacon Wilson made more diplomatic advances, and succeeded in bringing the two parties together, but they turned a deaf ear to all suggestions of arbitration.

A great point in the operatives' favour was that they kept a clear issue before the public. There was undoubtedly a serious glut of the market; the masters contended that the state of trade called for a reduction of wages; the operatives' reply was that this was no remedy for over-production. They put it to the public in a way everybody could understand: "If a man won't buy a shirt for 2s., he won't buy it because you offer it him for 1s. 11½d."—which may seem a catch-penny argument to old-fashioned political economists, but nevertheless has a certain resemblance to the statement of Professor Marshall in his *Principles of Economics* now being published, that "the desire for those kinds of clothing which are not used for the purpose of display is satiable; when their price is low, the demand for them has scarcely any elasticity." But whether right or wrong theoretically, the operatives took their stand on a principle readily understood by the public, and they appealed successfully to the growing feeling in favour of high wages—another popular prejudice which is largely justified by the most modern school of political economists. The dockers lost public sympathy not merely through the disturbances and the destruction of property, but because of the confusion that existed in the popular mind as to the merits of the

dispute. Few people knew what the dockers were fighting for; many people thought that the dockers did not know themselves. The origin of the dispute was itself a matter of controversy. The dockers said they struck because of the introduction of imported labour; Mr. Wilson said he introduced imported labour because the dockers struck. According to the shipowners, the cause of the dispute was the refusal of the dockers to work with non-unionists; the dockers said they did not refuse to work with non-unionists. According to the men, the cause of the dispute was the attempt of the shipowners to crush the Dockers' Union; and this in their turn the shipowners denied. In the midst of so much contradiction, it is no wonder that the public were confused, and failed to respond to the dockers' appeal with the hearty goodwill which secured victory for the London dockers in the great strike of 1889. "Sixpence an hour" was an issue the public could understand, but they never grasped the merits of the dispute at Hull; and when news came of the riots, the accusation of violence was added to that of unreasonableness.

Some allowance should be made for the greater provocation which the dockers laboured under as compared with the cotton operatives. The Lancashire mill-owners made no attempt to introduce imported labour; they simply closed their mills. Some master cotton-spinners at Rochdale declared the dispute at an end, and threw open their gates for the men to come in at the reduced wages—but no one came. When imported labour was introduced into Lancashire on the occasion of the Bolton engineers' strike six years ago, there was the same bitter feeling as at Hull, and somewhat similar, though less serious, disturbances. The Hull shipowners carried on the dispute in a way calculated to irritate the men beyond the limits of human forbearance. An industrial conflict, in which both sides observe the rules of the ring and shake hands at the finish, is impossible when one party formulates its demands in an "irreducible minimum," and breaks off all negotiations. For a long time the Hull shipowners absolutely refused to meet the men's representatives; indeed, when the two parties were brought together, they were not long in arriving at an understanding. The Lancashire cotton operatives and their employers met in conference week after week when the conflict was at its height. The representatives of both sides talked things over in a friendly fashion, discussed prices, argued and answered arguments, made proposals and counter-proposals, and separated without an angry word being said. Even in the excitement of public meetings there were few personalities, the speeches being confined in the main to a reasonable discussion of the merits of the dispute and the chances of success on either side; there was none of the wild talk that was indulged in during the Hull strike. No doubt in Lancashire the provocation was not so great and the irritation was less on both sides; but when

all allowances have been made, I think it should be acknowledged that the chief officials of the cotton operatives managed their business better than the leaders of the Hull dockers. Mr. James Mawdsley, Mr. T. Ashton, and Mr. J. T. Fielding, the leaders of the Lancashire cotton operatives, are not great platform men ; they simply talk common sense, and make no effort to create enthusiasm ; they are rather writers than speakers, being well-known contributors to trade journals. But whatever may be their shortcomings as orators, no one would question their thorough knowledge of every detail of the cotton trade and their supreme ability as organisers. The operatives have complete confidence in them, and even the employers treat their opinions with respect. Instead of being hated as the creators of ill-feeling and disturbance, they are often called in by the masters to help in the settlement of disputes, and it is known that their counsels of moderation have again and again been of service in preventing a rupture. I wish to use no hard words about the leaders of the Hull dockers, but it is admitted on all hands that some of their officials have been guilty of indiscretion. They failed in what Professor Walker has marked out as the weakest point in trade unionism—"the strong proclivity of associations of working men to intermeddle and dictate concerning the methods and courses of industry." Messrs. Wilson, who not long ago regarded the Dockers' Union with favourable eyes, were forced into a position of antagonism, and became the champions of the Shipping Federation, whose organ reviled them unsparingly so long as they stood outside the masters' organisation. All this argues a lack of discretion and administrative ability on the part of the dockers' officials, and if it be true that the strike was undertaken against the advice of the leaders, the discipline of the rank and file was evidently at fault.

I would not for a moment question the good intentions of the dockers' officials, their thorough conscientiousness and entire devotion to duty. I should be the last to indulge in cheap rhetoric about the dockers being led away by "unscrupulous agitators"; what I wish to insist on is that in a struggle like this something more is needed than zeal and enthusiasm. The battle of labour can no longer be won by the mad rush of the insurrectionist ; it needs the patience and foresight of the general who plans a long campaign and carries out his scheme by the careful management of men and supplies. The successful trade unionist leader of to-day must know when to press on and when to give way ; he must be able to calculate the strength of the enemy, as well as to make the best of his own forces ; time and place must be chosen carefully in order to bring off an engagement with success. These are the lines on which workmen must fight if they mean to win ; and it seems likely that the industrial warfare of the future will be carried on almost entirely after this

fashion. The struggle will be more prolonged, and the conflict will be on a greater scale ; the issues will be more tremendous. But, on the other hand, such contests, from their very magnitude, will necessarily be rare ; each side will learn to respect the power of the enemy, and they will be more careful about offending each other's susceptibilities. When such struggles do take place, the suffering, though more extensive, will probably be less severe, because better provision will be made for the contest, and the bitterness of the conflict will be moderated by both sides observing what will gradually come to be acknowledged as the rules of industrial warfare. In the course of time it is likely that the detestation with which the "blackleg" or "knobstick" is regarded by unionists will spread in a modified form throughout society, and public opinion will go far to prevent bitter feeling being aroused by the introduction of imported labour. The leaders of the men, on their part, will restrain their followers from violence and intimidation, and will teach them to win over public opinion by a reasonable and conciliatory attitude. Arbitration, it must be confessed, is as little likely to be universally adopted in industrial as in international warfare ; in both there are questions which under the present conditions of society can only be decided by an appeal to arms. But in industrial war, as in the conflicts of nations, it will be a trial of skill as well as of strength, and much will depend upon the sagacity of the leaders and the discipline of the rank and file. Diplomatic ability will be of as much moment as valour in the field, and the skilful conduct of negotiations may sometimes win a victory for the weaker side. Public opinion, which plays the part of Providence in industrial warfare, will not be on the side of big battalions but of good generalship ; and trade unionists will succeed, not in exact proportion to the justice of their cause, but in so far as they are able to convince the public of the reasonableness of their demands.

JOHN W. CUNLIFFE.

THE ORIGIN, PERPETUATION AND DECADENCE OF SUPERNATURALISM.

To summon before one's imagination one of the most intellectual and cultivated aristocrats of the earth, and to place by his side an unmitigated savage, tattooed it may be, and besmeared with the blood of an adversary on whom he and other members of his tribe had just been feasting, and to say to the pair, "Behold, each of you, one who is a brother in all those respects which constitute a common humanity," might seem to be the suggestion of a most incongruous picture, and to be offering violence to that widely subsisting creed which avers that mankind has fallen from his original high estate of virtue and light to a condition of utter degradation and degeneracy.

Yet, there can hardly be a doubt that whether in the case of the uttermost of primitive savagery, or in that of people of the most refined and educated, and advanced in civilised attainments, the elements of which the human character consists are everywhere and in all times the same.

It is not intended to venture here upon an excursion into those regions of natural history wherein the biologist and the comparative anatomist specially disport themselves, nor, indeed, is it meant that the specialism of the expert in any department of science shall be invoked. The aim is rather to take a brief superficial survey of the circumstances, under which superstitions become engendered, and to glance at some of the influences which tend to their perpetuation for a greater or less length of time, and to their ultimate decadence after they have reached their culmination.

It may appear somewhat paradoxical to suggest, but it would nevertheless seem to be the case, that superstition originates in or is bred of that elementary faculty—namely, the intellectual faculty—which is characteristic alike of the savage and untutored man, who is a sort of early link in the ever-lengthening chain of knowledge, experience, and reason whereof the development of the human race may be said to consist; the educated and civilised man being regardable as an advanced link in that chain.

The creed concerning the "fall of man," seems to illustrate that suggestion. On the one hand, it is the basis of the religious theory of nearly every section of so-called Christendom at the

present day ; that is to say, it is part of the formulated theological belief of nations who regard themselves as being at the very forefront of reasoning and enlightened progress. It is founded upon the idea that man, as originally appearing upon the earth, was righteous, pure, sinless ; that, through yielding, in the exercise of the freewill with which he had been endowed, to the suggestions of an evil personality of vast power, who was antagonistic to Almighty, Omniscient, and All-beneficent Goodness, he fell from that condition, in disobeying a Divine command which had been laid upon him ; that Divine Goodness was displeased on account of his disobedience ; and that all the pain and misery which exists among mankind is an inheritance consequent upon that original misdemeanour.

In effect that creed would seem to be the exact equivalent and counterpart of the reasoned deduction or inference at which, from actual experience, wild or primitive man arrives, concerning the displeasure with which he conceives that the powers ruling over the world regard mankind.

In the exercise of his intellectual faculty, wild or primitive man reasons from experience—namely, from premisses or circumstances which present themselves to his childish and untutored mind through or by means of his bodily senses, that the powers or forces of nature whence calamities ensue, are wielded by, or are themselves, personal actualities. “What can be plainer,” he would seem to ask, “than that the lightning is hurled by, or is itself, a living spirit ? Behold how silently and instantaneously it cleaves its way through the forest and leaves a charred track of ruin behind it, destroying, mayhap, crops and cattle and human beings on its ruthless way ! Hark how it is followed by an appalling voice of anger ! Are not those dread effects unmistakable tokens that the human race has somehow provoked the wrath of the Powers which rule over the earth ? ”

Why those powers should entertain such displeasure he does not inquire, and not having arrived at a stage of civilisation which includes the practice of goodwill and beneficence rather than of vengeance and cruelty, he applies the angry manifestations to himself, and, by their action upon his imagination, and upon the germs of reason and of conscience wherewith he is primarily endowed, he is led to infer that the deities require sacrifice and suffering on the part of man, in order that their wrath may be appeased and their judgment averted. In his dealings with his fellow men he knows that the goodwill, or seeming goodwill, of those who are stronger than himself may be purchased by gifts that are valuable—whether consisting of food, of slaves, of wives, or of any other commodity—and judging of the personalities whose powers are so manifestly great, by the only standard with which he is acquainted, he conceives that such offerings cannot but be acceptable to them.

In the exercise of the very same faculties which the wild man possesses in a vastly less degree, educated, civilised man draws like conclusions from what he actually witnesses. He points to the savagery of the savage—to his cannibalism, to his demoniacal rites, to his numberless vices, and to his unutterably ruthless cruelties; and he asks, "Did man come thus into existence from the hand of the Almighty?" He refers to the state of moral degradation which marks the great majority of so-called civilised populations—to the murders, the debaucheries, the trained criminalism, which are everywhere rampant; to the countless wrongs which the weak and defenceless are ever suffering at the hands of their stronger but heartless fellow-creatures; to the vast amount of mental and physical agony produced by the abounding wickedness around and in the midst of us; to the bodily deformities, the mental aberrations, and the innumerable ills which children inherit through the sins of their parents—and he triumphantly inquires, "Are not all those iniquitous results so many irrefutable proofs that a great moral calamity has happened to mankind, who has obviously exercised for evil and not for good, the freewill with which he is to a certain extent endowed? Is it not plain that the heart of man is only evil continually and desperately wicked, and that the effects of savagery and of sin which we behold in such glaring and hideous forms, are effects of degradation and degeneracy in the human race, and are only to be accounted for by 'supernatural' explanations?"

Whether one accepts or rejects either the savage man's or the civilised man's interpretations concerning certain of the facts of nature which are obvious to every one of us, this at least seems indisputable; first, that both interpretations originate in or are bred of the intellectual faculty which is common alike to primitive and to civilised man; next, that they are both fostered by another elementary characteristic which is also common to both of them—that is to say, by the imagination—and lastly that both are of a character which is commonly termed supernatural. Both interpretations are arrived at, logically or illogically as the case may be, by an intellectual process. To some of us the more modern interpretations may be deemed the least reasonable, and as being nothing more nor less than a survival of the superstitious idea which primitive barbaric folk entertained upon the subject. But, however that may be, the creed in either view of it, has for a concomitant the self-refutatory conception of there being somewhere or somehow—but where or how does not appear to have been ever suggested or defined—a mystical arrangement or constitution of things which is not natural, which is not part of the material and physical universe, and which, in fact, is termed supernatural.

It doubtless seems undeniable that there exist forces or influences or powers which are not visible to mortal sight, nor immediately

appreciable by mortal touch. Every phenomenon we behold can be regarded in no other sense than as being due to forces, powers, or influences of that character. Gravitation, heat and its converse, the infinitely numerous and infinitely various chemical and other physical effects in the midst and by virtue of which we live, appear to be only so many illustrations of the fact that every effect and phenomenon is somehow brought about by an invisible and intangible *causa causans*. What is the phenomenon of life with its will-power and its various moral qualities but something of that kind? In no case has the existence or thing or whatever it may be, which is called "life," ever been tracked; in no case has it been followed after the organism in which it seemed to dwell has ceased to be animated by it. But that it or any other invisible and intangible existence, or force or power or influence, or whatever it may be, is "supernatural" in the sense of its not being a part of, and not being comprehended within "universal nature," seems to be an absolutely contradictory and impossible supposition. And what is superstition but a belief in existences or circumstances which are imaginary only, and are altogether inconsistent with, and are in no wise attested by any of the phenomena we behold, or are in any way practically acquainted with?

What is all the imagery of ancient Egypt and of other Eastern nations but an attempt to depict in material form the conceptions of supernatural beings who are nothing more nor less than the imagination-offspring of the people who conceived them, the forms themselves being the more grotesque and distorted and unmeaning, according as the folk in whose childish fancies they originated were nearer to a state of aboriginal and primitive wildness.

If, therefore, that which is usually termed "supernatural" is definable as comprising supposed existences or beings or circumstances which are not part of that wondrous organisation called "universal nature," it is as plainly and self-evidently a contradiction as would be the averment that a whole does not comprise all its parts, or that infinite space has its outside boundaries. Obviously it is nothing more nor less than imaginary; it is altogether illogical; it has no warrant in the facts and phenomena of Nature; in short, it is superstition.

Among all aboriginal people supernatural beliefs appear to be entertained as to nearly every matter connected with human interests or wherein human thought is occupied, and it does not seem difficult to trace the manner of such beliefs being engendered and perpetuated. From earliest infancy it is only through personal agency that a child's wants are supplied, that its actions are controlled, and that it experiences pleasant or painful impressions. Its nurture and bringing up are entirely a matter of personal ministration, and it is in connection with personal instrumentality that its imagination

chiefly comes into play while its physical powers are developing. The imagination is a lively faculty whose functions would seem to precede, in exercise, those of reason. But while the child's reasoning faculty becomes more and more a governing power over its actions so far as they are employed in the attainment of what is desired, yet its imagination is but in a small degree subject to the restraints and tests of practical and educated reason. If, therefore, its thoughts are in any way awakened either by what it sees of, or by what it is taught respecting, conspicuous natural events, such as the rising and setting of the sun, moon, and stars, it seems natural that in the child's mind the idea of personality should become more and more associated with their occurrence as their immediately producing cause, while the child is growing up and gradually entering into those maturer conditions of aboriginal life which are controlled by notions comprising little else than mere methodised expansions of childish wild and fantastic beliefs.

The parents of a family are, of course, its natural rulers, and the elder offspring as naturally become the leaders of the younger. Somewhat similarly do those individuals become the leaders of a tribe or community who possess the greatest strength and capability, or whose aspirations and ambitions prompt them to assume or accept the control.

Hence, through what may be deemed a course of natural development, chiefs and counsellors come or are urged to the front in aboriginal "society." While they are themselves imbued with the supernatural ideas wherein they have been brought up, they experimentally, though more or less unconsciously, find their government of the folk over whom they hold sway, to be the more easily maintained by the aid and encouragement of ideas which, though in part suggested by what is seen by bodily vision, are in reality the product of imagination. Thus, also, professors of various sorts find their vocation, and in that way would it seem probable that the medicine-man, the rain-doctor, the fetish-worker, and necromancers in general become established institutions.

Such would appear to be some of the circumstances in which the elements of the human character, as primarily constituted, are brought into exercise. Having regard to the nature of those circumstances, it is hardly strange that superstition, idolatry, and poetical phantasy should be the striking features of ethnological evolution which history shows them to have been.

But history further indicates that with the development of reason, aided by experience, those component parts of the human entity which are definable as conscience, and good-will or beneficence, become increasingly operative in our race. Hence from time to time there appear upon the historical stage of uncivilised life, men who were in advance of their neighbours in keenness of

intelligence, and in whom a sense of right and wrong, and an approximately reasonable conception of natural equity had been awakened. Such men, therefore, become opposed to the hideous and cruel practices of aboriginal fanaticism. They may have come upon the scene through their own force of character, or by means of individual or general immigration, or they may have been the cause or the product of conquest, or of the blending of tribes or communities. In virtue of their ability, and of their power to discern opportunity, and of their promptness in utilising it, they become recognised leaders of thought and of action. A disturbance of many existing personal interests and of private conscience, with that dissension and strife which always ensue whenever ancient "authoritative" beliefs are seriously threatened or attacked, would seem to be some of the inevitable consequences of the leadership of such persons.

In the case of a character of that type becoming a leader in any primeval or other community, he is not likely to be alone in the advanced views he advocates. His ascendancy being due to the following he commands, he may be regarded as a public exponent of a more or less numerous party of sympathisers, over whom he has exercised an educating influence. Having acquired corrected ideas of the operations of physical nature, he does not attribute thunder and lightning and other ordinary phenomena to the anger of evil spirits, whose wrath can only be appeased by painful sacrifice on the part of mankind. But yet it may be that the repulsive practices and absurd superstitions of the savage society above which he has risen have begotten in him a conviction that the human race has become hopelessly wicked by a process of degeneracy. He does not seem to have yet arrived at the perception of its being from a primitive state of wildness that the human character is developed by experience, and by the ever-increasing exercise of reason and conscience. Hence, in explaining any great catastrophe of former times, the tradition of which has come down to his own days, he misinterprets its meaning. He refers, for instance, the occurrence of a great traditional flood, which involved the destruction of entire villages, with numberless human lives, such as would ensue from a continuance of torrential rain, and the bursting asunder of valley barriers, behind which vast deposits of water had accumulated, to a judgment of the Almighty which the wickedness of the world had provoked. The fabulous suggestion accompanying the tradition of a few righteous folk having been miraculously saved out of the general havoc, commends itself to his sympathies. It may be, that in putting the legend into the concrete form of a narrative, he deals with it in the belief that it is in part or altogether an historical fact, or it may be that he makes use of it as an allegory to convey what he deems to be a useful lesson

for the ignorant folk upon whom he is desirous of exercising a civilising influence.

In like manner it does not seem difficult to understand that the tradition of any great calamity by fire having occurred, should be similarly interpreted in pre-scientific times ; and that the effects of an enormous volcanic outburst should, when after a long interval it came to be ultimately formulated into narrative, be described as having been preternaturally occasioned. The utter destruction of the cities and peoples and vegetation of a district by the raining down of brimstone and fire, and by other concomitants of volcanic disturbance, is a sufficiently awe-inspiring event in any period of the world's history. And that, whether at the time of its taking place or subsequently after passing as a tradition through the credulous minds of two or three or more generations of mankind, it should be interpreted by its ancient narrator as only so far supernatural that it was a visitation from the Almighty and a judgment upon the people for their wickedness, at least shows that superstitious beliefs as to the causation of the phenomena of nature had become to a great extent modified among a considerable section of the human race.

Of course every one knows that belief in supernaturalism has not been limited to the earlier ages of the world's history, and that it is not only among the primitive races of the present day that it still maintains its ground. In some form or another it appears to be, as it ever has been, common to all people. While, however, so many folk still seem to delight in wandering in the great jungle of superstition, yet among a large proportion of the human race the wild and primitive belief, that the heavenly powers which are supposed to rule over the earth are inimical to mankind, has been superseded by more generous ideas.

Interpretating, as Judaic monotheism seems to have done, the works of nature as indicating a single originating cause in their unity of design, and as proclaiming that cause to be Almighty, and All-beneficent, by the manner in which the operations of nature appear to work together and to produce their infinitude of effects, that conception of Godhead is in striking contrast to aboriginal beliefs in cruel deities, and to the mythological systems which included a multitude of divine powers such as were and still are expressed in the grotesque imagery of some nations. Ever since it emerged and separated itself from pagan polytheism, it has quietly held its own amidst every political vicissitude and in spite of rancorous persecution. And although in travelling westward according to its wont, civilisation brought with it the polytheism of the east which, by a seemingly inevitable process of development, resolved itself into the more spiritualised mythology which found portrayal in the sublime poetical phantasies and in the exquisite sculpture of Greece and Rome,

yet, polytheism, after travelling westward and becoming modified in its aspects, ultimately came to decay. And when the monotheistic faith, in the person of its great exponent, took upon itself proselytising functions and found advanced expression in the original utterances of Christianity and became extensively developed, it entered into serious conflict with materialistic and polytheistic conceptions and finally overcame them. Thus history shows that notwithstanding the very general and pertinacious tendency or proclivity of the human mind towards preternatural conceptions, the intellectual or scientific religious faith which is based upon the facts of nature, and which endeavours to interpret those facts by the aid and in the light of reason and its included quality or function which goes by the name of common sense, at length supplants creeds which are principally or largely made up of superstitions or supernatural ideas.

It is obviously only after the ideas constituting any branch of religious belief have become established in the minds of a people that they can be said to have acquired the condition or status of a settled "creed." During the growth of the creed, and while it has been expanding and becoming permanently systematised, the authority of its leading professors will have gradually increased, and numerous kinds of material interests in connection with its practices will have been developed. Where it has become incorporated with the State, or where it exists as an exclusively legalised creed, its influence will also, of course, be of vast efficacy in connection with the wielding of the political power; and the greater the degree in which the characteristics of human personality are a part of the attributes of its deities, the greater will be its effect upon the minds and affections of the people.

It does not seem difficult to understand how, under such circumstances, it comes about that ancient superstitions should be perpetuated as they are. A more or less established doctrinal theory of religion; a few docile and zealous believers to constitute its nucleus of vitality; a great multitude of indifferent believers, whose conformity involves no exertion of thought, and no violence to conscience; and numerous trade and other material interests in connection with its practices, are matters which together form a strong barrier against the invasion of new ideas, and against the ingress of any light that is calculated to break up time-honoured phantasms.

If, ever since human societies somehow came into existence, man has entertained superstitious beliefs which are the more grotesque and unreasonable, according to the nearness of the believers to a state of aboriginal or primitive wildness, it would seem as if the religious instinct were one with which man is endowed by nature. It appears impossible, indeed, for beings who are in possession of intellectual faculties, including the power of reasoning and the

exercise of imagination, to avoid thinking of, or surmising about, and comparing the facts which influence them at every instant of their lives, and are always being manifested around them. If that is so, the "evolution of religion," which Professor Caird has so succinctly traced in his series of interesting lectures upon the subject under that specific title, and which has been so extensively dealt with by Professor Max Muller and other learned writers, would seem to be an effect which is concurrent with ethnological evolution generally. It would, in fact, appear to be a part of the process of development which the human race undergoes, beginning with its aboriginal state of wildness, and thence advancing in civilisation through an ever-increasing acquirement of knowledge and experience—through an ever-growing intellectual capability, and through a continual strengthening of will-power in connection with moral perceptions and conscientious restraints.

To the extent that a creed consists of supernatural elements, its gradual decadence seems to be inevitable as soon as independent and educated thought obtains a substantial footing among the people who profess it. If it be a State-professed or a State-legalised creed it will of course hold its own with considerable vigour and tenacity long after it has begun to be assailed by those leaders of progress who have emancipated themselves from the fetters of superstition, and who have the sympathies of a large section of the community. If the enthusiasm of the innovators is such as to prompt them to become proselytisers, the more earnest devotees of the creed will regard them as sacrilegious enemies of the faith, and if their proselytism assumes such serious proportions as to threaten the stability of existing institutions it will not be long ere authority steps in to arrest their incendiary efforts by the use of the secular arm.

In all descriptions of government, religion and politics are necessarily more or less intermingled. Even if there be no professed union in that respect, it is obvious that it is by their religious motives and impulses that a large proportion of the members of a community are influenced in the exercise of their political and secular functions. And when it is in considerable numbers that the people come to see an established creed to be mainly fallacious, and to be utilised in connection with the wielding of political power, and in furtherance of personal ambitions, and of class and family privilege, and that it consequently operates in restraint of private right and liberty, then does it become a necessity on the part of the upholders of the creed to meet attempted proselytism with persecution, and in order to extirpate heresy the only alternative at their disposal is the total annihilation of the heretics. History emphatically attests how, both in ancient and modern times, the shedding of blood has been resorted to as the means of extinguishing theological heresy, and how, in very many of the civil strifes and international feuds which

have occurred, the religious element as a motive, or as an instrument, has exercised an enormous influence.

Supernaturalism, as defined in the sense above suggested, is still extant. It continues to hold an important place in the various creeds of the present time. It doubtless affords great consolation, comfort, and peace, to a vast number of folk, who in many respects may be regarded as the salt of the earth, while they take their full share in the many conflicting activities which constitute the great battle of life. But the fact of there being a large array of the most estimable, sincere, and educated persons, whose creed is largely made up of supernatural ideas, does not make ideas which are nothing more than suggestions of the imagination, the more real or logical. And a truth, whether moral, religious or physical, is as much a truth at the present day, and at least as manifestly discernible, as it was some four or five thousand years or more ago, when as it is supposed, it was miraculously whispered into the ears or as miraculously revealed to the minds of certain holy men, who may have put it into the form of writing which the great multitude of the folk of their own times did not understand, or from whose oral teaching it may have been derived, and similarly transmitted from generation to generation until it finally came to be inscribed on some material so as to become a record of a less variable character than that which depended for its accurate transmission upon the memory of those who passed it on.

It is obvious that a moral or religious truth can be none the more and none the less a truth because a written definition or delineation of it was inscribed in some ancient manuscript which passed from time to time through the hands of individuals or communities who were more or less interested in perpetuating certain specific interpretations of what had been thus written.

The discernment of truths of that character would seem, in fact, to be a part of the moral and intellectual development of the human race; or, in other words, a part of civilisation itself, which takes place in virtue of a natural law. Yet, in the instances of some nations, it may be plainly seen to how great an extent the operation of that law may be retarded and interfered with by the fostered and persistent disinclination of the people to entertain and to be actuated by new ideas. Wherever it is that the great bulk of the people remain in a stereotyped condition of childishness in respect to their theories, and to the practices and habits of their daily lives, there it is also to be seen that the grosser forms of supernaturalism and superstition are retained in connection with the government and general institutions of the country.

On the one hand it seems obvious that the only means whereby civilisation can be effected, and that its advance can take place, is by the independent exercise of conscientious and more or less

scientific or educated thought. On the other hand, both history and common-sense analysis of the circumstances upon which human progress depends, appear to point emphatically to the conclusion that supernaturalism in religious beliefs is an element of weakness and mischief in connection with a nation's domestic life, and in regard to its political functions and its international relationships.

As a matter of fact, the question as to the condition in which our race first appeared upon the earth, whether in that of primitive wildness whence it has advanced to higher conditions, or in a state of approximate perfection from which it has degenerated, is a strictly scientific question, which is only determinable as only all scientific questions are determinable, by means of actually existing evidence, and of reasonable and consistent inferences from it.

If supernaturalism or preternaturalism is thus synonymous with superstition; if it is definable as consisting of mere mental delusions; as being the product of false reasoning concerning the facts and phenomena of nature; as comprising fallacious and imaginary inferences from those facts and phenomena; where, then, are to be found, and what are the circumstances and premisses whence can be formulated a reasonable and reliable creed, such as will tend to satisfy the craving of the human mind and the human heart after an approximately immaculate epitome of religious faith?

The discarding of supernatural or superstitious ideas such as the so called "origin of evil," "the fall of man," and the spiritual assaults of an unseen but almost omnipotent arch enemy, and of unseen evil spirits generally, does not seem to involve the necessity of giving up such theological or spiritual conceptions and beliefs as are consistent with reason and common sense and are more or less certainly indicated by, and are in harmony with, the manifold seen and unseen facts of nature in the midst of which we pass the time of our sojourning upon the earth.

R. G. M. BROWNE.

THE COLONY OF GIBRALTAR.

MR. W. LAIRD CLOWES expressed his opinion as to the "Uselessness of Gibraltar," in the *Fortnightly Review* for last February. Captain Gambier, in the number for May, proposed "An Exchange for Gibraltar." Both had arrived at the conclusion that the Rock was a burden or a danger to the British Empire. As patriots, they desired to get rid of such an encumbrance or a snare. Neither advocated, however, the abandonment, without compensation, of the stronghold which Great Britain conquered in 1704 and has retained since then, despite the combined and vigorous efforts of France and Spain to oust her from it. Mr. Laird Clowes would barter it for Ceuta, to which Spain's title is no better than that by which Great Britain holds Gibraltar; while Captain Gambier would accept the Canary Islands in exchange. He assumes that the bargain would be most acceptable to Spain; and he holds that Madeira might be acquired from Portugal, the Government of that country being willing to cede it, he says, on condition that England guaranteed a Portuguese loan. I do not share the conviction of either writer that the surrender of Gibraltar, in any circumstances and under any imaginable conditions, would be a gain to the empire. Moreover, I am quite certain that neither has fully set forth all the considerations which must be taken into account if his suggestions were to be accepted and become the basis for action.

It is worthy of note and praise that the present advocates for the retrocession of Gibraltar to Spain desire an equivalent in return which, in their estimation, would prove to be an ample compensation. Both are more practical, in short, than others who have maintained that the occupation of Gibraltar by this country is morally indefensible. In the year 1866, some very clever men and very powerful writers compiled a volume of essays on "International Policy," in which an appeal was made for the immediate restoration of Gibraltar to Spain. Dr. Congreve, who was one of them, wrote that he urged "on the English Government and nation, in the interest alike of Spain, of England, and of Europe, the restitution to Spain of Gibraltar;" and he added, "I would urge, that is, the adoption of a consistent policy of conciliation and support towards Spain, of which the cession of Gibraltar should be the first act and symbol." Professor Beesly put the case quite as forcibly, though not more logically, in another

essay in that volume. After writing that "Gibraltar should be surrendered at once to Spain," he says, "we acquired it at the expense of our honour; we have retained it in violation of our word." Now as a matter of fact, we acquired it by conquest in 1704. Our possession of it is based upon the tenth article in the Treaty of Utrecht, which runs thus :

"The Catholic King does hereby, for himself, his heirs, and successors, yield to the Crown of Great Britain the full and entire propriety of the town and castle of Gibraltar, together with the port, fortifications, and forts thereunto belonging; and he gives up the said propriety to be held and enjoyed absolutely with all manner of right for ever, without any exception or impediment whatsoever."

The sole reservation made by Spain was that, "whenever the Crown of Great Britain shall think fit to grant, sell, or by any means to alienate Gibraltar, the preference of having the same shall always be given to the Crown of Spain before any others." Professor Beesly states, on the authority of an unnamed but well-informed English statesman, "that no Spaniard lies down at night without thinking of Gibraltar." I venture to affirm, without citing any authority, that many a Spaniard lies down at night without giving Gibraltar a thought. Auguste Comte, the founder of the Society of Positivists, in which Dr. Congreve and Professor Beesly occupy distinguished places, was of opinion that France should set a good example and cede territory for the sake of principle, returning Corsica to Italy and Algeria to the Arabs. I think that if our occupation of Gibraltar should last till France shall voluntarily retire from Algeria and Corsica it will not terminate soon.

What in Dr. Congreve and Professor Beesly is a fine sentiment of renunciation meriting praise, is in Mr. Laird Clowes and Captain Gambier a display of well-meaning, though mistaken, patriotism. I accord them full credit for good intentions; but I cannot help thinking that they are unpardonably timorous. The future of the British empire appears to both of them to be dark and lowering. That empire has expanded to its present magnificent proportions because successive generations of stalwart patriots did not fear incurring fresh responsibilities, and always felt confident of defending what they had won. What is called Jingoism is alike silly and contemptible, in so far as it represents a spirit of brag and bluster; but a determination to preserve the empire, to extend its area and increase its power, is a form of patriotism which is true and laudable, and one against which those only will sneer who have not the courage to act as traitors.

As a naval officer, Captain Gambier's attachment to his native land must be regarded as above suspicion. He has nothing in common, I feel sure, with Professor Beesly's working-man, to whom "it is of little consequence whether the Union Jack flies at Gibraltar,

Quebec, and Calcutta," yet Captain Gambier writes about dismembering the empire with as great calmness as any working-man who is indifferent to its glories because he may be wholly ignorant of them. When the Manchester School was living, active and 'meddlesome, its members professed their longing to lop off Imperial colonies and dependencies, and contract the empire within the limits of the United Kingdom. Many of these men thought the ideal of existence to consist in Lancashire supplying the world with manufactured goods in exchange for the raw material. Their dream has proved to be a delusion. That the food of the people should be untaxed is the only doctrine of the Manchester School which has withstood adverse criticism and governs the existing fiscal policy of this country.

Even the most extreme and random theorist has not surpassed Captain Gambier in proposing and defending sacrifices of British territory and influence. According to him :

"Given a state of profound peace, and it is perfectly immaterial to England whether the Sultan or the Czar sits on the throne of Constantine; and, also, it is equally immaterial to England whether Gibraltar and Malta are garrisoned by Spaniards and Italians respectively, or whether the Suez Canal is French or is neutralised. It is only during war that these questions are of importance."

Is it not during a time of profound peace that preparations can best be made to avert war, and does not the position which a Power always occupies of some consequence to the world as well as to itself?

The avowed enemies and the hostile critics of this country would doubtless rejoice if the recommendations of Captain Gambier were carried out. They would be saved much trouble and, I should imagine, a hopeless struggle, if England quietly abandoned Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus, and evacuated Egypt before her self-imposed mission there was accomplished. The argument which Captain Gambier advances in favour of this wholesale surrender of territory and base renunciation of responsibility, is said by him to be "the fact that England has not a drummer-boy or a gunboat to spare from the all-important duties of defending her own shores, her colonies, and her Indian Empire, and that, therefore, the more she can concentrate her forces on the points of real attack, and the more she can strengthen her line of communication, the better off she will be." He subjoins an apology for writing anything so trite as this, and then he proclaims that the apprehension of which he has made himself the exponent, will be allayed by adopting the Cape route to India, because "the Cape route means that England becomes an OCEANIC POWER."

Before reading Captain Gambier's article, I was of opinion that Britannia had long ruled the waves; after reading it, I see no

reason for thinking that the sceptre of the ocean has fallen from her nerveless hand. It is not rhetoric but the plain fact to characterise her navy as the finest, and her mercantile marine the largest in the world, and it is a further fact, that, if occasion arose, many of her most splendid merchantmen would form powerful auxiliaries to her men-of-war. I give Captain Gambier the credit of being in earnest as well as patriotic; yet I confess it hard to understand how he can have convinced himself that the surrender of all our strongholds in the Mediterranean would be wise, and that the most effectual way in which to conserve and strengthen the British empire is to disintegrate it.

Both Mr. Laird Clowes and Captain Gambier write as if they anticipated an early attack upon Gibraltar by the Spaniards, and both appear to think that the Rock is defenceless or useless. Mr. Laird Clowes questions its value as a naval base, seeing that the coast-line, extending for twelve miles round the bay, would be lined with batteries, that, behind these batteries, there would be all the resources of Spain, while "behind Gibraltar would be only such resources as Gibraltar itself or our fleet could furnish." Captain Gambier is of the same mind, and he states that, "a naval officer of the highest distinction in Spain assured him that an entire system of guns and batteries, extending from the second curve of the neutral ground to the coast-line of Algeciras, was pigeon-holed ready for use; that the contracts for the earthworks had been prepared, and that a single week could place guns in position, which, though they might not injure the actual Rock itself, could destroy any fleet lying under its guns." Captain Gambier adds that, in his opinion, "the Spaniard is not very far wrong."

The Spanish Government would display practical good sense in making roads round the bay and behind it before meditating the erection of batteries. Captain Gambier appears to forget that the Governor of Gibraltar who should passively permit the erection of batteries for offensive purposes would be a more incompetent man than any who has yet occupied that position. Unless absolutely blind and incapable, he would forestall attack by occupying an eminence not far from the Rock, fortifying it, and thus commanding in the rear any batteries which might rise along the shore. Despite the gloomy forebodings of Captain Gambier, I hold that the day is very far distant on which, as he foretells, the whole Spanish nation will shout with joy at the hauling down of the British flag "from the peak of the Rock."

Why should Mr. Laird Clowes and Captain Gambier assume that Great Britain is in peril of being speedily engaged in a European war? Who is meditating an attack upon her? With whom has she a deadly quarrel? That a war may break out in Europe is the more probable, seeing that now, as before 1870, rulers of the

nations possessing the largest armies ostentatiously parade their desire for peace. A pretext can easily be devised for commencing hostilities, or an accident may render them inevitable at any moment. The nation which is quite ready to fight wishes to be able to disclaim having been the aggressor.

It does not follow, however, that when war begins Great Britain will be one of the combatants. She has had a long and bitter experience of subsidising friendly nations to fight their own battles, and she has played the thankless though generous part of Don Quixote far too often. She gained glory at Blenheim and Waterloo, but what besides? At Inkerman she proved, what was unnecessary, that her soldiers were heroes; Sebastopol has been rebuilt and is stronger than ever. Had the suggestions of hot-headed men prevailed she would have taken the field when the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish wars were raging; happily, she displayed unwonted self-command and allowed other people to settle their disputes by themselves. Her most patriotic sons must hope that, when continental nations wage war in the future with each other for objects which do not directly concern her, she will remain a passive, though not an uninterested, spectator.

If it were necessary to adduce an instance justifying Great Britain in holding aloof when the European continent becomes a battlefield that instance would be the Peninsular campaign. Then it was that thousands of men were killed and millions of money were expended in order that the invader should be driven from Spain. Who has profited by the victories which were then gained? What reward has the conqueror received? Are the Spaniards grateful to the Power which removed the heel of France from their necks? Gratitude between nations is as rare as between statesmen. Yet when Dr. Congreve and Professor Beesly, Mr. Laird Clowes and Captain Gambier write about restoring Gibraltar, the fact may fairly be recalled that Great Britain owes nothing to Spain, while Spain owes her national existence to Great Britain. A subsidiary point should not be overlooked. The British flag has waved over the Rock of Gibraltar during nearly two centuries. When Admiral Rooke hoisted it for the first time, the Rock had not been incorporated into the domains of the Spanish Crown for a much longer period. In the course of a few years we shall have occupied it as long as Spain did. If it must be returned to anybody, the Moors have a better claim than the Spaniards.

There are other considerations to which I now invite attention. All the writers whose names I have mentioned appear to think that the cession of Gibraltar simply implies the marching out of so many British troops and marching in of so many Spanish troops. They forget, or possibly some of them do not know, that there is a colony of about 20,000 civilians on the Rock. These civilians, most of

whom are loyal and attached citizens of the British empire, ought not to be treated as if they were mere pawns on a chessboard. They ought to have all Professor Beesly's sympathy. He lays down the simple and wise rule that "where there is a native population, its wishes must always outweigh every other consideration." Though thinking "the time will come when the public opinion of Europe will insist upon our leaving Malta," yet he is of opinion that "no violence must be done to the inclinations of the Maltese." He considers it a matter of regret that the Channel Islands did not go with Normandy, but he consoles himself with the reflection that, as their inhabitants abhor the idea of union with France, "there is no more to be said." Having given expression to views which are thoroughly sensible, he denies their applicability to Gibraltar, saying "the Jews, smugglers, and vagabonds whom our flag attracts to Gibraltar, *sentina gentium*, cannot be called a native population."

If the dregs of the earth are to be found on the Rock, then it is obviously an unpleasant place of abode. I doubt whether they can congregate there. No aliens are allowed to reside for a week except with special permits, and I think it improbable that permits would be given to disreputable aliens. There are many Jews among the inhabitants, and also a few Moors, and it must be admitted that their presence is a breach of the Treaty of Utrecht, wherein Queen Anne solemnly consented and agreed that "no leave shall be given, under any pretence whatsoever, either to Jews or Moors, to reside or have their dwellings in the town of Gibraltar." It is better, in my opinion, to disregard the terms of the Treaty than to expel the Jews. The Czar of Russia might think differently.

The general character of the native population of the Rock is high. The best Spanish blood flows in the veins of many families, many others trace their origin to Italian ancestors, while not a few are purely English in everything save birth on the Rock. If the question of bartering or surrendering the Rock should ever become practical, the wishes of the native population ought, in the words of Professor Beesly, "always outweigh every other consideration."

At present there is discontent among the inhabitants, but this is due to misgovernment on the spot, and not to any longing for incorporation with Spain. It is true that the natives of Gibraltar are on the best of terms with their Spanish neighbours, the tongue of Castile is familiar to both, yet the dwellers on the Rock and the mainland have little in common except language. The Rock Scorpion, as the native of Gibraltar jestingly styles himself, *speaks English as fluently and correctly as Spanish; but his ideas and sentiments are not those which prevail in Spain, and he differs from a Spaniard as fundamentally as a Jerseyman or a Guernseyman does from a Norman or a Breton. In both cases the influence of race has been overpowered by that of the environment.

The citizens of Gibraltar are discontented because they have recently been more harshly and unfairly treated than their fellows in other British colonies. They ask little, and hitherto they have got nothing, their request being confined to exercising effectual control over the money which they contribute as ratepayers. They make no pretension to interfere with the arrangements which may be deemed necessary for Imperial defence. It is their interest that the Rock on which they were born or, on which they reside should be as strong as art can make it. The forefathers of many lived through the great siege and endured terrible sufferings with a fortitude which was heroic. They would make any sacrifices for defence ; but they decline to be the victims of experiments in sanitation. The military authorities have resolved to use the money of these ratepayers for the purpose of determining whether water can be found in the solid rock, and the ratepayers have emphatically objected to this inordinate proposal.

It is necessary to understand the appearance and character of the Rock to comprehend the point at issue. Those who form their opinion of it from reading only may think that it resembles, on a larger scale, the elevation crowned with buildings which bears the name of St. Michael's Mount, in Normandy or in Cornwall. So much has been written about Gibraltar as a fortress that the belief prevails that it is a fortress and nothing more. The visitor who lands with this preconceived notion has many a surprise in store. He finds that he can walk for a mile from north to south along streets filled with shops, hotels, and public buildings, and bustling with traffic. Where the main street ends, proceeding southwards, the Alameda or public garden begins, and while walking along its diversified and well-planned paths, the visitor is reminded of other beautiful gardens in unfortified towns on the Riviera. The new or southern end of the city contains many villas which are as picturesquely situated as any in Cannes or Mentone, and they are surrounded by gardens filled with tropical plants and with the familiar geraniums, mignonette, and roses of Europe. He will see along the road near the sea several guns in position, and he will learn on inquiry that they are chiefly used to fire salutes. Here and there a battery of heavy ordnance may attract his notice ; yet he will doubt, after careful observation of the visible means of defence, whether Gibraltar can really be a stronghold without a peer, and having a history which is almost without a parallel.

In bygone days when the Moors were masters of the Rock its defence against an enemy lay in the castle, high up on the slope, of which the ruins still remain to show how the builders of old could turn out work which cannot be surpassed now. The Moors sallied forth from this castle, as the historic robbers of the Rhine did from theirs, and they ravaged the adjacent country, retiring to their strong-

hold for refuge when pursued. Their position was similar to that of their countrymen on the Riviera in the days that Eza was a Moorish fortress. At both places they had the sea beneath them, by which they could keep up communication with Africa and a rich country inland, from which they could draw supplies and slaves. After the Spaniards had driven the Moors from Gibraltar they improved the defensive strength of the place by constructing fortifications along the shore. The assault of the force under Admiral Rooke was first directed against the shore batteries. When they were captured the Spanish garrison capitulated.

Since the Rock has been in British hands the system of defence has not only been rendered more scientific but it has been transformed. The batteries which are visible are not those upon which the chief reliance is placed for resisting attack. Guns which are hidden are better capable of doing execution than those which are displayed. When the visitor is permitted to see the hundreds of cannon which are mounted in galleries hewn out of the rock, which command every access to it, and which can be served without the artillerymen having to fear a fatal bullet, he then realises that Gibraltar is really a stronghold which is almost unique.

Pessimists such as Mr. Laird Clowes and Captain Gambier would sadly shake their heads when told by some enthusiastic patriot that Gibraltar is far better able to resist a siege now than it was before 1783. Indeed, the victory of Rodney over De Grasse, and the repulse of the combined fleets and forces of Spain and France at Gibraltar by Eliot contributed to wipe out the humiliation of Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown to Washington and Rochambeau. America was lost; but India was gained while Gibraltar was retained with honour.

I have already expressed the opinion that this country will not rashly engage in the next Continental war, and will keep her powder dry and her treasury intact until she shall be compelled, in her own interest and for her own clear gain, to draw upon both. Should she be fighting, not for sentimental but for imperative reasons, her position at the worst can scarcely be as desperate as it was when Gibraltar was last besieged. The odds against her were appalling then, but she did not fail or fall. To my mind defeat is less inglorious than pusillanimous dread of it, and to exchange or evacuate Gibraltar simply because its defence might be difficult in circumstances which may never occur would be an open and humiliating acknowledgment that the British empire has no greater strength and stability than a house of cards. I shall avoid the seductive path of prophecy and content myself with expressing the hope that, even should Mr. Laird Clowes or Captain Gambier live to be a centenarian, he will not survive to see the Union Jack replaced on the Rock by the Standard of Castile.

The War Office is responsible for the security of Gibraltar. The Governor, who is always a soldier, is appointed by the Secretary of State for War, and the colony has to submit to rules which find favour in the eyes of military commanders. Orders in Council or Ordinances of the Governor constitute the laws which govern the colony of Gibraltar, and the Secretary of State for the Colonies can alter or rescind them at his pleasure.

It is right that a place of such importance should be carefully guarded. Good policy forbids free access to the Rock being permitted to aliens, and the inhabitants cannot reasonably grumble that the gates are closed at gun-fire. But what constitutes a grievance on the part of the colony is the manner in which purely civil matters are dealt with by officials who seem to think that the great siege is still in progress or is about to be renewed. If a civilian desire to alter or build a house he will perhaps be denied permission on the ground that the fire from some gun will be affected. Indeed, the authorities at the War Office have had under consideration a project for clearing the Rock of its inhabitants. This is very foolish, no doubt; but it is the manifestation of that military dislike for the civilian element which is so common as to seem almost natural, and is not confined to Gibraltar or the British empire. Many men when they put on uniforms appear to lose their common sense, and it is very rare for a soldier placed in authority over civilians to display tact and become popular. When Sir John Adye was Governor of Gibraltar he showed how a good soldier could also act as a capable administrator. There are cases in which the defects of a great man are submitted to; hence, though the hand of Lord Napier of Magdala was heavy, and his manner not conciliatory, yet he commanded respect as well as obedience. General Sir Lothian Nicholson, the late Governor, was neither a Sir John Adye nor a Lord Napier of Magdala. He was an excellent man in private life. He imitated Mr. Gladstone in publicly reading the lessons on Sundays, and he did so either in the garrison chapel or the cathedral. Unhappily, as the Earl of Kimberly said of him in the House of Lords on the 16th of June, 1892, he suffered from "entire inexperience of civil administration." As a result the citizens of Gibraltar considered themselves aggrieved by the treatment which they received at his hands.

The story of their wrongs is contained in a Blue Book which was presented to Parliament in May last year. Those who wish to learn all the details should read it; others may be satisfied with a summary of them..

Since the year 1815 down to 1891, the purely local affairs of the colony, such as the lighting, draining, and water supply, were managed by a Commission composed of the leading ratepayers. Two-thirds of the rates are contributed by the colony, and the Commission consisted at first of civilians only. In 1880 a change

was made, four official members being appointed to seats on the Board to represent the Government, the numbers then being eight civilians to four officials. The officials were dissatisfied with the reluctance of their colleagues to authorise expenditure for which they did not see any good cause. Lord Knutsford, then Secretary for the Colonies, took the official view, and the result was the issue in 1891 of an Order in Council which reduced the civilian element on the Board to a condition of inferiority, and empowered the Governor to call upon the ratepayers to find money to be expended as he thought fit.

Complaints had been made of the inadequacy of the water supply, and of the imperfection of the drainage. Major Tulloch, a Royal Engineer, was commissioned by the Crown Agents for the Colonies to make a report, and he recommended driving a tunnel six feet by five in the Rock on the chance of finding water, and with the alternative of using the tunnel as a channel for sewage in the event of water not being discovered. The ratepayers did not object to contribute money for increasing the water supply and for disposing of the sewage, but they protested against wasting their substance in experimental and, as they thought, useless works. They appealed to the Secretary of State, and they offered to accept the decision on technical questions of Sir Frederick Bramwell, but their appeal and offer were rejected. The Secretary of State professed to act upon the advice of the Governor, who was requested to state his views of the memorial from the ratepayers which a deputation had submitted to him.

The despatch of the Governor in reply to Lord Knutsford is the most extraordinary document which I have ever read. He states therein that it is inexpedient to grant "in so important a military dependency of the Crown [as Gibraltar] the self-governing privileges which the deputation seek." These privileges, be it noted, had been enjoyed between 1815 and 1891, and they merely consisted in supervising the expenditure of money raised by rates for purely municipal purposes. Commenting upon this, Lord Carrington observed in the House of Lords that "municipal improvements are not Imperial defences, and Gibraltar is not defended by sewage works." However weak the Governor's arguments might be, and however imperfect his logic certainly is, his allegations concerning the colony which he administered are simply astounding. According to him it "is more than quasi-alien." He added: "British subjects in name, fully two-thirds of the civilian residential population are foreigners by origin, by connection, and in language. They cannot occupy, and should not be granted, the position held by municipal leaders in the mother country, and in her colonies properly so called. Their existence here is not an Imperial necessity." It is unnecessary to comment on the foregoing sentences. When the late Governor's health was drunk at a dinner in Gibraltar, he expressed his regret that his words should have hurt the feelings of

the colonists, but in thus excusing himself he did so at the expense of his understanding. If his contention were correct it ought to have been upheld; if foolish, it ought never to have been set forth. What he denounced, the most influential journals in this country had supported, the *Times* using the following terms when dealing with the matter: "While keeping in view that the military authority must be supreme, the Colonial Office need not have much difficulty in granting the relief which the deputation prays for."

The Colonial Office has done something since then in the direction indicated by the *Times*, yet the substantial grievances of the rate-payers remain unredressed at the time these words are penned. In my opinion it is a more practical question to keep the colony of Gibraltar in good humour than to discuss how to get rid of it. It is to be hoped that the next Governor will be a man of more tact and skill in dealing with a civilian population than his predecessor, and that he will repay the loyalty in which the citizens of Gibraltar abound with the considerate treatment which they amply deserve.

I have reserved to the last a statement about the colony of Gibraltar which may be read with incredulity and which is as surprising as it is creditable. Some colonies of the British empire are burdens upon it. Others which enjoy self-government are heavily burdened with public debts. Alone among them all, Gibraltar costs the mother country nothing, not even the £5000 which is the Governor's salary, and it has no public debt. Its finances might be even more flourishing if a little more wisdom were displayed in meeting its wants. The energy which has been displayed in causing discontent would have sufficed, when properly directed, to advance the city's true interests. The opposition of the War Office to the erection of new houses and hotels has hindered the city taking the place which it should occupy among the best health resorts in winter under the British flag in Europe. The English invalid feels at home here; on the Riviera, he is a foreigner; his native tongue is that of the inhabitants of the Rock; on the Riviera he has to pay extra where it is spoken. Till recently the long sea voyage has been a drawback; now, however, the splendid new steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company make the run from the Thames to Gibraltar in less than four days. For those to whom the Bay of Biscay is not a terror the trip in one of these floating palaces is a delight. Others, however, can avoid the Bay and proceed nearly the whole way by land. A railway which has been constructed by an English company has its terminus at Algeciras, and it will soon be possible to travel in three days' time from London to Gibraltar. From Algeciras to the Rock the distance is a few miles only and a steamer can cross the Bay in twenty minutes. Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, who well know when a place is suitable as a centre for tourists, have established an office at Gibraltar,

and I think the War Office will be baffled in hindering that city from becoming populated as well as popular.

The Admiralty deserve blame also in relation to Gibraltar. Many years ago plans were drawn up for a dock there and nothing as yet has been done to carry them into effect. During Lord Salisbury's Administration, Lord Sidmouth protested in the House of Lords against the delay, and he added, "I only wish the Prime Minister, both Houses of Parliament, and the country could realise for themselves the immense advantages which would accrue to the naval defences of this country if a dock were constructed at Gibraltar." This statement from one who has been a naval officer may be set against those by Captain Gambier which I have quoted in this article. Lord Charles Beresford has recently emphasised the views expressed more than once by Lord Sidmouth in the House of Lords.

I cannot think that the country would sanction the exchange of Gibraltar for Ceuta, as Mr. Laird Clowes proposes, or for the Canary Islands, as Captain Gambier considers preferable. I hope, indeed, that no countenance will be shown to schemes for reconstituting the empire, which, though worthy of consideration in the island of Laputa, are unfitted for recognition in the island which we inhabit. All possible favour should be shown, however, to any suggestion for knitting together the empire into a more harmonious whole and for promoting the comfort and contentment of its citizens. I trust, moreover, that the special claims of the colony of Gibraltar for kindly consideration and sympathetic treatment will neither be rejected nor ignored. Its members are warmly attached to their rocky home and not less warmly attached to the world-embracing British empire of which Gibraltar forms a part that is fraught with historical and actual interest. Their affection for the grand Rock on which they were born and where they live is as natural as it is praiseworthy. What Charles Kingsley wrote to his father in 1849, may be quoted as being perfectly applicable to them: "This intense love of one's own country is a righteous and a God-given feeling, and one which, as Carlyle says, distinguishes man from the ape—that local attachment, root of all true patriotism, valour, civilisation. Woe to those who fancy it fine to turn cosmopolite, and by becoming citizens of the world lose the very idea of citizenship for the sake of doing what a navigator's dog or a gipsy's donkey can do better." The patriotism of those who compose the colony of Gibraltar has not received due recognition. It should be honoured instead of being repressed. It has the merit of being genuine as well as ardent. The members of the colony ask for nothing more than that fairplay which they have been taught to regard as peculiarly British, and that just treatment at the hands of their rulers which British subjects consider to be their birth-right.

W. FRASER RAE.

HOME RULE IN OPERATION.

WITH the exception of the Partingtons of the Peerage and a few of their parasites, few persons with any claim to education now believe in the possibility of mopping out a rising tide with the stump of a worn-out *Non possumus*. Anything that Demos has made up his mind to will be done, sooner or later, whatever may be the reluctance of the hereditary Chamber. But on this weary question of trusting the people in Ireland, Demos cannot, it seems, quite make up his mind, so hard is it to be quite satisfied as to the use which a dependent island will make of its emancipation. It may therefore be well to take an object-lesson from an unintended experiment begun, 700 years ago, by our forefathers; and to notice how Home Rule has worked in the seas that wash our shores. Passing by the Isle of Man, as a self-governed island that has not had a very important part in the historic drama, it may still be of some importance to notice the cases of Guernsey and Jersey. They are small, it is true, but the population is brave and intelligent. Descended in a great measure from French ancestors, having their laws, language, and manners from France, they have protected their shores and seas; while they still have almost a tenth of their number trained and armed avowedly for the same purpose.

From such a state of things it may not be possible to conclude that the Irish would all at once become equally loyal. But at least the facts may be taken for what they are worth: on the most sober estimate they suggest a lesson of confidence. We may take them as corroborative of the belief that autonomy is, of itself, a good; that any community with separate wants and habits is likely to prosper best and be most content when it has a potent voice in the conduct of its own affairs; that the Junior Carlton—to take a still smaller instance—will be best managed by its own committee rather than have its rules and tariffs controlled from the kindred establishment on the opposite side of Pall Mall.

But, as with the moral aphorisms of Captain Cuttle—or is it Bunsby?—the pinch of these doctrines lies in the application. Admitting, as many closet-philosophers will admit, that the integer of administration ought to coincide with the integer of interests, it may still be lawful to ask, How the integrity of outlying parts can be made consistent with the still more imposing integrity of the

Imperial group as a whole? or, what is the exact amount of autonomy that is conducive to local welfare, yet consistent with federal solidarity?

Now, there is no room for doubting that these little republican appendages to England have had a bright and honourable life. An acute observer thus described them, a few years back, from no partial standpoint: "There is probably nowhere an example of a country richer, more free, more given to equality, more happy; for the population lives in a state of the most ample prosperity without having its well-being disturbed by contiguous misery. . . . There is no land in Europe where so little crime is committed . . . where the police has less to do. . . . The governing nation, with her taxes, her vast areas of suffering, her inequalities of caste, her complicated laws, could never be for the islanders a mother country. The autonomy of the islands is no vain word. . . . The independence of the bailiwicks constitutes a reality, full of life, its wants, its favours, and its graces. The island-home, that is the place of preference—so much the more beloved as it has been costly in the sacrifices and the toils of ages."¹

M. Ogier accounts for the original attachment of the islanders to England in a manner more reasonable than any of the standard historians. For about one thousand years the people have used the laws and language of France, on whose coast they live, even remaining, during the greater portion of that long period, subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of a French bishop. And yet this alien population is so unreasonable as to cling to the English connection, and to keep up, at its own cost, a considerable citizen army of effective militia, artillery, and infantry, in active preparation for the defence of the islands against all comers. Englishmen need not flatter themselves that the attachment of these islanders is entirely sentimental. The springs of their affection are at once natural, hereditary, and self-interested. Of the first two of these classes of motives a full account is to be found in books devoted to the subject, and for the most part easily accessible. The physical peculiarities of the Channel Islands have been accurately described by Professor Ansted. In a more imaginative vein, the great writer whose loss France has so fondly mourned was the painter of Channel Island pictures that will live for ever. In the *Toilers of the Sea*, and in another and later work, Victor Hugo has done all for the archipelago that literary skill could do, describing the scarped cliffs, the sunny meadows, the changing seascape, now glowing in opaline glory under the smile of the summer sky, now writhing under the scourge of the black Atlantic tempest. The events of political history have been traced by writers both native and foreign, whose books would fill a shelf in a large library. But, as has been above

¹ *Histoire des Iles de la Manche*. Par Pégot Ogier. Paris. 1881.

said or implied, there is another aspect of the case with which literature has been less concerned—the present condition of the people, and the advantages which they derive from self-government happily combined with the English connection.

The islanders are perfectly aware of two of these advantages—viz., the *absence of a conscription* and the *freedom of trade*. These are the privileges which they enjoy in common with all the inhabitants of the British Empire, but which they would at once lose on joining that of the French Republic. It is true that, by the theory of their law, they are liable to compulsory military service, but that is only an obligation to drill *four per cent.* of the population for the militia, and to maintain a similar number in reserve. None of the militiamen can be ordered to leave their respective islands, or to fight otherwise than in the defence of their own homes, which is a very different thing from sending the flower of your youth to serve as soldiers in Madagascar or Tonquin. As for free trade, it has always been the rule in the Channel Islands, even when it did not exist in England. There are, of course, local import-dues, but they are imposed solely for revenue purposes. Of Imperial customs or other taxation, these islands of the blessed bear no jot or tittle.

Such are some of the more obvious benefits derived from the connection with England. But there remain the special advantages which come from “self-government,” a system unknown in France, and only partially recognised in this country. The tenacity with which the islanders cling to their legislative and administrative independence is partly an affair of prejudice. If they thought that the Irish were as prosperous and contented as themselves, they would doubtless value their own peculiar institutions all the same. Yet it can be shown that those institutions are based upon a sound political truth, and are therefore recommended not less by the test of practice than by that more abstract one of reason, which, we may venture to suspect, is not sufficiently valued by English opinion. The old proverb expresses a truth about the knowledge of a shoe’s pinching; and it is plain that every group—down to the company, the family, the club—will carry on its own domestic affairs better than they can be managed by strangers. The result in these islands abundantly confirms this view, if confirmation were needed.

Taking human life as we find it, and without any consciousness of *parti pris*, we shall observe more cause for optimism in this group of small communities than in most parts of the world. Positively, the population is but small, not equal to that of the borough of Brighton; relatively, it is one of the densest in existence. Its origin is hid in the clouds that cover the settlement of Europe; but from the evidence of the stone monuments which once abounded, and of the remains dug from beneath them, it has been concluded that it was Celtic, with admixture of a still older race. It adopted

the civilisation of the Romans and the institutions of the Franks, becoming ultimately feudalised in the tenth century of our era, after the neighbouring Norman peninsula—the Cotentin—had fallen under the sway of Rollo's son. From that day to the present, this small nation has continued to furnish seamen, fishermen, agriculturists, and public servants of all ranks, of exceptional industry, and in numbers out of all due proportion.

During the present generation the islands have remained in that condition of prosperous equilibrium which is the ideal of human welfare, however rarely realised. In the year 1848 a book—now somewhat scarce—was published in London by Longmans, under the title of *Ireland and the Channel Islands*. The author, the late Mr. Charles le Quesne (some time Jurat of the Royal Court, and author of *The Constitutional History of Jersey*) explained the then existing state of affairs, and recommended the adoption of the land-system of the islands as a remedy for the calamities that had so long afflicted Ireland. He did not refer to the matter of self-government, though the introduction of the one might be fairly expected to bring about the other. The book was, of course, prior to the various minor measures which, beginning with the Encumbered Estates Act—November 1849—have been from time to time applied to recent Irish administration. But the two steps of Home Rule and complete tenure reform have yet to be considered, and the facts adduced by Mr. le Quesne will bear repetition. “How different,” said a former bailiff of Guernsey, “would the situation of Irish landlords be if they sold, on perpetual lease, and at the full value, a part of the lands which they cannot profitably cultivate, and which—divided in estates of from two to six Irish acres—would render an equal number of families happy and industrious, while the full value of the land would be preserved to the landlord. Every year the new improvements of the new (tenant) proprietor would add to the security of the annual rent, &c.” (Mr. Brock, as quoted by le Quesne.)

It might have been added that this system need cost nothing to the State, not even were it accompanied by the purchasing power which has been since given to the Channel Islands farmers, who are now allowed to buy out their landlords' claims by payment of a capitalised sum. [Act of the States, sanctioned 26th February 1880, art. 37.] At the time when Mr. le Quesne wrote that power did not exist; but even without it the islands had attained a high rate of prosperity. The population was almost the same as now, and the trade but little inferior. The figures that are of interest have varied but little during the past thirty or forty years; and it is especially remarkable that in all that period, with a population of nearly twelve hundred to the square mile, there has been hardly any crime and hardly any pauperism among the islanders.

This teeming population is not wholly dependent on the land; some of the people live in towns, of which there are three or four in the islands, while some of the inhabitants of the more rural portions are more or less dependent on fishing and other seafaring pursuits. Nevertheless, the small holdings, averaging eight acres apiece in Jersey, and six in Guernsey, support a large number of human beings, and yield a great deal of produce. The trade returns show that some seventy thousand tons of potatoes, besides fruit, vegetables, cattle, and dairy produce in very considerable quantities, are exported yearly, the preparation of which must employ many hands.

The peasant farmers live in a manner evincing a high level of prosperity and comfort, although the rent of land is enormous, some cases going as high as £17 per acre. All the members of their families work, and in times of emergency a great number of imported labourers—chiefly Bretons from the mainland—also find employment. At night they retire to the kitchen of the substantial stone-built farmhouse, where on the wide hearth burns a fire of “*vraic*” (*varech*, or seaweed), in whose iodised smoke may be observed fitches of fat bacon and a ham or two undergoing a process of curing which gives the meat a flavour not otherwise to be acquired. This *vraic* forms a harvest of itself, being of two sorts, *vraic venant* and *vraic scié*, the former gathered on the beach where it is left by the tide, the latter cut from the rocks where it grows, on appointed days in March and September—a season of busy and cheerful labour. The imports consist chiefly of breadstuffs, live stock, fresh meat, coal, tea, sugar and alcoholic liquors, of which last (in the shape of wines and spirits) Jersey alone consumes nearly 300,000 gallons in the year, in addition to her own indigenous cider.

The autonomy of these thriving communities is complete. By a mixture of law and custom it has come about that no Act of Parliament can apply to the Channel Islands unless they are expressly named and included in the wording. Even when that is the case the Act is not necessarily in force; it must first be transmitted to the spot and registered by the “Royal Courts,” which thus resemble the old French *Parlements*. At this stage the islanders may object: cases have been known in which the local Attorney-General has been deputed to Westminster for the purpose of arguing before the Privy Council against the introduction of an enactment; and in so doing he has to act under instructions from the local Legislature. That, however, is the only form of representation which the islands enjoy in England; the principle having been established by Lord Coke, and reaffirmed by Oliver Cromwell, that they are not to send members to Parliament, or be subject to Parliament for purposes of assessment or impost. Coke laid down, in his famous judgment on the case of the *Postnati*, that the islands, “though parcel of the dominion of the Crown, are not, and never were, parcel of the realm

of England.”¹ Subsequently (October 1654) they were expressly excluded from a Franchise Bill, not out of contempt, but “because they are not governed by our laws, but by municipal laws of their own.” Again, in January 1656, it was resolved that the islands should be left out of an Excise Bill. (Burton's *Diary*: see the account of the “Instrument of Government.”)

The result of this happy compromise has been that, although the people of Guernsey and Jersey are neither taxed nor represented, yet their allegiance is preserved and their conduct towards the metropolis kept under due control. They revolve in their own orbits, yet they gravitate towards the larger body upon which they are dependent. By Acts of their own Legislatures, or by Ordinances having the temporary force of law, they provide for the exigencies of the passing hour with no peculiar skill, yet sufficiently for all practical purposes. Like most of the attempts of man for the regulation of social intercourse, the laws are of all sorts:

“Sunt bona, sunt mediocria, sunt mala plura.”

Royal Commissions have been sent from time to time into the islands for the purpose of inquiring into the local institutions and reporting as to the need for reform. The result has been the same on each occasion: the Commissioners have examined many witnesses with open doors, and their invariable report has been that the people are on the whole well satisfied, and that whatever improvements may be desirable in the selection of officials or in the methods of work, change in matters of principle is not called for. If Moses and Lycurgus could undertake a fresh inquiry, with Lord Thring for their secretary, it may be that the laws would be made wiser; but it is certain that they would not be so acceptable to the people as the Quarter Session regulations which they make for themselves.

That such an unscientific state of affairs should have produced one of the most prosperous, dense, and well-conducted populations in the world is a result which surely deserves attention. It seems that there is a good deal of human nature in the matter. The feelings of a community, it appears, are not altogether unworthy of consideration; its welfare is not ill-secured when those concerned are left to provide for it in their own way. Nevertheless, it is evident that Imperial interests need not be neglected. The islands have on more than one occasion shown a considerable amount of self-will, which has had to be promptly repressed by the Central Government. During the Civil War in the seventeenth century this was signally displayed. Castle Cornet in Guernsey and Elizabeth Castle in Jersey held out for some years after the death of Charles I.

¹ Vol. vii. *Coke's Reports*, ff. 7 and 20 (in “Calvin's Case,” where he speaks also of the islands as “severall dominions, enjoyed by severall titles, governed by severall laws.”)

and their reduction required a division of Ironsides and a fleet of eighty vessels. So also on minor occasions there has been a certain amount of friction, quietly and kindly suppressed in a manner to show that indulgence need not be weakness. And sufficient vigour has been in fact always shown to prevent the autonomy of the islands from becoming a source of inconvenience to the empire at large. On the other hand, they have shown that they can fight their own battles and have several times resisted foreign invasion.¹

If one were called upon to account for the wide difference between the condition of Ireland and that of these islands it would, of course, only be a part of the explanation to say that one had Home Rule and the other had it not. The beginnings of insular autonomy are attributed to King John, who was the founder of Anglo-Norman oppression in Ireland. Being both in the same neighbourhood, subject to the same Crown, and provided with the same Norman form of the feudal system, the two countries ought, one would suppose, to be governed on the same principles. Why should the Home Rule which works so well in one be withheld from the other? Perhaps one reason is to be found in the inherent meanness of humanity—hard to the helpless, but conciliatory to the self-asserting. The Irish were beaten down, their law was uprooted, their land given to aliens, their faith persecuted. The Duchy of Normandy—including these islands—conquered *us*; and when the mainland duchy absorbed itself in France, the kings of England were grateful to the islanders and very willing to leave them unmolested.

It is thus that we are compelled to revert to past history before we can understand the present relations of the islands to Great Britain. With the exception of the Isle of Man, there is nothing the least like them in the empire. They are not colonies, neither are they dependencies. They are not mere outlying posts or coigns of vantage on foreign shores, like Gibraltar, Aden, or—till lately—Heligoland. They are not altogether like Man, even; for in that island there is no especial reason for pride of race. Perhaps the nearest resemblance to them is to be found in the position held by Hanover up to the death of William IV.

It is not even certain what, from the herald's point of view, would be Her Majesty's true rank and title as Lady Paramount of these insular republics: In India she is Empress; in the Transvaal she is called "Suzerain." In the Channel Islands she is affectionately acknowledged as sole and undoubted Sovereign, free of Parliamentary control; but it may be that she is not, historically speaking, "Queen," but Duchess. She is represented by a couple of Lieutenant-Governors, and her "Royal Courts" are presided over by Bailiffs—

¹ The indulgent treatment of the islands by Cromwell only followed their rebellion by a very few years.

not hook-nosed persons who run after those who have distanced the constable, but grave gentlemen in robes, usually bearing the honours of knighthood. "Ballivus," says Spelman, "apud Gallos splendidus magistratus, est apud nos, plerumque, minister infimus." According to Littré, the French "bailli" was a magistrate of the sword. Naval history records the exploits of the Bailli de Suffren in the last century. But the Duchess-Queen does not rule the islands as a constitutional or "limited" monarch; rather as representative of Rollo and Robert the Devil, and the ancient dukes whose followers conquered England more than eight centuries ago. Her laws—customary or statutory—are administered by the Bailiff and Jurats (*jurés justiciers*), her prerogative is guarded by the Lieutenant-Governor; if he has occasion to make an especial exercise of absolute authority he can do so by obtaining an Order in Council. But neither have modern nor early sovereigns exhibited towards the people a tyrannical aspect. "A king's face should show grace," said our ancestors, and the king-duke of the Norman isles has generally shown his power in some beneficent charter or complimentary address. The very arms of the islands are not those of Britain, but only the old blazon adopted by Henry II. when he married the Princess of Aquitaine, and granted to the islands by Edward I.

All public business is conducted in French, and a French prayer-book and hymnal are in use in the churches. Even the relation of lord and vassal is still in active, though modified, existence. The names of mitred abbots and feudal tenants *in capite* are still called over at the *Chefs Plaids* and the *Cours d'Heritage*; the *Seigneurs* still hold their feudal courts; the lands, though practically belonging to the farmers by whom they are cultivated, are nevertheless held on slightly modified feudal tenure, and still subject to seigniorial rights and dues, as will be more fully shown presently. For example, the right of derelict, which in England has long since devolved upon the Crown as representing the people, is still one that accrues to the feudal lords in these islands; so that, if any renewal were to occur of the upheavals which in old geologic ages raised up these igneous rocks out of the sea, the land so acquired would be the indisputable property of the seigneur of the manor on whose borders it happened to appear.

The total area of the archipelago made up of Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, and a few minor islets, is a little under eighty square miles—a mere speck on the surface of the globe. Yet the population—stationary for many years past, or only liable to fluctuations caused by the greater or less resort of immigrants from France and elsewhere—is of a density more than treble that of the British Islands. The immigration is at times very considerable, and the circumstance is not hard to understand. With perfect freedom of trade and of

law, the nearness to France and the community of speech must make the islands attractive to any kind of Frenchmen whom political or religious persecution exiles from their native land. We have only to think of the frequent vicissitudes of event and opinion amongst our excitable neighbours, and of the severity with which one extreme regards another, to perceive the value of such an asylum to them.

The various attacks of authority upon the Huguenots in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries threw upon the islands a large and important immigration. In later times Royalists and Republicans have found an impartial welcome there, according as either party was in depression. During the late Empire the great poet, Victor Hugo, found an asylum in Jersey; and when his anti-monarchical sentiments rendered him so unpopular there as to induce him to a further migration, he removed to Guernsey, where he produced one of his most eloquent prose-poems, the *Travailleurs de la Mer*. The latest refugees in Jersey have been the Jesuits, who have formed a large settlement in and around the fine estate originally laid out for the Imperial Hotel. Yet, in spite of ties of blood and language, the islanders have always manfully striven against French attacks. They opposed Philip Augustus and Charles the Wise; and refused to be transferred to France by Queen Henrietta Maria and the venal cavaliers.

A little more than a century has elapsed since the last attempt was made to conquer the islanders in the interest of France. The expedition was organised and conducted by a French adventurer, styling himself "Baron de Rullecourt," inspired by the rashness of a filibuster of broken fortunes who had been second in command to the Prince of Nassau in a previous attempt which had met with no success. He prepared to sail on Christmas Eve, and based his hopes of success on the fact that no Frenchman would be considered capable of navigating the Channel in the winter. "They think us"—he wrote to Nassau before his final departure—"they think us engaged in making presents to our mistresses, or dancing at the opera balls, for it is supposed to be a fixed law that no Frenchman will go to sea in the month of January." And truly the islands, if only decently assisted and guarded by their big sister, and true to their present aspirations, have little to fear from the hostility of such neighbours. Brave and enterprising, and not without a respectable naval record, the French, as a rule, must always be at a disadvantage in short voyages. It is as Rullecourt said: the early part of a voyage must always demoralise the *pioupiou*. The French had a temporary success on this occasion. Heroically braving the *mal-temps*, they reached St. Helier without resistance, and captured the Lieutenant-Governor in his bed on a winter morning, and occupied the Royal Court and square. But the Jerseymen were, as usual,

protected by that fortune which favours the brave. When the town was all but taken their officials refused to capitulate; and the defeat of the invaders was partly due to the staunchness of the Jersey militia.

Thus, the islands are a most invaluable outwork, full use of which has, perhaps, never yet been made. Jersey is girt about with martello towers, but they are disarmed, dismantled, and of no apparent purpose. East and north of the island are bays, both deep and sheltered, but nothing has been done to make them into harbours of refuge for men-of-war. The works of Alderney, after costing vast sums of money, are believed to be a failure. The harbour of St. Helier can only be entered at high-water. It is probable that the formation of a small corps of marine engineers attached to the militia would strengthen the defensive power of the islands by placing torpedoes and sea-mines in the bays, and otherwise guarding the approaches. Doubtless the co-operation of the Royal Navy would be essential. Let us hope it may never be required.

The physical advantages of the Channel Islands for defence are due to their consisting chiefly of primitive rocks with veins of softer material interposed. Hence the sea makes partial inroads in some places, whilst in others the rock holds good. The result is to surround the larger islands with bays protected by natural outworks. The enormous tidal waves and violent storms of the region have shaped the higher coasts in this manner, at the same time that the lower-lying shores bristle with half-concealed rocks and have the safeguard of an intricate navigation. When Rullecourt landed in 1781, he had the advantage of being piloted by a Jersey pilot; his landing was unopposed, and yet he lost one-fifth of his men, drowned in trying to reach the shore. But not only does the peculiarity of their situation contribute to their safety, it also adds greatly to their welfare in ordinary times. The gulf stream washes its warmth on their surface, aided by the sea breezes, which for the greater part of the year blow from the west across the Atlantic Ocean. The mean temperature is thus raised considerably above that of neighbouring countries, and the difference is greatest in winter. Consequently the period of production is lengthened, and this, joined to the fertility of the soil, enables the fields to be independent of fallow, and often to yield two crops in the year. The pasture is particularly rich, and the cows give milk which, both in quantity and quality, exceed the average. The milk of a single cow has been known to yield sixteen pounds of butter a week. During the first eleven months of one year, taken at random, Jersey had 1826 hours of bright sunshine, and Guernsey was similarly favoured. The most fortunate districts of the "adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland" had only 1515, while most parts had very considerably less. When a com-

parison of temperature is made the difference is even more striking. The accumulated degrees of heat above 42° Fahrenheit are much the same in the two cases; or, in plain English, the Channel Islands are scarcely hotter on the average than England; but the aggregate amount of the degrees below 42° Fahrenheit in the former case is only 106; while in the south of Ireland and in Devonshire it is 350, and in the east and midland districts it is 650.

These natural advantages have been utilised to a very high degree by the sagacity of the people, free from the interference of the landlords and the meddling of the central power. Left to manage their own affairs, the islanders have made arrangements by which their welfare is secured. In spite of the abnormal density of population, the whole are able to subsist, and in tolerable comfort, those for whom there is not room emigrating for a time or for ever, as the case may be, of their own free will, and without aid from the State. Even the poorest eat wholesome bread daily. As already stated, pauperism is all but unknown among the natives, and so is serious crime.

The two distinguishing features of the agricultural polity are—(a) the tenure of land; and (b) its divisibility.

(a) The tenure of land may be briefly described as follows. A person desiring to take a farm does not ask for a lease for a term of years. He inquires into the market value of the land, and if he agrees with the owner on this head he buys it. But he does not pay the money down, though a small part of it may be, and usually is, demanded as a guarantee. The rest of the price lies at a sort of unforclosable mortgage, the interest (usually 5 per cent.) being charged as a corn-rent of so many “quarters” of wheat. In Guernsey the value of the quarter fluctuates according to the fluctuations in the value of money, and this seems the fairer way; but in Jersey the “quarter” has been for the present fixed at 16s. It is customary to require that one-third of the purchase-money be paid in cash. Thus, supposing the plot of land to be valued at £1200, it will be assessed at a permanent rental of £60 a year, expressed in quarters; but if £400 be paid down, the balance only will be represented, and the tenant will either engage to pay the interest of £800 (in quarters), or to redeem them by periodical instalments. On his failing to fulfil the engagement, whatever it may be, the land will be liable to resumption; but saving that liability, it is the absolute property of the tenant, to sell or otherwise dispose of, subject to the law of real property prevailing in the islands. And a man may pay the quarters due on the land held by himself in the form of an assignment of the quarters due to him by the tenant of another farm, of which he is the original holder. All charges may be commuted by the payment of a capital sum.

(b) The basis of the division-law is, in all probability, the primi-

tive Aryan principle of the joint family. If the estate have been acquired, as in the case supposed, the holder's right of disposition is more free than if it had been inherited. But in the event of his not selling, giving away, or bequeathing any portion of it, the principle applying to it, be it ancestral or not, is much the same. A right of primogeniture or heriot is acknowledged, for if there be a house it will go to the eldest son, together with a few perches of dismesne-land; the rest is parted among the sons and daughters, upon the ancient principle of pre-feudal Europe, still current in one English county under the title of *gavelkind*. If the estate be too small for actual division, the eldest may retain the whole in possession. In that case he must pay his brothers and sisters the quarters at which their shares may be assessed by the parish, and also pay a similar allowance to his mother for her life. In every Jersey parish there are permanent officials whose duty it is to arbitrate in the division of real property. Practically, indeed, the actual division does not usually take place, the portions of the various members of the family being sold to the eldest son, or represented by annuities charged upon the land. These rules are unfavourable to the creation of accumulated wealth. But their moral benefit is incalculable. There are no rich people, nor any very poor.

We have seen already that some of the advantages of the archipelago are due to the gifts of Nature and other so-called accidents. That the islands have been long in the enjoyment of much that may fairly be called "civilisation," as contra-distinguished from luxury, is evident from their history, as also from the monuments of all sorts in which they abound. Hundreds of rude stone remains are, or have been, observed in Jersey and in Guernsey; and a learned local society possesses a museum of objects that have been from time to time discovered in these receptacles. The relics are of two kinds—coins, arms, and pottery of Gallo-Roman dates, superimposed upon what may be called a "neolithic series," in which arrow-heads and cells of polished stone are frequently found some ten feet below the others; next in order of date some remains of early Christian chapels, of which there are still several in both of the larger islands. Lastly, there are the parish churches and castles of Norman and Angevin times, with many still existing farm-buildings, castles, and manor-houses.

Although there are no waters of any consequence in the islands, there are numerous valleys, and some small streams terminating in little nooks of beach, once the haunt of pirate and sea-king, now draped with ferns and carpeted with wild flowers. There is hardly anything that will not grow in the kindly soil and mild air. The yield of wheat, grass, and potatoes exceeds that of the most favoured spots in England; while fuchsias, oleanders, and camellias flourish and bloom in the open border.

Nor has man been backward in making use of his good chances. In addition to the habits of thrift engendered by the facility with which they can acquire landed property—still further secured by a complete system of registration—the islanders have many other peculiarities. Though the old Aryan plan of holding land in common has almost disappeared, a great solidarity and friendliness prevail among the yeomanry. Each parish is still a *commune* for administrative purposes; and though the common plough no longer exists, its name survives, and has a practical significance. When a farmer has any deep ploughing to carry out he calls his neighbours to his aid, and manual labour and the use of horses are freely and cheerfully contributed by all around. This pleasant custom is called *la grand quérue*, and is thus described by a native author: “Comme en Normandie autrefois, quand la grande charrue va jouer, les cultivateurs se réunissent. Chez les Norses c’était la vaste étendue des terres qui favorisait le concours annuel des propriétaires du sol. Mais ici, comme en Basse Normandie, et en Galles, l’aide voisinale, la charrue en commun, est le résultat inévitable de l’exiguité des fermes. . . . Cette réunion de laboureurs et d’amis serviables était la *percée* de nos anciens compatriotes à Bayeux et à Cherbourg, comme la *cymartha* est celle des Gaulois.” [*Métivier’s Dictionary*, in voc Panais, parsnips being a crop that requires particularly deep ploughing.]

There are few more valuable and entertaining guides to the Channel Islands than M. Métivier’s *Dictionary*. Professing only to deal with the dialect of Guernsey, between which and that of Jersey there are shades of difference, it contains a great deal of matter interesting both as philology and as folklore. There are also collections of poems—some by Métivier himself, and some by Jersey authors—which add to linguistic value a special exhibition of local manners and customs, now rapidly passing away. The various festivals, the work of the fields, the gathering of seaweed for fuel and for manure, the belief in charms, witchcraft, and demoniac possession, are all illustrated in these ballads, which have often a humour and pathos which remind one—at some distance—of Robert Burns.

The superstitions, nay, the very language in which they are portrayed, will pass away. The thrift, the neatness, the conduct, the comfort of the peasantry will, let us hope, remain. To one who loves his fellow-men few things that are so easily visible can be a source of more unmixed pleasure. At the cost of a summer night’s voyage the Londoner can dip into Arcadia. The deep lanes pierce everywhere, tunnels of green foliage bordered by wild flowers and luxuriant ferns. The cottages are built of granite and roofed with slate, and often two storeys high, the walls covered with *Banksia* roses and creeping geraniums. In the fields around them the high-

bred island cattle crop the rich pasture, each tethered by the horns; and the cows yield their milk three times a day. The sea, always near, furnishes a background of ever-changing beauty to the homely picture. If the land be peculiar, so in like manner are the people—as dissimilar as possible to the descendants of the Norwegians, the Danes, and the Frisians who people so large a part of our island of Great Britain. Below the average stature of Englishmen, swarthy of skin and dark of hair and beard, they are peaceful and courteous, hardworking and free from evil passions.

Of Celtiberian blood, they are probably by race akin to the Irish. They are sometimes regarded as having only an antiquarian interest; and a late learned writer once compared them to the wolves in Epping Forest. But they deserve notice, if only as an instance of the truth that subjects are apt to behave towards their masters as their masters behave towards them.

Among the few *per contra* items must be prominently noted the difficulty, under such a system of Home Rule, of abolishing time-worn institutions. A strong objection, for example, no doubt exists—especially among the less opulent—in regard to the compulsory service for the militia. This is said to be not only unfairly managed, but also unsuited to the times. When the Channel Islands formed a stepping-stone towards the recovery of Normandy—later, when they were in the position of frontier districts liable to occupation by intending invaders of England—it might be almost unavoidable that the flower of the male population should be, willy-nilly, trained to the use of arms. That necessity, it is urged, does not now exist; or, so far as it may do so, it would be better provided for by volunteer corps, as in England. Another institution that is apparently out of date is the Royal Court, composed of twelve unpaid members of the legislative body.

So long ago as 1847 this state of things had attracted the attention of jurists. The Royal Commissioners appointed to inquire into the criminal laws expressed themselves very strongly in the Report presented in that year. After animadverting strongly on the unfitness of a body constituted as the Royal Court was to administer the law, the Report thus proceeds:

“The incapacity of this tribunal does not constitute the only, perhaps not the greatest, objection to it. By the nature of the election of the Jurats they are constantly put into office from party views. . . . After such election the functions which the Jurats are called upon to discharge in the States necessarily operate in keeping party feelings alive. The result is that this tribunal does not possess the confidence of the inhabitants; and, we think, does not deserve it. . . . There is little chance of this being remedied by a general determination on the part of the ratepayers to elect only competent lawyers to the office; and such a determination would not

be desirable, as it would exclude valuable members from the Legislature, and would create a criterion very ill applicable to legislative functions. We . . . therefore, without any hesitation whatever, recommend that no member of this branch of the legislative body shall form part of the judicial body."

The Commissioners then proceeded to propose the substitution of a new Court of three paid judges, each of whom should hold a subordinate Criminal Court of his own, while the quorum should sit together at fixed periods as a Court of Revision in certain specified circumstances.

In 1859 a similar Commission was issued to inquire into the civil laws and the constitution of the tribunals by which those laws were administered. Their opinion was identical on this subject with that of their predecessors, and was no less strongly expressed. After pointing out the advisability of retaining the position of the Bailiff, the Report thus proceeds :

"As regards the Jurats, all the objections to the union of judicial and legislative functions exist in the greatest force. . . . The continuance of this union tends to exclude from the dignified position of life-members of the States all those who, however well qualified for legislation, are not qualified, or have not time, for the regular performance of judicial duties ; or, should such persons be elected, leads to a result which at present prevails to a lamentable extent—namely, that they do not give that regular attendance to the Royal Court which is indispensable to the public well-being. The Jurats, besides, are administrators of the *Impôt*, a duty of great dignity and usefulness, but wholly incompatible with the authority to adjudicate in Court between themselves and those with whom they are brought into relation in the course of such administration. . . . Further, even if the members of the Court were competent, their numbers and irregular attendance must be, and are, productive of endless delay and inconvenience from the difficulty of securing the attendance of the same persons for the continuation of part-heard cases. . . . To conclude, whatever may have been in earlier times, the merits of the very ancient tribunal, the constitution of which we have thus discussed, it is our deliberate conviction that the island, with its great wealth and population, its large foreign commerce, and all the important and complicated interests which have arisen in it, has at the present day so completely outgrown its judicature that any reforms which shall leave the duties of the Superior Court in the hands of a numerous body without professional education, whose attendance is precarious and for whose nomination no one is responsible to public opinion, will be absolutely migratory. . . . *A fundamental change of some kind is imperatively demanded.*"

The Commissioners then went on to give a detailed plan, resembling that of the former report. They proposed that the Court

should consist of the Bailiff and two Puisnes, nominated by the Crown, and enjoying fixed salaries, the Court fees being paid into a common fee fund. Of these judges one would hold a Civil Court of first instance, the two others being left to sit in a Police Court and in one for petty debts. As in their criminal capacity, the three would form a full Bench on stated occasions, administrative duties being partially devolved upon the Greffier, or Master, who would also act as Taxing Officer.

One consequence, it was expressly pointed out, would be that the Jurats, being relieved of attendance in the Royal Court, would cease to be members of the Supreme Judicature. But it was added that their position would still be one of real dignity. They would still administer the revenue, and sit in a legislative capacity, and thus be the most powerful and distinguished citizens of the island; and arrangements might even be made by virtue of which such of them as felt that they had the due leisure and ability might be appointed Justices of the Peace, and still act as unpaid magistrates. It might even happen that, on occasions of illness or other emergency, a Jurat might take the place of one of the Stipendiaries in higher things than summary jurisdiction and the issue of summons.

Since these reports were submitted, scandals have arisen which have strengthened the argument of the Commissioners. The Court has been unable to form quorum; members of the Bench have been even brought up on criminal charges and sentenced to imprisonment. Many of them are so closely related to each other that there must be a further difficulty, in such cases, as to the formation of an impartial Bench. Lastly, the Bailiff has not yet been raised to that position of legal weight and authority to which he is entitled by his position, and by the circumstance of his being the only member of the Court necessarily possessed of forensic learning.

The "High Court of Parliament" in the British Islands has, practically, abandoned its judicial powers. No impeachment has taken place since that of Lord Melville in 1805. In the Upper Chamber judicial work is ordinarily left to the Law Lords. There need then be no sacrifice of dignity in the adoption by the governing body in Jersey and Guernsey of the principle of division of labour, or specification of functions.

In any case such matters are not of the first importance, and have not prevented the islanders from attaining, under Home Rule, to the remarkable position which, even in 1859, attracted the notice of the Commissioners sent over from England. Since those days there has been no decline: the islands have enjoyed most of the advantages possible in an imperfect world. They have had peace, plenty, attachment to England, with goodwill among classes and civil and religious liberty for all men.

H. G. KEENE.

CANADA AND THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE construction of the Canadian Pacific trans-continental line constitutes one of the epoch-making events in Canadian history. The British conquest; the war of 1812; the Confederation of the Provinces; the creation of the national policy of Protection; the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway; these are the periods into which the life of the Dominion naturally and principally divides itself. After the union of the Eastern Provinces in 1867, and the subsequent acquisition of the great North-West and British Columbia, together with the pledge made to the latter that railway communication would be opened up east and west if it joined the Dominion, a continental highway upon Canadian soil became absolutely necessary. Attempts were made to build the line as a Government work. Large sums of money were spent in surveying possible routes, and finally 714 miles were constructed in the extravagant and unbusiness-like way which Mr. Mackenzie's Government seemed to consider the only possible method of construction. The line consisted of three detached portions and made use of the water-stretches on the route, it being supposed that money would be saved by so doing. The cost of these proceedings was \$35,000,000, and it has since been stated that, under proper management, the portion of the road thus built could have been completed for \$12,000,000.

In 1878, however, Sir John Macdonald and the Conservative party came into power; in 1879 established the policy of Protection, and in the succeeding year, as a result of redundant revenues, general prosperity, and increased national credit, his Government was able to grant a Chartered Company \$25,000,000 in money, 25,000,000 acres of land, and the portions of road already constructed, as a subsidy for the completion of a through line. Other grants were subsequently made which American writers and speakers are in the habit of summing up in an utterly incorrect total of \$215,000,000. The sums really given are as follows:

In cash	\$25,000,000
In partly built railroad lines	12,000,000
In cash for lands surrendered	10,000,000
In lands, on which bonds have been issued	25,000,000

Total	\$72,000,000
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This is an outside total, and as the road is supposed to have cost in the neighbourhood \$279,000,000, the Canadian people may be considered as signally fortunate in obtaining so great a national work at such comparatively small cost. Certainly the Canadian Government had ample American precedent in subsidising the Canadian Pacific Railway. A statement made by a member of the Union Pacific Railroad Commission was quoted before the United States Senate Committee upon the Inter-State Law to the effect that "Governmental aid to that corporation will have amounted in 1895, when the obligations mature, to four hundred and seventy-seven millions of dollars."

In the House of Representatives' Committee on Pacific Railroads, Mr. C. P. Huntingdon, President of the Northern Pacific, is quoted as stating that "The Government made a land grant to the Northern Pacific Railroad of much greater value than the lands and bonds together which were granted to the Central and Union Pacific Companies." Other notable examples of subsidies given are to be found in the history of the Southern Pacific and similar trunk lines. It is therefore evident that the Canadian Government has promoted a great undertaking and bound the distant provinces of the Dominion together at an infinitely smaller cost to the nation than has been the case in the railway annals of the United States.

Thus started, the great undertaking forged rapidly ahead. The work of ten years, under the able management of Sir George Stephen (now Lord Mount-Stephen) and Mr. W. C. Van Horne, was accomplished in half that time, and since 1886 the British port at Halifax and the beautiful harbour and city of Vancouver have been connected by 3700 miles of railway through a united British country. While Canada has reason to be proud of its great highway, the British Empire has therefore equal cause to be congratulated upon the successful completion and operation of so powerful a link in the chain of Imperial unity. The greatness and importance of the work is indeed fully appreciated at the heart of the British world, and when it was announced that the first through train had started from Montreal to Vancouver, the *London Times* (June 30, 1886) observed with an enthusiasm warmly re-echoed throughout the British press :

"The conception of a trans-continental railway was a magnificent act of faith on the part of the Canadian Dominion. The Dominion contains a population of under five millions of people, and its area consists of nearly three and half millions of square miles. Such a population, inhabiting so vast a territory, has manifested so profound a faith in its own future, that it has conceived and executed, within a few years, a work which, a generation ago, might well have appalled the wealthiest and most powerful of nations. It is a material manifestation of the growing solidity of the Empire and a

proof of the invincible energy of the American subjects of the British Crown."

As the Company pointed out with such justifiable pride, 2400 miles of new railway had been built, equipped, and put into operation through many hundred miles, where the heaviest and most difficult railway engineering work to be found on either side of the Atlantic was required, and all within five years. Thus the task of concentrating the industrial, commercial, and military interests of the British Empire was fairly inaugurated at the same time that a great link in Canadian national unity and material progress was well and truly forged. Difficulties in construction were not, however, the only obstacles which had to be encountered. Political opposition was met by the Government and the Company at every turn, and detraction of the bitterest kind was freely employed regarding the men interested, the means employed, the country traversed, and the possibilities of the future. The great undertaking was frequently alleged to be the most utterly extravagant, reckless and impossible scheme ever formulated by a Government or put into attempted practice by a Chartered Company. But the opposition is now a thing of the past, and the railway a successful and powerful factor in the present and future of Canada and the Empire. In 1891, the road which the leader of the opposition once stated "would not pay for its own axle-grease," had receipts amounting to \$18,672,174 and expenses of only \$11,538,131, thus showing a surplus of over \$7,000,000, five years after the passage of the first passenger train to the Pacific coast of Canada.

This statement is an extraordinary tribute to the successful management of the road. Few American lines show such a surplus, and especially after running for so short a time. The payment of dividends, let alone the maintenance of a surplus, appears to be about all that most railways in the United States can undertake, and that is too often found a difficult task. But the reason of this financial prosperity is clear. The road has been honestly built and carefully managed. Its stock has never been watered, and continues to stand high upon the London market. No construction companies have had a hand in its creation, and no financial barnacles or speculative geniuses are allowed to adhere to the existing structure. But, above all, the profits on every collateral enterprise connected in any manner with the railway, such as the express and telegraph services; the huge grain elevators; the hotels and restaurants in a vast number of towns and villages; the sleeping, dining, and parlour cars; all go into the treasury of the company and accrue to the benefit of the shareholders and the prosperity and credit of the railway.

Leaving for a period, however, the political, financial or national aspects of the great railroad, it is more than interesting to note the

country and some of the marvellous scenery through which it passes. Prior to its creation, Canada was hardly known in the true sense of the word. Certainly there were few who thought of it as the greatest half of the American continent, and as containing the most fertile wheat-fields, and hundreds of miles of the most sublime mountain scenery which can be found anywhere in the world. To-day, swarms of British, American, and other tourists traverse the magnificent and varying country between Montreal and Vancouver and reach the Pacific coast, in many cases with the conclusion presented by Mrs. Howard Vincent in her recently published and most interesting book of travels, that Canada, properly governed, will yet be "the greatest country on earth." The Canadian Pacific has, of course, through connection from Montreal to Quebec and Halifax going east, and thence by a branch line to Portland in Maine. It has also branches running through the North-West and Manitoba, reaching all important points, contributing greatly to the development of that vast region, and comprising a general system over 5600 miles in length. Travellers therefore can see any variety of scenery: innumerable lakes and rivers, mountains and prairies, valleys, forests, fields or mining districts.

Should Montreal, for instance, be the starting-point, the banks of the St. Lawrence and the beautiful Ottawa valley are traversed. The latter, 700 miles in length, contains perhaps the most productive pine timber regions in the world. Here and there the railway meets or runs beside the broad river from which the valley derives its name, and for hundreds of miles fields and forests, towns and villages, alternate amid a pleasant succession of diverse scenery. Ottawa, the capital of Canada, with its magnificent Parliament buildings and those peculiar surroundings which irresistibly bring to mind the old and true name of Bytown, is reached. Thence through the more unsettled parts of Ontario and amid scenes which grow more and more sombre as the road reaches the famed rock-bound shores of Lake Superior. Here the alternations of rock and river, forest and wilderness, with glimpses of lake and islet scenery, produce some of the most fantastic yet imposing or beautiful effects, as the case may be, which Nature has ever exhibited. Portions of the route are inexpressibly dreary, others lovely beyond description. Great cliffs of red granite, smooth and bare, rugged and seamed with trees, straight up and down, or piled in some marvellous conformation without apparent design except it be utter unevenness, are to be seen at intervals for a very long distance. These granite piles are interspersed with cliffs of white stone, and the effect of such massive structures, often perfectly smooth, straight, and running up hundreds of feet within a yard of the railway track, is exceedingly striking and imposing. Coupled with the tunnels, immense trestle bridges and other engineering difficulties and accomplishments, it

enables a visitor, or even a Canadian who ought to understand the matter more or less, to have some conception of the reason why this portion of the railway cost so many millions and so much skill and labour.

With this rugged scenery on the one side of the railway, upon the other may be frequently coupled the most charming views of bays and inlets, green-clad islands and sun-dipt or night-silvered waves from the great waters of Lake Superior. In winter, or in stormy weather, the view is very different, and can be better imagined than described, especially where the waves almost touch the railway track. Everywhere throughout this section of the country are tremendous possibilities in mineral production. The nickel mines of Sudbury and vicinity illustrate only one of many minerals which can be obtained, and will be as time goes on. The rivers teem with fish, and past Port Arthur, though away from this particular portion of the road, may be found a veritable paradise for the hunter as well as the fisherman. At Fort William commence the great grain elevators which mark the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway from thence almost to the Rockies. The three of them will contain 3,500,000 bushels of wheat, and in the season are full to the brim. Port Arthur, connected with Fort William by a sort of steel railway running through the bush, is a town magnificently situated, with a capacious harbour and wild splendid scenery.

To these towns there is, however, another route from Eastern Canada than that around the shores of Lake Superior. By way of Toronto to Owen Sound and thence by the Canadian Pacific Company's steamers across Georgian Bay, Lake Huron and Lake Superior, is the other, and in summer weather it makes a most exquisite trip. Leaving the pretty town of Owen Sound and its surrounding amphitheatre of limestone cliffs, the splendidly equipped Canadian Pacific Railway steamships plough straight through the Bay, and across two of the great lakes to Port Arthur. The shores of Lake Huron in some seasons of the year are extremely beautiful. As a delightful Canadian poet, William Wilfrid Campbell, puts it :

“ Miles and miles of crimson glories,
Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze ;
Miles of shoreland, red and golden,
Drifting into dream and haze ;
Dreaming where the woods and vapours
Melt in myriad, misty ways.”

After plunging for a time into the wide waters of the lakes and far from sight of land, the steamer reaches Saut St. Marie and passes through the locks into Lake Superior. Here is seen the St. Mary's river, charming to look at as the entrance is first reached, and as the shores present a succession of pretty views, but interesting chiefly on account of the historic Canal tolls question ; the discussion with the United States ; the unreasonable if not

hostile action of that country towards Canada; and the near completion of a canal and locks upon the Canadian side of the line. Thence out into the greatest body of fresh water in the world, the ocean-like expanse of Lake Superior :

“Wherever on through drive and drift,
‘Neath blue and grey, thro’ hush and moan,
Its ceaseless waters ebb and lift,
Past shores of century-crumbling stone.”

Crossing the more or less stormy and misty waters, Thunder Cape is reached, with its top crowned in mist and storm, its slopes covered with green trees which look like grass from a distance, and its base resting upon the shimmering waters of Thunder Bay. Like glass they may appear at the moment, but little is required to lash them into the wildest and most treacherous fury. And upon these waters, with this scenery in front and mountains in the distance as a background, rest Fort William and Port Arthur. The route by rail from these points to Winnipeg is sometimes interesting and pleasing, at others utterly “flat and unprofitable.” Endless forests and elevations which might be termed mountains, were the Rockies and Selkirks not to be seen further on; rivers of every description, the Kakabeka, Kaministiquia, Rainy, and others; bodies of water like that called the Lake of the Woods, which winds in and out amid countless islands and upon alternate sides of the railway, looking an immense river, and presenting altogether a most exquisite collection of what might be termed isolated bits of beauty. Rat Portage is passed, with its queer name and evidences of progress; tunnels are constantly encountered which have been blasted out of the solid rock; and the little side stations with the ever-present groups of stolid, dirty, but picturesque Indians. Rafts of timber upon the rivers; piles of lumber in various stages of preparation; long stretches of country covered with bare and burned tamaracks; swamps and burning forests; alternate in this land of curious contrasts. Finally, the nature of the country suddenly changes, and from the mountains round Port Arthur, the wooded slopes further west, the sparsely wooded level country which follows, the train flashes into the full light of the prairie, and at a distance of 1400 miles from Montreal and 1400 miles to Vancouver, Winnipeg is reached.

This metropolis of the prairies, and centre of commerce, finance, and population in a million square miles of Canadian territory, is a curiously interesting city. The mixture of primitive simplicity with modern progress; the village conditions of a decade earlier with the rushing city life of a vigorous community; the ox-cart with the electric railway, present strange comparisons and peculiar effects.

The prairie all around, the historic Red and Assiniboine rivers meeting within the city; the remarkable mud which results from too rich a soil, and is patiently borne with on that account; the

splendid Manitoba hotel and other buildings, will not readily be forgotten when once seen. And when the ruins of Fort Garry and the grave of Louis Riel are pointed out, or the record of the historic days of not so very long ago are dealt with by some patriotic pioneer like Lieut.-Governor Schultz, the visitor will realise what early settlement meant in this great western land, and how much the country owes to the Canadian Pacific Railway which made prosperous centres like Winnipeg, Portage La Prairie, Brandon, Regina, or Calgary possible, and rendered the fertile fields of Manitoba and the great ranching lands of the Territories a home for millions in the future, and a hope for millions in the present. From Winnipeg through Manitoba, past several cities, many towns and innumerable farmhouses, the train rushes over a level prairie country and through the greatest wheat-fields in the world. The waves of golden grain at harvest-time are beautiful indeed, and the product itself is the finest brand yet discovered or grown. After passing Qu'Appelle and the charming valley which bears its name, the railway reaches Regina, the capital of the North-West Territories, and thence continues through more or less prairie country, splendidly fitted for ranching purposes, and teeming with sheep and cattle, until Calgary is reached, and far in the distance, crowned with grey mist, is seen the first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains. All through this great region coal is being discovered, and the mines which are now being worked at Lethbridge, North-West Territories and at various points in Manitoba, will soon suffice to supply the whole of that section of Canada with the one great staple which was required to make its future as well assured as its past in the last few years has been prosperous and progressive.

After Calgary, with its booming activity and almost mesmerising hopefulness, the Rocky Mountains are soon reached. Cloud-crowned, snow-capped, sun-dipt, green, grey, solemn, and massive, these wonderful phenomena of Nature stand out in still more striking contrast, after nine hundred miles of level, if not monotonous prairie. As the train whirls down deep grades; climbs up the dark and forbidding side of some huge mountain, whose crests are encircled with everlasting storms and capped with eternal snow, winds in and out of tunnels and engineering "loops" built to overcome seemingly impossible obstacles; traverses for hundreds of miles the banks of rushing rivers and wildly struggling torrents; it is impressed upon the mind of the traveller that the conquest of man over this rugged immensity of Nature is as remarkable as the scenery itself is marvellous. To adequately describe these mountain ranges through and over which the Canadian Pacific has forced its way, is simply impossible. That magnificent mountain valley called the Kicking Horse Pass; the huge canyons and chasms; the vertical sides of the mountains, out of which the road is literally carried; the huge

trestle works required to aid the battle with Nature; the tunnels and towering cliffs; the roar of some river combined with the noise of the train, produce an almost stunning and utterly indescribable effect. Roger's Pass presents another great scene. Two lines of mountain peaks, rising out of a valley, in which a large river looks from the train like a silver thread, tower up thousands of feet into the clouds. Here and there huge glaciers are visible, and the alternation of views afforded by the lofty summits and sides of the principal peaks, like that of the Hermit or Mount Macdonald, are superb. Sunset, sunrise, or a snowstorm produce the most beautiful effects in colouring, and the most exquisite products of that great master of all art—Nature itself. Green and brown, purple and black, blue and white, are produced according to the weather and the time of day. Intensely dark, sombre, and gloomy is the scene, or beautiful beyond description—there is no medium.

One enthusiastic lady is known to have exclaimed, whilst the train was traversing one of these great passes, "Tis a glint of glory." Perhaps no better description could be given. Sir Edwin Arnold informed the writer, though in a poetic style, which memory will not reproduce, that he had seen loftier mountains, the Himalayas, for instance, but none in which the grandeur was so brought home to the observer. The Albert Canyon is a unique product of Nature. The train pauses for a few minutes to permit the traveller to see the Illicilliwaet river, nearly three hundred feet below the railway, compressed into a boiling plume, hardly twenty feet wide, by walls of solid rock. The effect is very striking. But the changes of scene, the wonderful transformations of Nature, are never-ending. Here, perhaps, will be visible upon the dark mountain sides, lines of low trees or shrubs amidst the forests, looking like rivers of grass; there, silvery streaks of snow. Here, a huge glacier; there, a mountain looking like a vast pile of coral heaped in some gigantic shapes. Everywhere are the banks of rushing rivers—the Bow, the Kicking Horse, the Columbia, the Beaver, the Illicilliwaet, the Eagle, the Thompson, or the magnificent Fraser. Running down the mountain sides, skipping in merry cascades, and in myriad colours across or beside the railway, tearing wildly down steep inclines, rushing over huge rocks and precipices, roaring between massive stone walls, turbulent or peaceful, grand or beautiful, these rivers and streams present a thousand varied charms.

The scenery along the Fraser is simply matchless. In many places the great river is forced between cliffs or vertical walls of black rock, and foams and roars like some imprisoned giant fighting to be free. The railway is cut into the cliffs, hundreds of feet above, and tunnels pierced out of the rock follow each other in rapid succession. Elsewhere along its banks the scene is more peaceful, and the industrious Indian natives of British Columbia may

be watched at their great staple of labour, salmon fishing. Thence, after reaching Yale the mountains moderate in size and grandeur, the low country is soon reached, and the Rockies and the Selkirks are things of the past, the peaks only dimly visible in the distance. Beautiful valleys, wonderful fruit farms, and evidences of settlement and industrial progress are seen until Vancouver is reached, 2900 miles from Montreal, and the journey across the continent is ended. A wonderful town is Vancouver. Six years since a little pioneer village, it is now a bustling growing seaport and city of 20,000 people. A few miles away, and connected with it by electric railway, is New Westminster, upon the lovely banks of the Fraser. In British Columbia there are two extremes. Though the greater part of the country consists of colossal mountain ranges where the climate is cold and only timber and minerals, such as the gold which made the colony so famous in the early fifties, can be found, yet near the coast the soil is exceptionally fertile and the fruit marvellous in its size and possibilities of development in both quantity and quality. The trees of fruit along the coast are indeed as large proportionately as the mountains further inland. Stanley Park, in Vancouver, contains many trees which can compare favourably with those for which the Yellowstone valley is so famous.

Perhaps one of the most unique references to this whole wonderful region was that made by Hon. Edward Blake, now M.P. for Longford, in a speech delivered at Vancouver on April 30, 1891. It was his first visit by the great Canadian route, and an apology was probably expected by the people for his long-continued opposition to the building of the Canadian Pacific, completed as it had been in the teeth of his strenuous resistance when leader of the opposition, and for his famous description of British Columbia as a "sea of mountains" through which no railway could be properly and profitably run. This was his apology :

"As I approached the country I was struck by the remarkable change from the rugged and upheaved territory of the plains of the North-West, to the smooth and level slope of the Rockies; as I ascended the slope and came upon the somewhat level and monotonous flats of British Columbia: as I travelled by the languid Bow, and descended again through the valley of the tranquil Kicking Horse; as I crossed the calm Columbia and travelled down the dead waters of the Beaver, and along the placid Illicilliwaet, and by the drowsy Skuzzy; as I passed along by the slow Thompson, and last of all by the banks between which the Fraser meanders its sluggish way (roars of laughter), I turned to the fertile resources of your shores and viewed the horizon where it spanned the meadows of the Selkirks, and the fertile level plains of the Gold Range, and on the broad plains of the Coast Range - and I reached here converted."

Leaving the jocular vein, however, Mr. Blake proceeded to claim that he had only opposed certain features of the route and methods of construction. Parliamentary records and political platforms alike

controvert this statement, but as the speaker said: "When the railroad is built and finished, I felt myself that it was useless to continue the controversy longer, in deference to the whole country which Canada has risked so much to retain." To-day the Dominion is almost a unit in pride of its great railway, and both parties join hands in the acknowledgment that without it we could hardly maintain our unity and our position as a British country upon this North American continent:

But this in passing. Eighty miles by steamer from Vancouver, and out of its magnificent harbour, into the Pacific, lies the quaint, pretty, and progressive city of Victoria. Situated upon Vancouver Island, it is the capital of the province, and thoroughly English in style, appearance, and in manners of its people. Near by are the dry-docks and incipient fortifications of Esquimaux, the station of Her Majesty's North Pacific fleet. Here also is reached the end of the trip, as far as British Canadian territory is concerned; though the scenery upon the return journey appears still fresh and vivid from the ever-varying phases of Nature's great panorama.

And an intelligent traveller will have much to think of after completing his trans-continental trip within the bounds of Canada. If he be a Canadian, recollections of the stormy political conflicts which preceded and accompanied the construction of the great railroad; appreciative memoirs of the tremendous difficulties which were encountered and overcome by the Company; a comprehension of the power conferred upon the Dominion, and the progress and prosperity made possible for all its people by the opening up of Manitoba, the Territories, and British Columbia; a sentiment of abounding pride in the great expanse of country, the growing unity of the province, and the steady development of all these great resources which together constitute the Dominion of Canada; these are the ideas which will naturally throng his mind and impress a feeling of national confidence and hopefulness upon his heart.

If he be a citizen of the British islands, it is probable that the first sensation will be one of astonishment. Surprise that Canada—the colony—is so vast, so prosperous and progressive, so full of rich resources, possessed of such enormous wheat-fields, such herds of cattle and sheep, such vast mineral possibilities, such resources in timber, fish, coal, iron, nickel, and a thousand other things, besides the possession of such wonderful mountains, lakes, rivers, and scenery in general, will be the predominant feeling. The next sensation will be one of pride that so great a country is part and parcel of the British Empire, and inhabited by a people who are loyal to the same Sovereign, living under the same flag, institutions and laws as himself, and preserving in continuity, unbroken by seas and distance, the same traditions, history, and sentiments as are possessed by those living at home, where lie, what Lord Rosebery

terms, the title-deeds of the British race. He will appreciate the patriotic exertions of the French Canadians, who aided in making this unity and progress possible, and he will understand why Canadians call their people a nation within the Empire, and why they do not like the word Colony.

If he be an average citizen of the United States, he will also feel unmingled astonishment. The feeling will be one of wonder that so great a country could lie for thousands of miles along the frontier of his own Republic and be so comparatively unknown and so much misrepresented—in climate, productions, government, people, and progress. Perhaps the second feeling will be one of fear regarding the future growth and competitive power of a country which must inevitably some day rival the United States in growth and strength. And probably the hostile remarks of President Cleveland in his Message of 1887, and of President Harrison in two more recent Messages, may arouse a fear as to the effect of Canadian Pacific Railway influence upon the future of American railways. The Report of the United States Senate Committee in 1890 would perhaps be called to mind, in which certain action was recommended with a view to checking Canadian railway competition in the United States, and the following statements made, amongst many others :

“ President Jackson and his predecessors in office were never called upon to consider a scheme of encroachment upon American commercial interests more injurious and audacious than the scheme by the Dominion of Canada of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the subsidising of a steamer line upon the Pacific Ocean in connection with such railway, rendering certain the injury or destruction of American steamer lines now employed there, and the diversion of our Asiatic commerce from American seaports to the ports of British Columbia.”

Waiving consideration of the fact that every free country possesses an inherent right to encourage its own commerce, and, stripping this and many similar charges of the buncombe which more or less surround them, it is seen that the charge of Canadian hostility is simply based upon the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway has proved successful. As already pointed out, the Government of Canada was originally responsible for only one fourth of its total cost, while, as Mr. Jos. Nimmo, a violent American antagonist of the Canadian Pacific Railway, admits in a little pamphlet dated November 25, 1887, “ the first trans-continental railroads completed in the United States were undertaken and carried to completion under Governmental patronage for political rather than commercial purposes.” Such an admission is important from the most active promoter of American sentiment against Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a pity that this propaganda should be taking place, because it is useless and hopeless against a road which voluntarily places itself under the railway Inter-State regulations of the

Republic, which provides a system of connections giving quicker and better passage for American commodities than the American lines themselves, which has made itself absolutely essential to New England, and a source of cheaper and more efficient transport to the American farmer for his different products.

As President Van Horne pointed out recently in a speech at Boston, the Canadian Pacific Railway is made to appear as an arm of the British Empire, sustained and kept alive by unlimited subsidies, for the purpose of destroying American commerce. Instead of this,

"The Canadian Pacific Railway is a commercial enterprise, the chief object of which is to earn dividends for its stockholders, a considerable proportion of whom are citizens of the United States, and, excepting a comparatively small mail subsidy from the Imperial Government in respect of the steamships on the Pacific, a mail subsidy which not alone covers the transportation of mails across the Pacific, but across the continent as well, it is in receipt of no subsidy of any description from any Government, and it is sustained entirely by its legitimate earnings, more than 90 per cent. of which are from its local traffic."

But, putting international questions on one side, the Canadian Pacific Railway is justly an object of pride to the Canadian people; its management is a source of prosperity to those financially interested, and the country which it traverses from Halifax to Vancouver is perhaps the richest in natural resources and scenery of any land upon the face of the globe. Reaching now, as it does, into the distant Orient by means of steamers to China and Japan; preparing for a similar line to Australia, and perhaps to India; with possibilities of cable communication between Vancouver and Brisbane, in Queensland, Australia; and strong probabilities of a swift Atlantic steamship service to Great Britain; it is almost impossible to over-estimate the future progress and prosperity of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and of the Dominion of Canada itself—partly through the enterprise of the railway, and partly through the qualities of its people, the inherent wealth of its soil, and its vast general resources.

J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

BURIAL CUSTOMS.

THE burial of the dead furnishes many instances of curious customs, some of which with modification survive to our own day, while a large number have become entirely obsolete or meaningless. In the Middle Ages especially it naturally followed that a great deal of superstition should be attached to death and burial, and superstition often originated a custom which survived long after any importance was attached to the origin.

The Egyptians made futile attempts to preserve the body by embalming; this practice originated, no doubt, in the opinion which it was said they held, that so long as a body remained uncorrupted, so long the soul continued in it. The Greeks usually, but not universally, burnt their dead, and interred their ashes in urns. The actual origin of cremation is lost in obscurity, most probably the primary idea was the purification of the body by fire. It is supposed the early practice of the Romans was to bury, but their later practice was to burn, and cremation was held by them in honour, the bodies of suicides and young children not being allowed to be burnt.

In ancient times burial was always without the walls of cities and towns; indeed, before the time of Christianity it was not lawful to bury the dead within the cities, but they used to be carried out into the fields, and there deposited. About the end of the sixth century, St. Augustine obtained of King Ethelbert a temple of idols (used by the king before his conversion) and made a burying-place of it; and St. Cuthbert afterwards obtained (A.D. 752) leave from the Pope to have yards made to the churches, suitable for the burial of the dead.

In the ordinary funerals of Christian Anglo-Saxons, the corpse was simply wrapped in linen, and carried to the grave by two persons, one holding the head and the other the feet; the priest then censed the body, and, whilst it was being deposited in the grave, offered up prayers and benedictions. At the obsequies of persons of distinction, hymns were sung by the attendant priests, who accompanied the body in procession. At this period the body of a deceased person was always watched by the relatives and friends from the moment of death to the time of burial; the "wake" of the present day being the survival of this custom.

It was a common practice, when a body was embalmed, to take out the heart and bowels, and inter them in a different church to that in which the body was buried; testators sometimes made a

request in their wills for this to be done. The custom appears to have prevailed from the twelfth to the eighteenth century. The heart of Richard the First was buried at Rouen, his bowels at Chaluz, and his body at Fontevand. In 1838 the king's heart was discovered under the pavement of the sanctuary in Rouen Cathedral, enclosed in a leaden case with the inscription—

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION,
Duc de Normandie, Roi d'Angleterre.

Coeval with the introduction of church bells has been the appropriation of one of them to the service of the dying: originally this bell was tolled when one was yielding up life in order that all who heard it might offer up prayer for the departing spirit, and after death another bell was rung called the "Soul Bell." The "Passing Bell," as it is now most inappropriately called, is not rung until some hours after death and corresponds more nearly to the original "Soul Bell." In some districts it is always rung exactly twenty-four hours after death, the tenor bell being used for an adult and the treble for a child; the big bell is generally reserved for funerals. In rural districts, after the "Passing Bell" has tolled, the sex of the deceased is indicated most generally by tolling twice for a woman and thrice for a man; to this is often added the age by giving one toll for each year.

In the Middle Ages it was customary at the funeral of any great person to have his horse led and armour borne before his corpse, the horse being afterwards claimed as a mortuary due to the church at which the burial took place; the armour was either reserved for the next of kin of the deceased, or else was hung up in the church. No doubt much of the armour suspended over tombs is mere "undertaker's trappings," although often considered genuine and of antiquity.

Over the tombs of Bishops the episcopal mitre and pastoral staff were sometimes suspended, as in the case of those in Winchester Cathedral hanging over the tomb of Bishop Morley who died in 1696, and of those in Bromsgrove Church, Worcestershire, suspended over the monument of Dr. Hall, Bishop of Bristol, who died in 1710.

The hearse, so often mentioned in wills and funeral directions, was not a carriage for the conveyance of the body like that in use at the present day, but was a four-square framework of timber, from each corner of which rose a rafter slanting, and all four rafters met at the top; this was covered with black cloth, and at the funerals of persons of distinction was set up for a time in the choir, for the reception of the body during the service; it was surrounded with rails, and fringed and ornamented according to the rank of the deceased. Until the Reformation, hearses were garnished with numerous lights as well as with pencils and escocheons, but with the change of faith the lights were discontinued. These hearses were

introduced about the fourteenth century, and they continued to be used until the civil wars of the seventeenth century.

In Shropshire there is a custom of "ringing the dead home"—viz., chiming, all the bells instead of ringing only one while the funeral is on its way to the church. When the procession nears the churchyard gate the chiming is stopped and a minute bell is tolled. The sexton's fees at Much Wenlock, as laid down in 1789, include—"a chime, if required before the funeral, 0 1 0." At Hatherleigh, a small town in Devonshire, it was the prevalent custom to ring a lively peal on the church bells after a funeral, as elsewhere after a wedding.

Even in the present day in some remote rural districts, and especially in Hampshire, the practice still prevails of leaving open the outer door of the house through which the corpse has been carried until the mourners return from church, and in some places the custom extends also to the windows; this arises from a superstition that if the doors or windows be shut there will certainly be another death in the house within a year. In some districts there is a belief that if when the moment of death approaches all the doors and windows of the house are opened, the spirit will leave the body more easily.

It was an ancient practice to put an hour-glass into the coffin before burial, as an emblem of the sand of life being run out. Some antiquarians are of opinion that little hour-glasses were anciently given at funerals, like rosemary, and by the friends of the deceased either put into the coffin or thrown into the grave.

The custom which still prevails of sewing up a corpse in flannel originated doubtless in the Act of Parliament, 18 & 19 Charles II., which was passed for the encouragement of the woollen trade, and required all bodies to be buried in woollen shrouds; two amending statutes were passed - 1678 and 1680—requiring at the funeral an affidavit to be delivered to the priest stating that the requirements of the law had been carried out; otherwise penalties were incurred. These Acts were repealed by 54 George III., although long before that time the penalties for non-compliance with the law had ceased to be enforced. During the operation of the Acts for burying in woollen, the law was sometimes evaded by covering the corpse with hay or flowers, notification of which is sometimes met with in the parish registers.

Burial in armour was not at all uncommon in the Middle Ages, and was considered a most honourable form of burial. Sir Walter Scott, in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, thus refers to it :

" Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron for a sable shroud
Sheathed in his iron panoply."

Clement Spelman of Narburgh, Recorder of Nottingham, who died in 1679, is immured upright, enclosed in a pillar in Narburgh church, so that the inscription is directly against his face: this must surely be a solitary instance of burial in a pillar, although there are many other instances of burial in an upright position. Thomas Cooke, who was a Governor of the Bank of England from 1737 to 1739, and who had formerly been a merchant residing in Constantinople, died at Stoke Newington, August 12, 1752, and by his directions his body was carried to Morden College, Blackheath, of which he was a trustee; it was taken out of the coffin and buried in a winding-sheet upright in the ground, according to the Eastern custom.¹ Ben Jonson was buried at Westminster in an upright position; possibly this may have been on account of the large fee demanded for a full-sized grave. It was for a long time supposed that the story was invented to account for the smallness of the grave-stone, but, on the grave being opened some years since, the dramatist's remains were discovered in the attitude indicated by tradition. The following quotation from Hearne's *Collection of Antiquarian Discourses*, vol. i. p. 212, shows that the upright position of burial was anciently adopted in the case of captains in the army:

"For them above the ground buried, I have by tradition heard, that when any notable captayne dyed in battle or campe, the souldyers used to take his bodye and to sette him on his feet uprighte, and put his launce or pike into his hand, and then his fellowe souldyers did travell and everye man bringe so much earthe and laye about him as should cover him, and mount up to cover the top of his pike."

At Messina there is a church attached to one of the monasteries—St. Jacomo—in which several monks are buried in a sitting posture, and may be seen through a grating in a vault below the church.

From the earliest ages to within about one hundred years ago it appears to have been customary to bury either with or without a coffin. The following is an extract from a terrier of lands, fees, &c., belonging to Caistor Vicarage, Lincolnshire, dated 1717: "For every grave in the churchyard and without coffin, four pence, if with coffin, one shilling." Amongst the vestry minutes of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, dated March 5, 1561: "Item, that none shall be buryd within the church, unless the dead corpse be coffined in wood." The late John Bernard Palmer, first Abbot of the Cistercians in England since the Reformation, was buried in the chapter-house at Loughborough without a coffin. In the days when burial without a coffin was general, the body was shrouded, tied at the head and feet, and carried to the grave in a closed bier, which was generally provided by the parish for this purpose.

¹ See Robinson's *History and Antiquities of Stoke Newington*.

A singular custom was wont to prevail at Gainsborough, of distributing penny loaves on the occasion of a funeral to whosoever might demand them. Prior to the Reformation it was a common practice for our ancestors to direct in their wills that doles of bread and other alms should be given to the poor at their funerals; by this they performed a double act—relieving the corporal wants of the poor, and securing their prayers for the repose of their own souls. In some parts of Yorkshire and elsewhere it is still customary to send to friends immediately after death a paper bag of biscuits, and a card with the name, &c., of the deceased: this would not appear to be connected with a dole to purchase prayers, and may possibly find an origin in, and be the last remains of, the ancient ceremonial of the pagan burial feasts. At Amersden, in Oxfordshire, it was the custom at the burial of every corpse for a cake and a flagon of ale to be given to the minister in the church porch immediately after the funeral.

The curious and repulsive practice of sin-eating is now obsolete. Aubrey, in *Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme* thus refers to it:

“In the county of Hereford was an old custome at funeralls to have poor people who were to take upon them the sinnes of the party deceased. The manner was that when the corps was brought out of the house and layd on the bier, a loafe of bread was brought out, and delivered to the sinne eater over the corps, so also a mazer-bowle of maple full of beer, w^{ch} he was to drinke up, and six pence in money, in consideration whereof he took upon him all the sinnes of the defunct, and freed him (or her) from walking after they were dead.”

The origin of this strange custom was most likely connected in some way with the ceremony of the scapegoat under the old law (Leviticus xvi. 21).

Tradition authorises the expectation that our Lord will appear in the east; therefore all the faithful dead are buried with their feet towards the east to meet him. Hence in Wales the east wind is called “The wind of the dead men’s feet.” The eastern portion of a churchyard is always looked on as the most honoured, next the south; then the west, and last of all the north, from the belief that in this order the dead will rise. A curious instance of this belief is furnished by an epitaph on a tombstone dated 1807, on the north side of Epworth churchyard, Lincolnshire, the last two lines of which run as follows:

“And that I might longer undisturbed abide
I chorsed to be laid on this northern side.”

Felons and notorious bad characters were frequently buried on the north side of the church.

In Suffolk most of the churches have both a north and south door, and, where old customs are observed, the body is brought in at

the south door, put down at the west end of the aisle, and carried out by the north door. In Lincolnshire the north is generally reserved entirely for funerals, the south and west doors being reserved for christenings and weddings.

The burning of lights and torches at funerals has always been a mark of honour to the dead, and to have a great number was a special mark of honour to the deceased. Testators frequently made provision in their wills for the burning of torches, both as to the number to be used and their price; these torches were generally provided by the churchwardens, and consequently they were an article of profit to the church. Churchwardens' accounts furnish numerous instances of the charge to the friends of the deceased according to the consumption of wax.

The following extract from the will of John Woodford, of Barsby, in the parish of Ashby Folville, Leicestershire, dated February 13, 1543, instances the custom of making minute testamentary arrangements for burial :

" And my bodie to be burryed within the parishe church of our Ladie in Ashbie-folwell Aforesaid as near to the grave or tombe of my cozin John Woodforde as maye be convenyentlie thought, or els in the crosse oyle before the pulpitt. Also I bequeath to our mother church of Lyncolne iiij^d. Also to the Highe Altar xij^d. Also I will that there be provided of waxe xij tapers of the price of ij^d a peece. Also I will that fyve poor men of the same parishe be chosen to beare fyve torches about my hearse Att my burryall, And they doing shall have for their labour ij^d a peece. Also I bequeath to the same church those fyve torches and they to be burned att principall feasts and other feasts as shall be convenyent. Also I will that every priest that cometh to my burriall to have iiij^d and their dynner, and if there be no dynner, then every priest for to have viij^d a peece. And the same priests of their charitie for to say dirge and masse Att my burriall or els Att home within their parish for my soule and for all my good frends soules and for all xven soules: also I will that they shall ring att my burriall and to have for their labour ij^d a peece."

The Arvel Dinner appears to be an ancient custom. This was properly a solemn festival on the day of interment, and when the corpse was exposed to view. The relations and friends were invited to attend, so that having inspected the body they might avouch that the death was a natural one, and thus exculpate the heir and all others entitled to the deceased's possessions from accusations of having used violence.

In Scotland the custom still prevails of taking down the window blinds at the death and hanging white sheets across the windows. The custom also prevails in the north of England, and in many families a special sheet reserved for the death chamber is kept for the purpose and often used from generation to generation.

In many parts of Scotland, too, it is still customary for the nearest relatives of the deceased to lower the body into the grave and wait by the side until the grave is filled up.

In country districts in Wales a custom still exists of setting up a chest in the middle of the chancel at the time of a funeral, and before leaving the church the mourners all file round and put their offerings in. This is really intended for the clergyman's fee; but if the people are poor he often returns part of it (to a widow, for instance).

There is at least one instance that it was customary for the parish to provide an umbrella for the use of the clergyman on public occasions, more especially at funerals. The parish accounts at St. John's, Chester, contain the following entries:

1729	Paid Mr. George Marsh for an				
	Umbrell for the parish use	00	10	6 ^o	
1786	Paid for an Umbrell for Mr.				
	Richardson to read the Burial				
	service under	1	6	0 ^o	

It was a general belief that if a corpse was carried over fields on the way to burial it established a public right of way for ever; hence it became customary when for convenience, or in some cases out of necessity, a corpse was taken across fields, or over any private ground, for the undertaker to stick a number of pins in each gate as the procession went through. The pins were accepted by the owner of the land as a payment for the privilege of the corpse being carried through, and acted as an acknowledgment that the right of way was granted only for the particular occasion.

There is an ancient custom amongst the Russians to give the deceased two written documents placed in his coffin, containing (1) The confession of his sins; (2) The absolution given by the priest.

One of the ancient customs connected with Swedish funerals was to place a small looking-glass in the coffin of an unmarried female, so that when the last trump sounds she might be able to arrange her tresses. It was the practice for Scandinavian maidens to wear their hair flowing loosely, while the matrons wore it bound about the head and generally covered with some form of cap. Hence the unmarried woman was imagined as awakening at the judgment-day with more untidy locks than her wedded sisters, and more in need of a glass.

It was customary, in carrying a corpse to burial, to rest the bier at any cross which might be in the way whilst prayer was offered up; and indeed it was very general to erect a cross at any spot where the bier of a celebrated person had been rested on its way to interment.

In the fifteenth century a most revolting custom originated of representing on tombs a skeleton—or, worse still, a corpse in a state of corruption. This was followed by the more becoming custom of representing the effigies of corpses enveloped in shrouds tied at the head and feet.

At Skipton it was an invariable practice to bury at midnight a

woman who had died at the birth of her first child. The coffin was carried under a white sheet, the corners of which were held by four women. A custom prevailed in Lancashire, when a mother died within a month of the birth of her child, of taking the baby to the funeral and holding it over the grave as though to look in.

Towards the end of the fourteenth century arose the practice of carrying a waxen effigy of the deceased either on or before the coffin in the funeral procession. The earliest instance of this practice is in the case of King Henry V., whose effigy formed the first of those figures which are still preserved in Westminster Abbey. This custom was only observed in the case of royalty and persons of high position; the expense of a waxen representation of the deceased would prevent poor people from following it. The wax effigy of Oliver Cromwell lay in state while the body itself was being embalmed, so that most probably the actual corpse was never exposed to public view. The practice appears to have been discontinued shortly after the Restoration.

A custom prevailed, and continued even down to recent years, of making funeral garlands on the death of young unmarried women of unblemished character. These garlands were made sometimes of metal and sometimes of natural flowers or evergreens, and commonly having a white glove in the centre on which was inscribed the name, or initials, and age of the deceased. This garland was laid on or carried before the coffin during its passage to the grave and afterwards frequently hung up in the church, generally being suspended from the roof. It was usual in the primitive church to place crowns of flowers on the heads of deceased virgins.

There was an order in the Church of England up to the year 1552, that if a child died within a month of baptism he should be buried in his chrisom in lieu of a shroud. The chrisom was a white baptismal robe with which, in mediæval times, a child when christened was enveloped. A sixteenth century brass in Chesham Bois church, in Buckinghamshire, represents Benedict Lee, chrisom child, in his chrisom cloth. The inscription underneath the figure stands thus :

Of Rogr. Lee, gentilmā, here lyeth the son, Benedict Lee, crysom who^s soule ihū pdō.

Formerly it was a general custom to erect crosses at the junction of four cross-roads, on a place *self-consecrated* according to the piety of the age; suicides and notorious bad characters were frequently buried near to these, not with the notion of indignity, but in a spirit of charity, that, being excluded from holy rites, they by being buried at cross-roads might be in places next in sanctity to ground actually consecrated.

The practice of placing a pewter plate containing a little salt on a corpse may possibly have originated in salt being considered an emblem of eternity. In Scotland, the custom has generally been

to place both salt and earth separate, and unmixed—the earth being an emblem of the corruptible body, and the salt an emblem of the immortal spirit. Salt has also been used to preserve a corpse. The body of Henry I., who died in Normandy, was cut and gashed, sprinkled with salt, wrapped in a bull's hide, and brought to Reading Abbey to be buried.

Testators frequently bequeathed palls by their wills for the general use of the parish; the following is an extract from the will of William Parkyns, of Brympton, Berkshire, who died in 1558: "Item, I will that mine executours buye one new pall, price 13s. 4d., the which I give unto the parish church at Brympton to be laide uppon any personne, or personnes, that shall die within the said parishe and be brought to the church."

In several rural districts in England, especially in the north, when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of box is placed at the door of the house where the corpse lies, and each person who attends the funeral takes a sprig of box as he enters the house, carries it in the funeral procession, and finally throws it into the grave of the deceased.

At Exford, near Minehead, it was formerly the custom for burials always to take place on a Sunday when possible, the burial service being dovetailed into the usual afternoon service. The corpse being brought into the church was placed in front of the reading desk, and remained there during the service; the funeral psalms were read instead of the psalms for the day, and the funeral lesson instead of the second lesson. The burial service was concluded after the sermon, and the entire congregation would generally remain to the end. The custom appears to have fallen into disuse about thirty years ago.

Funeral cake or biscuit appears to be general in all parts. At Whitby, a round, flat, and rather sweet sort of cake biscuit is baked expressly for use at funerals, and made to order by more than one baker in the town; it is white, slightly sprinkled with sugar, and of a fine even texture within. In Lincolnshire, sponge finger biscuits are used. In Cumberland, a custom prevailed of giving to each person who attended the funeral a small piece of rich cake, carefully wrapped up in white paper and sealed. This used to be carried round immediately before the "lifting of the corpse." Each visitor selected one of the sealed packets and carried it unopened home.

Funeral bidders are most probably derived from the Romans, who used to send a public crier about inviting people to the solemnisation of a funeral. In the northern counties, each village had its regular "bidder," who when "bidding" to the funeral generally knocked on the door with a key. In towns the crier frequently did the "bidding," having first called the attention of the people by his bell.

ENGLAND HOWLETT, F.S.A.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF AMERICAN POPULAR GOVERNMENT.¹

"GOVERNMENT of the People, by the People, and for the People," that, surely, is a concise, but, at the same time, an accurate definition—as definitions go—of "Popular Government." If the terms are not really equivalent, there must be some limitation—unexpressed—attaching to one or the other of them. It certainly lies open to the charge of *obscurum per obscurius*, of being a definition which does not define—that is, if the terms are not interchangeable: "Government of the People" must necessarily, on the face of it, be "popular." But, for a fuller and more complete definition, there is required a preliminary explanation of the terms, "people" and "popular." It will then be possible to decide whether the one really corresponds to the other.

What does an American, that is, an inhabitant of the United States, understand by the expression, "The People"? To the Greek, to the Roman, to the citizens of the mediæval republics, to aristocrat, middle class, to Democrat, Socialist, Anarchist, it has, or had, a distinct and definite signification in each individual instance. To an American it conveys the idea of the united votes of every male citizen over twenty-one years of age; that is, of the majority, large or small, in any particular election. It is a matter of so many *votes*, rather than of so many *persons*. Briefly, "Government of the People, by the People, and for the People," amounts, *theoretically*, government by the majority of ballots. Popular government, therefore, is that which—again theoretically—fulfils the will of the majority, as expressed by their votes.

In so far as such a definition accords with those of the two principal authorities on the subject of American Popular Government, it will presumably be accepted without further question for what it is worth. In so far as it may happen to differ from the opinions of those two authorities, it will be received or rejected according to the evidence or the arguments that may be produced in support of it. As regards de Tocqueville, it may be said, first, that his *Democracy in America* was written many years ago, and that, of all types of political institutions, Democracy is the least persistent; secondly, that it was written by an aristocrat—not using the term in any

¹ *Democracy in America*. By Alexis de Tocqueville. *The American Commonwealth*. By James Bryce.

invidious sense—who, however much inclined academically, so to speak, to admire Popular Government at a distance, was too familiar with it at home to be entirely unprejudiced or impartial; thirdly, that he wrote as a *Frenchman*, to whom the genius of the English—Anglo-American—race, however carefully studied, was after all foreign, and more or less uncongenial.

Of *The American Commonwealth* it is difficult to say anything that might seem like a criticism. 'Only in so far as any statements in the present article may differ from the conclusions contained in that work, it may be urged on behalf of the former that the Professor's residence in the United States was, at best, but a short one; and that no critical or historical ability, however great, can entirely replace the experience of long years of familiar intercourse and of daily observation. As a matter of fact, neither an Englishman nor an American—in either case, for obvious reasons—is altogether qualified to pronounce finally on the subject of American Popular Government. An American who had lived many years in England, or, preferably, an Englishman who had lived many years in the United States, would probably fulfil the task with the minimum of personal predilection.

The definition, such as it is, may therefore be allowed to stand for the present. It does not differ widely, if at all, from the conclusions of the two authorities, from those of the more modern one especially. At the most, it assigns to the tyranny of the majority its real limits and its true nature, at the same time, possibly, entering some kind of a plea in its favour, or rather some additional reasons for submitting to it. It may, moreover, appear that facts can be claimed to support it. The *theory* of "Government of the People, by the People, and for the People," is "government by ballots, and for the party possessing at any given period a majority of ballots." It is, fortunately or unfortunately as it may chance to be regarded, not only the theory but the practice also. That is to say, American Popular Government is government by so many votes on one side or the other.

Herein, it may be said, American Popular Government does not *primâ facie* differ materially from any other free Constitution, since theoretically and practically—within certain limits and under varying conditions—all such conditions rest ultimately upon the will of the majority as expressed by their votes. The majority may in any particular instance be either large or small, homogeneous or, as we in England have lately seen, utterly heterogeneous; but the final decision rests, of necessity, upon the votes of the people.

The limits are, as might be expected, dependent upon the local conditions, or the conditions subject in some measure to the limits. In the United States those limits are clearly defined by the written Constitution, but the local conditions, nationality, traditions, divergent

party interests, tend to influence the written Constitution itself, adversely or favourably, as it may happen. But there is always the fact of a definite and, as it were, tangible limit, superior under normal circumstances to all ordinary conditions, a barrier not easily removed, weakened, or surmounted, even by "the will of the people." That is to say, that the Sovereign People has chosen to submit to certain self-imposed restrictions—restrictions which, by all the laws of political probabilities, tend to grow more firmly established, since every year that passes adds to their traditional prestige.

It may, however, be taken as a general rule that the theory of any one Popular Government cannot, from the nature of the case, differ essentially from that of any other, since Popular Government implies presumably "government by the People"; and under modern conditions the People can only make their decisions known, whether spontaneous or inspired, by means of the ballot-box. Short of unanimity—unknown to free nations—the choice must remain with those who can claim the greatest number of votes. It is when theory becomes practice that the divergences appear: Popular Government is the result of the will of the people. That is to say, "As is the people, so is the government."

Is that a mere truism? Possibly; but it will bear closer examination than might seem probable at first sight. The nature, limits, and efficiency—or otherwise—of Popular Government must, surely, depend upon the constituent elements, nature, limitations, capacity—mental and political—of the people by whom it is carried on. In other words, if the people be sovereign, the result of that sovereignty—as of all others—must be determined by the fitness of the ruler for his office. If the power rests *with the majority of the votes cast*, to whom do those votes belong? Who constitute the majority, that is, in effect, the people? The answer to these questions, or rather, this one question, in any one instance, will decide what is meant, *in that instance*, by Popular Government. According to the different answer in each case, in so far will one example of Popular Government differ from all others. The quality of any one such government is the sum of the qualities, national, mental, moral and political, of the individual voters who constitute the majority for the time being.

To whom do the votes belong in the United States? Of what constituent elements is any possible majority composed? Of these constituent elements, which one is most likely—from numbers, organisation, or other cause—to preponderate, either permanently or under any particular conditions?

To the first question the answer is simple enough. All native and foreign-born citizens, over twenty-one years of age, without regard to race, colour or previous condition of servitude—in the words of the fifteenth Constitutional amendment—enjoy the right of

suffrage. If, as the Constitution declares, all men are born free and equal, then the possession—"enjoyment"—of the franchise by any one citizen involves, as a logical necessity, the right of suffrage as the heritage of all men. Further, if there can be no taxation without representation, it is evident that manhood suffrage becomes a right by this claim also. That so many millions of American women should be taxed without direct representation does not, apparently, affect the validity of this latter argument. As to the former, all men must evidently be taken in the sense masculine only; though equally with the slaves *who voted to make themselves voters*, women might claim the right bestowed on those human cattle, either as a compensation for, or in consequence of, their previous condition of servitude. For the present, however, the People must be understood to signify all *male* citizens over twenty-one—that is to say, approximately, one person in every five.

Government of the People, therefore, according to this rule, means the government of some ten or twelve millions of men who enjoy the right of suffrage, simply because it is the right of every man who has lived a certain number of years in the United States. If he had the privilege—or was it a misfortune?—to become a citizen by the accident of birth, he must wait twenty-one years before attaining his right; the citizen by choice, whose former residence was an Irish cabin or a Neapolitan slum, need only wait five years, nominally. Often less than half that time, particularly the party boss, his fellow-countryman, understands practical politics. By the same rule of time qualification, Government by the People is, in effect, the result of a few thousand votes one way or the other. Government for the people amounts to government for those in power and for those who put them there. This, it may be said, is true of all Popular Government; but given the provisions and professions of the Constitutions, the ultimate result is, at least, worthy of attention. That is to say, that the tyranny of the majority is a sufficiently serious matter; but the tyranny of a comparatively few variable, not to say venal, votes, is an unmitigated evil.

That approximately one-fifth of the population should constitute the people, and should monopolise a right belonging to all men who are born free and equal by means of an arbitrary time qualification, may seem inconsistent, to say the least of it, if not actually unjust. But on the principle of *beati possidentes*, those who enjoy the right also possess the power of imposing whatever conditions they please. What the Sovereign People, by the grace of circumstances, decree, *must be* popular. Is not that sound democratic logic? That government by a chance, or manipulated, majority of a part of the people should not only claim to be popular in the true sense, but should, practically, be recognised as such, tacitly, if not avowedly, would seem to be an unavoidable consequence of American

democratic institutions. Whether unavoidable in fact, or, possibly, only an accident, such is the actual position of political affairs. But, surely, if the right of suffrage be the mark of sovereignty, and that sovereignty be the prerogative of the people, then those who possess the right also possess the sovereignty, and those to whom the prerogative belongs must be the people. If the logic is faulty, the conclusion remains true; since the voters are, in the United States, to all intents and purposes the people. That is to say, that their will, as expressed by their votes, constitutes what is understood as Popular Government.

That the distinction is arbitrary, or seems to be so, does not affect the main issue. That the privilege of the franchise may be justly given or withheld by the sovereign power is evident; that the right of suffrage should be made subject to limitations is not so obvious; in fact, it would be almost impossible to assign any valid reason for it except the reason of an autocrat—namely, that *it is the will of the people*. Does not all law rest ultimately on some such basis? Is not the will of the sovereign power, king, oligarchy, people, the source of all law? If the voters, who, for all political purposes, constitute the American people, make suffrage the condition of citizenship, have they not a right to do so? Are they not *de facto*, if not *de jure*, the Sovereign People? If so, expression of their will must be Popular Government. Further, since by votes alone can the people declare their will, then the majority of votes, however small, no matter by whom they may be cast, or how obtained, must of necessity—short of constant civil war—be accepted as the real expression of the popular will.

This is, at all events, the theory and practice of American Popular Government, as regards this particular point. The solution may be an erroneous one, but it is the American solution of the enigma of tyranny. Tyranny—that is, absolute power—is, apparently, inseparable from all forms of human government. It may reside in one, or a few, or in many; may assume many different aspects, and be subject to various incidental limitations. That the Americans have chosen the most illogical, the most crushing, the most hopeless of all possible forms of tyranny, is perfectly possible. But logic is not the dominant idea of political institutions—except on paper. A tyranny deliberately chosen, in which each man is nominally a participant, as well as really a sufferer, loses much of its bitterness for that very reason; and, lastly, the fact that it is hopeless, and, as it were, inevitable, makes resignation not only possible but absolutely necessary. To which it may be added that it is, at least, strong, enduring, impartial and *impersonal*; revolt against a dynasty, an aristocracy, a class, is always a possibility, and therefore a source of weakness, change, and discontent; revolt against *so many impersonal votes* is inconceivable.

Since, then, the voters of the United States constitute what is known as "the People" for all purposes of government, of what different elements does this people consist? Firstly, doubtless, of masses and of classes. That division, however clear and simple—to many, however ominous of danger—does not exhaust the category. That the spending masses being most numerous should outvote the taxpaying classes, should constitute, under most conditions, the dominant majority, the Sovereign People whose will is Popular Government, is not, by any means, the final conclusion of the matter. Whether such a state of matters be desirable, or very much the reverse, is a matter of personal predilection, or of the noble art of vote-catching; it still remains to be determined what elements go to make up the people at any given period? Briefly, whose will is supreme as expressed by their votes?

That there are classes in democratic America is an uncontrovertible, not to say a self-evident, fact, human nature being what it is. That there are many classes is also not to be denied; moreover, the interests are as many and as diverse, as the classes are numerous. If it were possible to present a clear issue between classes and masses, rather than a multiform divergence between class and class, between mass and mass, the matter would be considerably simplified. But, in the United States, the issues are inextricably interwoven. As a general distinction, not to be pushed too far, the manufacturing class and the operative mass are on one side, having many interests in common; the learned professions, the farmers, and the tradespeople on the other.

This last definition—imperfect, at the very best, as all such definitions must be—approaches more nearly to an answer to the question, "What elements constitute the people?" Were it possible to reply—leaving out the classes for the present—the townspeople on the one side, the country people on the other, the matter would be simple enough still. But only *some* town-dwellers form one mass, not *all* country-dwellers are included in the other. Further, the town mass is composed of many elements, as is also the country mass. Therefore, eliminating the distinction between town and country, of what do the masses, the majority, the People, consist?

America, the "dumping-ground" of nations, does not that one phrase contain the answer? Not the mart of nations as was Alexandria of old; not the home of the free of her own proud boast, once a true one; but the dumping-ground of nations, the convenient corner on which Europe—to use the simile applied by Swift to the Pope and the Protestant Church—dumps all her refuse, paupers, criminals, anarchists, surplus population. It is, doubtless, a very easy and simple way of getting rid of weeds.

"Her friendly latch-string never was drawn in
Against the meanest child of Adam's kin."

And the meanest child of Adam's kin, with all his relations and friends, has not been slow to take advantage of the opportunity. The question is not so much of what does the American people consist? but rather, of what elements, desirable and most undesirable, does it not consist?

Herein lies the difference between American Popular Government and all other free Constitutions. Most peoples are homogeneous, or, at least, composed of a few distinct-elements, with race, traditions, language, history, as a common heritage—one or more of these, religion possibly excepted. American Popular Government rests on the will of a people, of all possible peoples the most heterogeneous that can be conceived. It is a vast, inchoate, partially assimilated, conglomeration of races, languages, traditions, interests, in which the originally dominant, and still *nominal* race, the Anglo-Teutonic, is in manifest danger of being absorbed, instead of actively assimilating all others to itself. It is the seething confusion of Briton, Saxon, Dane, and Norman over again in the nineteenth century, and on a stupendous scale. Possibly, after long centuries of chaos, the true American people may be evolved.

Yet, in this confusion, there are some distinctions more or less clearly marked. Firstly, *as a rule*, the most desirable emigrants, skilled mechanics excepted, do not remain in the cities, but take up farms in the West and North-West. These are, however—again with the same exception—a comparatively small percentage of the whole number. Secondly, the operatives (mechanics) are generally on the side of the manufacturing class in political matters, for the reason that a high tariff does mean high wages for certain favoured trades. So that the line of cleavage is practically between manufacturers—including “coal barons” and “railroad kings”—mechanics and slum-dwellers on the one side, and professional men, tradespeople and farmers, on the other. This intermingling of class and mass on either side is complete; the mutual political interests—chiefly concerning the tariff—strong and clearly recognised.

Yet, strange as it may appear at first sight, it is literally true that in this “warp and woof” of “class” and “mass” interest lies the safety and the hope of American Popular Government. Were any one “class,” or any particular “mass,” on one side or the other, to become overpoweringly predominant, there would be imminent danger of civil disturbance. Under present conditions, “plutocracy,” though undeniably a menace to the welfare of the Republic, cannot gain complete control of the political machinery which is apparently an unavoidable concomitant, or consequence, of democratic institutions, for the reason that the professional and shopkeeping “classes” in the cities, and the farming “masses” in the country, oppose them on all main issues with a consistency superior to all nominal “party interests.”

To the question, "Which of these elements is likely—from numbers, organisation, or any other cause—to preponderate, either permanently or under any particular condition?" the answer is more difficult. Assuming as accurate, or sufficiently so for the present purpose, the broad distinction already laid down, there must be introduced into the calculation a factor hitherto omitted, namely, the "class" of professional politicians. The "class" partakes of the nature of both "class" and "mass," or rather, is intermediate, as it were, between the two denominations. That is to say, the politicians are a distinct and clearly defined "class," more clearly defined, probably, than any other; but they are recruited from both "classes" and "masses." Moreover, the politicians belong to both "parties," or to neither, there being "no politics in politics." In this fact also consists, notwithstanding many drawbacks, one of the safeguards of American Popular Government.

Unfortunately, the professional politician is the veritable "free-lance" of political warfare, apparently, if not actually, the "consequent" of the conditions arising out of the circumstances. The party, therefore, that can raise the "biggest campaign fund" can count on the services—only too efficient and professedly indispensable—of the trained and skilful organiser of "campaign tactics." As a rule, the millionaire manufacturer or "railroad king" does not take an active part in the sordid strife of "practical politics"; he subscribes liberally to the party fund, and the politicians "do the rest." A party composed of millionaires, mechanics, and slum-dwellers would be impossible, without this "adhesive element" or connecting link; so that were all the politicians on the side of the millionaires, "popular" government would speedily degenerate into "class rule."

As a matter of fact, the millionaire-mechanic-politician-slum-dweller combination has hitherto tended to preponderate, as is manifest from the tariff legislation of the last thirty years. It is a very simple matter. "Protection of American industries" enriches the manufacturers, benefits (or seems to) certain sections of labourers, and pays the politicians who confer the favour. The slum-dwellers, democratic in some large cities, and, as a rule, in local politics, are amenable to substantial reasons. To this rule, as to all others, there are of course exceptions, but it holds good in the main. One thing is absolutely certain: whichever party becomes, in virtue of a majority of votes, "no matter by whom cast, no matter how obtained," "the sovereign people" for the time being, the professional politician remains "mayor of the palace."

That "professional politicians" are, if not an evil, at least a fact to be regretted by all true lovers of their country, cannot be denied; inasmuch as their existence is a departure from the "ideal" of popular government. That they are a "necessary consequent" or

"invariable accident" of democratic institutions, is almost equally certain. That the control of all the "machinery of practical politics"—"machinery" without which the ordinary routine of political affairs could not be carried on—amounts to "class rule" of the most arbitrary, unjust, and undesirable nature, there can be no doubt at all. But there can, at the same time, be no question as to the real necessity of such a "class," under the present conditions of "Popular Government" in the United States. The "right of suffrage" being enjoyed by some ten or twelve millions of men, a large percentage of them being immigrants partially or wholly ignorant of the language, institutions, and laws of their adopted country, some kind of "political machinery"—elaborate, adequate, and efficient for the purpose—becomes obviously necessary. A considerable section of the "classes" being, for various reasons, averse to "politics," the organisation falls, as it were, of necessity, into the hands of the only men willing to devote to it that exclusive attention which it requires. They may be fit or unfit—judged by the high standard of true political morality—but they are undeniably able, and they supply a real demand.

This, then, seems to be, under present conditions, the *ultima ratio* of American Popular Government. The people is a term equivalent to the majority of votes for the time being; that majority, from the nature of the case, since the masses greatly outnumber the classes, must, in only too many instances, consist of those least fitted to exercise the right of suffrage. They hold, at any time, and under all circumstances, the balance of power, their interest, in any given election, being confined to the strongest of all possible motives—self-interest. Moreover, being exploited by the professional politicians, whose long and varied experience has taught them the full value and utmost possibilities of such material, they are better organised than any other of the many elements that constitute the sovereign people. That the professional politician, with unlimited money, perfect machinery, long training, and a sufficient supply of venal votes, should be master of the situation—"boss the whole show"—is only the natural effect of the adequate cause.

Therefore, if the people be really equivalent to the majority of votes, and that majority, to all practical purposes, be in the hands and at the absolute disposal of the professional politicians—that is, of a comparatively small and distinctly defined class—how can the will of the people—so understood and qualified—be, in any true sense, Popular Government? If, further, the quality of such a government is the sum of the individual voters who constitute the majority, what must be the quality—political, moral, legislative—of a majority consisting practically of ignorant immigrants and utterly unscrupulous professional politicians? That the effects of such a

state of affairs are not more disastrous than they are, is due—if the seeming paradox be permissible—to the fact that both political parties are equally to blame for it.

In other words, the professional politician does not belong exclusively to either the Democratic or to the Republican party, but is to be found in both of them. It is, apparently, an inevitable result of party government under Democratic institutions, that the tactics of one party, however unworthy, and even reprehensible, become *necessary* to the other, in self-defence. This fact constitutes, together with universal suffrage, the chief power of the professional politician, the party which should venture to dispense with his services would practically cease to exist. Such a self-denying ordinance requires a courage beyond the reach of a popular party. So long as one party employs the professional politician, and all his works, the other *must* do the same.

All this, surely, is worthy of study, particularly by those who like to Americanise the British Constitution. The *written* Constitution of the United States possesses, doubtless, strong attractions for minds inclined to true Conservatism. A Constitution difficult to change, supreme above Parliaments, Ministers, the will of the People, above Royalty itself—that, so it would seem, were the ideal of political perfection. These qualities probably appeared to de Tocqueville to be the special advantages of the American Constitution, who, aristocrat, royalist, conservative, had witnessed the fitful phantasmagoria of French Constitution-making.

On the other hand, the rule of the Sovereign People—notwithstanding certain defects, more or less serious, and easily obviated by British superiority;—the (nominal) abolition of all class rule and class privileges; the placing of all political power in the hands of the masses, on whom Heaven itself has manifestly bestowed the true right divine—to govern wrong; each one of these is a most desirable object in the eyes of critical and historical Liberals.

If only the written Constitution could ensure political perfection in those who live under it, then all true Conservatives might well envy all the safeguards provided by the wisdom of its framers against sudden changes and against popular impatience. Even so, were the Sovereign People *as a whole* really *sovereign*; were the tyranny of the majority—since a tyranny it is, whatever may be said in extenuation of it—the tyranny of a genuine *majority* lawfully obtained; were Popular Government, in very deed, the expression of the will of the People, and, lastly, were class rule and class privileges abolished not only nominally but in fact, then, surely, the most advanced Liberal would be content to tolerate the modicum of Conservative heresy imposed by a written Constitution on the American model, for the sake of the many incidental advantages. If only the masses in the United States could be proved by their political conduct to

be fit for sovereign power, then would the right divine—to say nothing of the superior wisdom—of the masses in England be established, once for all, beyond possibility of controversy.

But, if it be true, as here contended, that the Sovereign People in the United States means nothing more than a chance—or rather, a manipulated—majority of votes, of which a large percentage is so much political merchandise, that Popular Government in the domain of ordinary legislation, *outside the province of the written Constitution and unaffected by its provisions*, is the will of this factitious majority and not of the People in any true sense; then, evidently, the most perfect written Constitution that even British ingenuity might devise could not ensure political perfection. Further, if it can be proved, and the evidence of American political facts would seem to point that way, that class rule and class privileges—the rule of the politicians and the privileges of their paymasters, both being worse than the rule or the privileges of any European autocracy, aristocracy, or *bourgeoisie*—are not only not abolished but actually fostered by American Popular Government, then, certainly, the most sanguine and enthusiastic Liberal may well be doubtful of the success of the suggested experiment.

That Government of the People, by the People, and for the People should come to mean Government of the Politicians, by the Politicians, and for the Politicians—and for their privileged employers—is doubtless disappointing to those who believe in triumphant Democracy as the system of government which is to put an end to all political evils, but it is, to all intents and purposes, a fact in the United States. The masses form the majority; it is only what might be expected that the majority should rule by means of those who are able to fix things most efficiently. The Sovereign People like other sovereigns whom the world has known, is, naturally, inclined to delegate its supreme authority to unworthy favourites. Whether all these evils be inseparable from Democratic institutions or only accidents due to local causes, cannot here be decided; it cannot be denied that they are decidedly conspicuous in the American model.

The Conservatism which attracted de Tocqueville certainly exists in the written Constitution; but, as already said, the details of ordinary, current legislation are not in any way affected by the provisions of that remarkable document. These details form, after all, the real sphere of Popular Government, since they affect the daily life and immediate interests of the Sovereign People. Therefore, since that sphere is entirely outside the limits of the Constitution, Popular Government may be democratic in the extreme, while the national charter remains professedly Conservative. Even so, "the tyranny of the majority," on which Professor Bryce insisted so strongly, is not only an inevitable consequence

of "the will of the People," but is the tyranny, not of "the People," but of a "class," all the more dangerous as being, to all appearance, a political necessity.

That the American Constitution is admirable, *on paper*, will, probably, be generally admitted; that the safeguards *against* the actual Popular Government, *against* "the will of the People," in matters of national and Constitutional politics, are well worthy of study, will not presumably be called in question. The *theory*, in these matters, is as nearly perfect as a political theory can be; but the practice, in *popular* Government, in ordinary legislation, as is apt to be the case in human affairs, falls considerably short of perfection; and there does not appear to be any valid ground for supposing that the theory will, ultimately, reform the practice. In other words, those who desire "Government of the People, by the People, and for the People," according to the American *theory*, must be very careful to guard against Popular Government according to the American *practice*.

F. W. GREY.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

IN this pamphlet¹ Dr. Appert pleads strongly and with good reason against the prevailing tendency among bacteriologists to attribute the whole group of infectious diseases solely to specific organisms, and to ignore those other factors in the production of disease which have been long recognised in traditional medicine. There is no doubt a seductive simplicity about the view that to each microbe there corresponds a special form of disease, and that the human organism is a sort of passive *bouillon de culture*, into which it is sufficient for a pathogenic germ to enter in order to set up the corresponding malady. But, as Dr. Appert rightly insists, the organism counts for something in these matters, and the etiology of disease will never be completely unravelled until its *rôle* has been recognised and investigated. In setting forth the grounds for this conviction he shows himself a skilful exponent, and one well versed in the researches and literature which bear upon the subject. Evidence is quoted to show that in various parts of the body large numbers of bacteria are normally present, but that even the pathogenic kinds are innocuous so long as the tissues and secretions in contact with them are in the normal condition. The pathogenic microbes of the mouth and pharynx, the stomach and intestine, are cited among many others in support of this, their harmlessness being attributed to the bactericidal action of the saliva and gastric juice; and their virulence, when it occurs, to the new conditions brought about by an alteration in these secretions. Various forms of angina are also referred to, as showing that they are not due altogether to the presence of specific microbes, since these are equally present in the mouth of healthy subjects; while, on the other hand, the same microbe is said to be able to provoke various diseases according to the strength of the resistance possessed by the individual attacked. The affection known as diphtheritic angina is an interesting one from the author's standpoint. It is known to be the result of direct contagion and the work of the *Bacillus* of Klebs and Löffler. But the author contends that the *Bacillus* does not necessarily set up

¹ *Du Rôle de l'Organisme dans la Pathogénie de quelques Maladies Infectieuses.* Par Le Dr. René Appert. Paris : A. Steinheil, Editeur. 1893.

diphtheria in man, as in some cases it remains inoffensive, having lost its virulence, and may live a long time in the mouth without damage or detriment. It is admitted that the non-virulent form is not universally regarded as identical with the *Bacillus* of diphtheria, but the experiments of Messrs. Roux and Yersin go to show that there is no essential difference between them, and that by appropriate methods of culture the virulent microbe may be converted into the non-virulent form. Similarly, infantile cholera has recently been said to be due to *Bacterium coli*, but the experiments of Macaigne and Lésage are quoted to show that in the normal condition of the body this microbe is not virulent, and only becomes so when diarrhœa is set up. Hence the explanation of the cholera must be sought in the virulence and not in the mere presence of the germ, and this the author shows is brought about by some functional derangement of the intestine which may be produced in various ways. He concludes, then, that there is no reason to admit an external parasitic origin in the development of infantile cholera, and that in the great majority of cases enteritis in children is at its origin a simple disturbance of function. Similarly, as regards typhoid fever, a state of predisposition on the part of those affected is put forward as an important factor in the process, and it is shown that under certain conditions the body is specially liable to invasion by the *Bacillus* of Eberth, to which typhoid is attributed by bacteriologists. But instances are given from reliable sources in which infection would seem to have been impossible, and where the organism initiated the disease for itself. In other words, if we understand the author aright, the body under certain conditions becomes so changed, that germs hitherto inoffensive become virulently pathogenic and then typhoid supervenes.

The same views, *mutatis mutandis*, are shown to be applicable to affections of the respiratory, urinary, and other passages of the body, and to tuberculosis no less than the rest. In all cases it is held, both with knowledge and reason, that something more is needed for the initiation of disease than "a man and a bacillus." As regards tuberculosis, it is held, on evidence adduced, that tubercle bacillus is widespread and must often find its way into the system, where, the conditions being unfavourable to its development, it remains innocuous. Even when it enters by contagion or by heredity, the author contends it does not necessarily multiply and give rise to tubercle, for the body may not supply that combination of physical and chemical conditions on which its virulence depends.

From what has been said, the nature and importance of this little work will be obvious, and there can scarcely be a doubt that its issue is opportune. To professional men it will serve a useful purpose by reminding them that in dealing with the results of bacteriological research, scientific caution is specially necessary, and that even in

these days there is still room for the methods and principles of traditional medicine. On the other hand, the practical hygienist may learn from it that the exclusion or destruction of pathogenic microbes is not the only matter that demands attention, but that something may also be accomplished by a stricter attention to the external and internal condition of the body.

Students of Bacteriology in its practical rather than its theoretical aspects will find the translation of Dr. Migula's *Bacteriologisches Practicum*¹ a useful guide to some of the most approved and fundamental operations practised in its pursuit. It is not exhaustive of the subject, and English workers will probably discover that it is not all that could be desired. But it is a handy, compact, plainly written manual, and if honestly dealt with, will set the beginner well on his way, and show him the nature of the processes that are absolutely essential to successful bacteriological work. The introduction gives a description of the apparatus and other articles necessary for the equipment of the laboratory, and this is supplemented by the addition of the names of manufacturers and others from whom they may be obtained. The methods of obtaining suitable material for the examination of living bacteria, and an account of their form and structure, are given in the first chapter, and then the student is led on successively to the preparation of nutrient media, the various methods of cultivation, staining, and the mounting of permanent preparations. The practical bacteriologist will find some things omitted from the treatment of these matters that he will think ought to have been included, but on the whole the selection that has been made from the abundant material at command is not a bad one, and seems sufficient for the purpose the author has had in view. The later chapters are occupied with what may be termed the application of the manipulative methods explained in the earlier ones, and deal with the bacteriological examination of water and the microbes to which certain forms of disease are attributed. The latter are considered from what may be termed the orthodox standpoint, that the presence of the microbe is *per se* a sufficient explanation of the origin of the disease, but having referred to some objections to this view in the preceding paragraphs, it need not be dwelt upon here. Apart from this, the accounts of these special forms, the descriptions of their morphology, and their behaviour in cultivations, are set forth in a very able manner, and ought to prove particularly serviceable to those who have not had the opportunity of going through a systematic course of bacteriology. The style is for the most part clear and simple, and devoid of the blemishes often found in translations;

¹ *An Introduction to Practical Bacteriology for Physicians, Chemists, and Students*. By Dr. W. Migula. Translated by M. Campbell and edited by H. J. Campbell, M.D., M.R.C.P. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893

a matter on which the translator as well as the student may be congratulated.

In this volume,¹ which is a valuable contribution to botanical geography, the author gives us a very complete account of the vegetation of the islands of the Pacific which are under the sovereignty of the French, among the chief of which are the Society Islands and the Marquesas Islands. As a preliminary he sketches the physical characteristics of the islands, their climatic conditions, and other factors which affect the nature and distribution of the flora. From what is said it appears that the climatical conditions ought to produce a luxuriant vegetation, but this can hardly be said to be the case. At all events, in the Society Islands the flora was found to be more brilliant than varied, and to be remarkable for the number of individuals rather than for that of species. Moreover, it is poor in special forms, and while annuals are somewhat scarce, perennials form the chief bulk of the whole. Several interesting adaptations to the environment are pointed out by the author, showing that he has not confined himself to a mere cataloguing of the species met with. Thus it is noted that the land of many of the islands being rocky and precipitous, little water is absorbed by the soil, while the narrowness and depth of the valleys cause the atmosphere to be charged with moisture to more than the usual extent. Hence the roots of plants absorb but little, but, as a compensation, transpiration is greatly diminished, the leaves being generally of a leathery consistence. The climatical conditions, as the author points out, go some way to explain the predominance of certain families, such as Ferns, *Leguminosæ*, Orchids, *Rubiaceæ*, Grasses, Sedges, *Euphorbiaceæ* and *Urticaceæ*. The greatest number of special forms belong to the natural orders *Gesneraceæ*, *Campanulaceæ*, *Rutaceæ*, *Orchidææ*, *Araliaceæ*, *Compositæ*, and *Rubiaceæ*, and the flora as a whole has some analogies with that of the Sunda Islands. All the species of *Gesneraceæ* are special to French Polynesia and belong to the genus *Cyrtandra*, while the *Campanulaceæ* are restricted to the tribe of which *Lobelia* is the type, and the representatives of the *Orchidææ* and *Araliaceæ* have affinities with the Malayan or Oceanic forms. Summarising, the author finds that the plants of the islands dealt with may be distributed in three principal groups—viz., (1) those species which are special to it; (2) those which are common to it and to Oceania, excluding the Malayan region; and (3) the species common to it and the Indo-Malayan region. These, however, are not of equal importance, as the first forms less than a third of the whole, the second scarcely exceeds a fifth, while the third, which includes a large number of ubiquitous.

¹ *Flore de la Polynésie Française* : Description des Plantes Vasculaires qui croissent spontanément ou qui sont généralement cultivées aux Iles de la Société, Marquise, Pomotou, Gambier et Wallis. Par E. Drake del Castillo. Paris; A. Masson, Editeur. 1893.

species, exceeds the two others combined. Numerically there are 588 phanerogamic species, belonging to seventy-nine families and 262 genera. At the close of the general account of the flora the author gives a list of works or special memoirs which he has consulted, and a useful statistical table showing the number of species in each family which are special to French Polynesia, and the number common to its flora and those of other regions.

Interesting and important as all this is, we should do the volume an injustice if we did not emphasise the fact that its merits as a contribution to plant distribution are to be found in the detailed descriptions of the individual species which it contains and which form the great bulk of the whole. Here the author has exhibited his best work, and here must be sought the data for the generalisations that may be drawn with respect to the characteristics of the flora dealt with. The general sketch, indeed, is but an introduction to these descriptions, which may be commended to systematic botanists as all that can be desired. Several new species are described for the first time which possess considerable interest. Though dealing chiefly with phanerogamic plants, the author has not restricted himself to these, but describes a large number of Ferns belonging to important types, and several *Lycopodiaceæ*. The descriptions are accompanied throughout by full lists of synonyms, and the distribution, both local and general, is given in every case.

We have greatly enjoyed the perusal of Mr. Stebbing's *History of the Crustacea*,¹ the new volume of the International Scientific Series. It is written in an agreeable style, it contains an abundance of information, some of which is not easily obtainable elsewhere, and is unquestionably in its right place in the series mentioned. The exact nature of its contents can hardly be expressed by a word or a phrase, but it may perhaps be best described as a volume which combines the facts that made the older-fashioned Natural Histories so interesting, with the modern knowledge and conceptions which have recently revolutionised every biological subject. As an introduction to some more technical and elaborate treatise on the Crustacea it will be invaluable, and as such it will probably be widely read. But it will be found equally serviceable if studied simultaneously with such a work, while for readers who have no time or inclination for more advanced studies, it is the one book needful. On many matters which ordinary students' textbooks are bound to omit or treat with the greatest brevity the author has given full and detailed information, and has elucidated the principles that underlie the zoology of to-day in a way which marks him out as an exponent of science of no mean order. His

¹ *A History of Crustacea: Recent Malacostraca*. By the Rev. Thomas R. R. Stebbing, M.A. With numerous illustrations. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1893.

explanation of the structure of a Crustacean, as composed of a number of somites and of the structure and homologies of the appendages, may be cited as an illustration on this point.

The Crustacea being a large class which includes several series of forms, it is scarcely to be wondered at that, after the general description of their organisation, their habitats, distribution, and such matters, the author has confined himself chiefly to the recent *Malacostraca*. These he divides into the stalk-eyed (*Podophthalma*) and sessile-eyed (*Edriophthalma*), and then proceeds to a seriatim description of the sub-orders, tribes, legions and families of which they are composed. These descriptions include carefully worded definitions, accounts of the larval stages, the distinctions of closely allied genera, the habits of special groups—as, for example, the Land Crabs—and other points illustrative of Crustacean zoology. In addition there are numerous interesting bits of word-derivation, which explain in a happy way the origin of a name, and which direct attention to some important detail of structure or habit in the animals to which it refers. But the most notable feature perhaps of these descriptions is the prominence given to historical details. This is seen in the care with which the date when a genus was instituted is invariably given along with the name of its author, and in the quotations from and references to the statements and opinions of earlier writers on Crustacea.

The volume presents few opportunities for adverse criticism, if allowance be made for the aims and objects which the author has had in view. We are disposed to think, however, that the internal anatomy might with advantage have been more fully considered. The author excuses himself for this on the ground that the subject is discussed by Professor Huxley, as regards the Cray-fish, in a previous volume of the Series, but this is hardly satisfactory. A short account of the nature and functions of the internal organs would not have occupied much space, and while saving the trouble of references to another work, which may not be accessible, would have given an additional finish and completeness to what is unquestionably a good book.

There are few works on physiology that are so deserving of high praise as *The Physiology of the Senses*,¹ which has just been added to Murray's series of University Extension Manuals. In no other English text-book that we know of will the student find so full an account of the organs of special sense as is given here, and if on any point information is wanting, it is because physiological investigation has not yet supplied the necessary material. On all matters, however, which have been fully worked out, the volume may be consulted

¹ University Extension Manuals: *The Physiology of the Senses*. By John Gray M'Kendrick, M.D., I.L.D., F.R.SS. Lond. and Edin., and William Snodgrass, M.A., M.B., C.M. With 127 illustrations. London: John Murray. 1893.

with confidence and will certainly not be found wanting. In choice and precise language, the authors lead the reader to the utmost limits of what is known respecting the anatomy, histology, and mode of action of the sense organs, and carefully discriminate between what has been scientifically established and what is mere theory put forward in explanation of the facts as they are at present known. In another direction the authors are equally thorough, for in every case the whole series of processes are followed up, from the stimulation of the terminal organs of the sensory nerves to the point where the physical merges in the psychical, and a corresponding state of consciousness supervenes. The difficulties which still attend the explanation of the action of the senses in giving rise to sensations are carefully considered, and where definite conclusions are arrived at, they will be received everywhere with the respect to which the authority of the authors entitle them. As a rule, however, the authors state impartially the views held by competent authorities, and do not hesitate to withhold their acceptance from any theory which will not bear the closest criticism. This is notably the case with the problems connected with vision, where, in spite of all that has been written, numerous difficulties still remain unexplained. In adopting this plan the authors exhibit the true scientific spirit, and afford an illustration of the scientific method which will be of the greatest service to those classes for whom the manual is intended.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

MR. DAVID RITCHIE has collected a number of essays which have appeared in various journals and reviews, and published them with the title *Darwin and Hegel*.¹ This is the subject of the second and most interesting paper of the series. Mr. Ritchie displays considerable acuteness in bringing together the teachings of two men who at first sight might appear to have nothing in common; but he reminds us that the idea of evolution was familiar to Hegel, though he preferred a doctrine of emanation—that is, the process from the more perfect to the less perfect; so that to interpret his philosophy according to recent science he has to be “read backwards,” and yet the general clue to the scientific interpretation of Nature was in his grasp in his perception of the unity of the whole, and this was especially marked in his philosophy of history. Mr. Ritchie very justly questions whether our scientific students confine themselves,

¹ *Darwin and Hegel, with other Philosophical Studies.* By David G. Ritchie, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

as they profess to do, to interpreting the more developed by the less developed. They are affected by what they know of the latest developments in their interpretation of earlier ones. Though the lower forms throw light upon the higher ones, the reverse is also equally true. Though evolution was in the air in Hegel's day, the science which supplied him with the material for his philosophy of Nature is largely obsolete, and Hegel's interest in Nature was less than his interest in Humanity. Mr. Ritchie then considers Hegel and Darwin more particularly, for though Hegel had heard of evolution, he could not have heard of "Natural Selection"—the epoch-making discovery of Darwin. Our author thinks, however, that Hegel's method of philosophising Nature could adjust itself quite easily to the new theory. Heredity and variation, two out of the three factors of "Natural Selection" (the Struggle for Existence being the third), are only particular forms of the categories of Identity and Difference, the union and interaction of which produce existing kinds of living beings—*i.e.*, species. This result is brought about through struggle and the negation, the elimination, of the less fit. In this way Mr. Ritchie perceives, as he thinks, a means of reconciliation between Darwinism and some parts of the Hegelian philosophy. We are all for reconciliations in these days, and Mr. Ritchie is certainly ingenious. Two other essays in the volume are purely philosophical—"On Origin and Validity" and "What is Reality?" Another paper gives an interesting study of Plato's *Phædo*, and the remainder are on economic and political topics. In the concluding paper, on the "Rights of Minorities," the difficult question of the true relations of minorities and majorities is lucidly discussed, and Mr. Ritchie remarks with a touch of genius that we ought to be tolerant to others, "*even if those others be in the majority.*"

The *First Steps in Philosophy*¹ ("Philosophy at Home Series"), by Mr. W. M. Salter, is a clear exposition of the Sensible or Physical-Ideal philosophy. This is not a solution, but only a statement of the world-problem. It holds that all the truths of science are truths of mental experience, and that none of the mind's experiences can explain the mind itself. Truth, from this point of view, does not mean the correspondence of sensation to some reality apart from it, but of thought to sensation. This idealism does not deny the existence of an external world; that though all we know is our own sensations, it admits causes for those sensations, though what these causes are we cannot explain. This is the doctrine that is expounded and illustrated in the first part of this book, and is to a certain extent a reconciliation of Idealism with the ordinary conception of the world.

¹ *First Steps in Philosophy (Physical and Ethical)*. By William Mackintire Salter. Second edition. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

In the second part of the work, "Ethical," Mr. Salter treats ethics as the science of the moral ideal, and argues that the realisation of the nature of each being is the end to be striven for. Ethically speaking, the ideal is not to be pursued as a mere matter of impulse or desire, but must be determined rationally and striven for voluntarily. Accepting in part the doctrines of both the Intuitionists and the Utilitarians, Mr. Salter contends that they both need supplementing by some such theory as his own.

Madame Maureil-Parot's book, *Le Devoir de Demain*,¹ has for a second title, "Hygiénisme et Moralisme," and is further described as thoughts of a woman *à propos* of the Neo-Christian movement. It is an attempt to suggest the right path of duty to those—who are growing every day more numerous—who have given up the old religious conception of life. In some cases it appears that, with the relinquishing of the old religious ideas, the sense of duty has become a new and even more powerful and exhilarating religion, and Mme. Maureil-Parot is evidently one of these persons. In place of theological dogmas she gives us a human ideal: the ideal of life in the best possible conditions, physical, material, moral. To assist in attaining this end the book is written, and much of it is addressed to women and mothers. She insists with wisdom upon the proper physical and moral training of children, and there is much in her pages that is extremely judicious and sensible.

*Science and a Future Life*² is the title of the first essay in a small collection of papers by W. Frederic Myers which have previously appeared in monthly reviews. Mr. Myers admits that the tendency of scientific discoveries is adverse to the belief in a future life, inasmuch as whatever it does not tend to prove must in itself be regarded to a certain extent as disproved. He therefore argues that if a belief in a future life is to be maintained it must call science to its support. The old theological and metaphysical arguments are no longer held to be satisfactory. Mr. Myers relies upon occult or psychical phenomena as evidence for the survival of the immaterial part of man; he is apparently inclined to believe that telepathy, "phantasms of the living" and of the dead demonstrate the presence of a source of energy in man independent of his physical nature. The scientific method is only now beginning to be applied to this class of phenomena, and we cannot yet predict what the result may be; but the question of the survival of man is a branch of experimental psychology. "Is there, or is there not," asks Mr. Myers, "evidence in the actual observed phenomena of automatism, apparitions or the like, for a transcendental energy in living men, or for an influence emanating from personalities which

¹ *Le Devoir de Demain*. Par Elia Maureil-Parot. Paris: Société d'Éditions Scientifiques. 1893.

² *Science and a Future Life*; with other Essays. By Frederic W. H. Myers. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

have overpowered the tomb? This is the definite question, which we can at least intelligibly discuss, and which either we or our descendants may some day hope to answer." Mr. Myers, it will be seen, does not dogmatise upon the subject, but comes forward with a plea for unprejudiced investigation. Other interesting articles in the book are "Charles Darwin and Agnosticism," "Tennyson as Prophet," and "Modern Poets and Cosmic Law."

Mrs. Besant, in *Death—and After?*¹, treats of the same question as Mr. Myers in the essay noticed above, but from the theosophical point of view. Mrs. Besant also is not very dogmatic, but for herself accepts the theosophic account of human nature, life and death, which is based either upon speculation or upon supposed revelations to certain exalted or privileged persons. Inquirers who desire to know what the theosophic doctrine of pre-existence or re-incarnation really is will find it lucidly set forth in this little book. There is a great deal of information given about the "other side," but it has to be taken on trust, as it appears to us to be entirely lacking evidential support. There is no fault to find with the spirit of the book, which is tolerant and imbued with a lofty moral tone.

*The New Reformation*² is the title given by the writer to half a dozen essays, four of which have appeared in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW over the "pen-name" of "Leon Ramsay." Those who read them in our pages will doubtless be glad to have them in a handy volume, and we can recommend them, for their elevated tone and excellent style, to those who have not yet perused them. Mr. Balmforth describes himself as having been "nursed in scepticism," but it is evident that, notwithstanding his scepticism, he is deeply imbued with a religious spirit. The papers which have appeared in this REVIEW are "The Decay of Orthodox Beliefs," "The Future Development of Religious Life," and two on the "Sanctions of Morality"; to these are added in this volume, one on "The New Reformation and its Relation to Social Problems," and one on "The True Teachers of the Working Classes." In describing "the New Reformation," Mr. Balmforth points out that it has two sources—one intellectual and the other emotional; it is, on one hand, a revolt against a creed, and on the other a revolt against the social system. Those affected by its spirit do not inquire, "What shall I believe?" but "How shall I live?" Religion, the new religion, is not concerned about dogmas and authorities, but how best to realise the personal and social ideal. *The New Reformation* is a striking presentation of this nascent religion, and will be found an invaluable assistance to those who, while rejecting the old standards and

¹ *Death—and After?* By Annie Besant. London: Theosophical Publishing Society, & Co. 1893.

² *The New Reformation and its Relation to Moral and Social Problems.* By Ramsden Balmforth. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

sanctions, desire still to cultivate, in the highest and truest sense, the religious spirit and live the religious life.

*The Akhmim Fragment of the Apocryphal Gospel of St. Peter*¹ is by this time pretty generally known, several editions of it having already appeared, but Dr. Swete gives us the latest corrections of the text, and his introduction summarises the best opinions and information. The introduction also contains carefully worked-out comparisons of the text with other apocryphal books, and references to it in Church writers. With this edition in his hand, the general reader as well as the student will be able to appreciate the interest and value of this remarkable fragment. The volume also contains a specimen of the MS. copied from the heliographic reproduction published by M. Ernest Leroux, of Paris.

Mr. Charles has rendered a service, which has long been needed, by providing English readers with a translation of Professor Dillman's Ethiopic text of the *Book of Enoch*.² *Enoch* is a book of which everybody has heard, but few but students are acquainted with. Now, thanks to Mr. Charles and the Clarendon Press, it is made available for everybody. The discussion of the book itself is a large subject into which we have not space to enter; as we have it now, it is certainly a composite production, and Mr. Charles enters fully, and on the whole satisfactorily, into the question of date and origin of the six sections into which it is divided. But the book has the further value of throwing light upon the genesis of the New Testament, especially upon the apocalyptic and eschatological portions; and the New Testament cannot be properly studied without reference to this book. It should find a place in every theological library.

Old Testament criticism has now obtained such an established and acknowledged position that Dr. Cheyne's account of its Founders³ will be warmly welcomed and widely read. The author is himself a critic of eminence, and is therefore able to deal with his subjects both with authority and sympathy. Dr. Cheyne notices the curious fact that though one of the earliest critics—Geddes—was an Englishman, he had no successors until the present generation. Probably the superstitious reverence of the English people for the Bible was the great obstacle to any useful work being done in this department of learning. The "critics" practically begin with Eichorn and end with Kuenen; whatever anybody else has done or may do must be done upon the same lines as that pursued by the eminent scholars who are included in the period marked out by these two names. Out of all proportion to the rest of the book,

¹ *The Akhmim Fragment of the Apocryphal Gospel of St. Peter*. Edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and Indices, by H. B. Swete, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

² *The Book of Enoch*. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by R. H. Charles, M.A. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1893.

³ *Founders of Old Testament Criticism*. Biographical, Descriptive, and Critical Studies. By T. K. Cheyne, M.A., D.D. London: Methuen & Co. 1893.

about 120 pages are devoted to an unexpected criticism of Dr. Driver's famous *Introduction*. While doing ample and even generous justice to that work and its authors, Dr. Cheyne expresses very clearly and unreservedly his dissatisfaction with it. It is marked too much by a spirit of compromise, and many readers must have felt with Dr. Cheyne that Dr. Driver is free up to a certain point, and then suddenly stops short and blunts the edge of his decisions. Dr. Cheyne very firmly protests against such a method, and pleads for "the truest truth." All readers of Dr. Driver's *Introduction* ought to read this criticism of it.

Words on Existing Religions,¹ by Mr. Canning, is a slight but thoughtful sketch of the historic religions which still survive. Parseeism, Brahminism, and Buddhism are sympathetically noticed, but principal attention is given to the related religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. The book is a pleasing example of the tolerant way in which diverse religious opinions are regarded in these days, due to a better knowledge of them through international communication and the opening up of the sacred literature of the East by Western scholars. Mr. Canning has made good use of the material at his command.

Mr. Tarrant's description of his *Beginnings of Christendom*,² as a popular sketch, at once conveys to the reader a correct idea of his treatment of a large subject. The information contained in it may be relied upon as correct, and the judicial estimate of various persons and theological changes and the development of institutions is marked by a gratifying independence and freedom from orthodox prejudices. Mr. Tarrant interests as well as instructs his readers.

*Natural Selection and Spiritual Freedom*³ is a philosophical and scriptural defence of universal salvation. Mr. Murphy describes himself as "a natural realist on a basis of evolution, and a spiritual believer on a basis of natural realism." The book is very thoughtfully written, but attempts of the kind to blend science and Scripture never seem to us to be satisfactory, as the method by which Scripture was written and is quoted is the reverse of the scientific method—where the results agree, as they must of course sometimes do, it appears to us to be more by accident than intention.

Mr. Heard's *Hulsean Lectures on Theology*⁴ are original and striking. The writer is to some extent carried away by the discovery that the "new theology" is only a revival of the old—the oldest, he thinks—and that the Latin theology which has depressed Western

¹ *Words on Existing Religions*. By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. London: W. H. Allen. 1893.

² *The Beginnings of Christendom*. A popular Sketch. By W. G. Tarrant, B.A. London: Philip Green. 1893.

³ *Natural Selection and Spiritual Freedom*. By Joseph John Murphy. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

⁴ *Alexandrian and Carthaginian Theology Contrasted*. The Hulsean Lectures, 1892-1893. By Rev. J. B. Heard, A.M. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1893.

Christianity is less original than the Greek, which has so long been neglected. Mr. Heard does not confine himself to a discussion of these rival theologies, but discourses on theology at large in a free and entertaining manner, with a purpose, however, all through, of exhibiting the superiority of the theology which regards the Deity as *immanent* rather than *transcendent*.

A Concise History of Religion,¹ by Mr. Gould, traces the rise and growth of the principal religions of the world, with the exception of Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, which are apparently left for another volume. In some measure, Mr. Gould's book is a sketch of religion from the anthropological point of view, but where material renders it possible he gives a brief historical sketch. The book is ably written, and the authorities referred to are the best in their several departments.

The Religion of the Bruin, by Mr. Henry Smith (London: Watts & Co.), is a mixture of Materialism, Positivism, and Humanitarianism of a somewhat superficial character.

An Agnostic's View of the Resurrection of Jesus (New York: Truth-seeker Company) is that the disappearance of the body of Jesus, which gave rise to the belief in his resurrection, was intentionally caused by Pilate in order to prevent a disturbance. It is more ingenious than convincing. Two other books received from the same publishers—*A Handbook of Free-thought*, by W. S. Bell, and the *Creation of God*, by Dr. Jacob Hartmann—consist principally of the old familiar class of attacks upon the Bible and all forms of religion.

Christ, by C. Sadakichi Hartmann, published by the author (Boston), has nothing theological about it except the title. It is a dramatic poem of remarkable originality and some power, in which the mastery of the sexual passion is presented as the source of moral supremacy and influence. The temptation of Jesus from this point of view is presented under an entirely new aspect. The realism with which the topic is treated will probably prevent the book becoming popular.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

M. AULARD's address² on the education of the citizen (for such it may properly be considered) is a fitting introduction to our section.

"Comme c'est difficile au contraire"—he has just quoted the old

¹ *A Concise History of Religion*. By F. J. Gould. Vol. I. London: Watts & Co.

² *Science Patrie Religion Conférence*. Par F. A. Aulard. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.

teaching of the monarchy not to meddle in politics—"d'être citoyen dans une république ! L'Etat c'est nous tous, et ces soucis de la direction générale de la nation qui incombaient au seul roi, au seul empereur, ou à une élite de personnages, voilà qu'ils retombent directement, et de quel poids ! sur les épaules de chacun de nous." And what has hitherto been the preparation for this responsibility ? " Dans les journaux dans les revues dans quelques combinaisons de seconde main. On se barbouille ainsi d'un demi-savoir qui transforme parfois de très braves gens en fanatiques en énergumènes, en conservateurs-bornes."

And so the professor of history goes on to lecture to his younger compatriots and breathes encouragement on the club which they are forming, through a few short pages of very pleasing French which are well worthy of the attention of a wider audience. And in the course of them he has a daring political prophecy to which we may call attention. He speaks of the union of the States of Europe ; he confesses that at the moment it seems but a *rêve philosophique* :

" Mais vienne pour l'Europe un grand péril commun, et il viendra, vienne une telle menace pour notre Occident civilisé que ce soit une question de vie ou de mort de s'unir à tout prix pour la défense commune, on s'unira, et ces Etats-Unis d'Europe, dont nous croyons si éloignés, ils se formeront d'eux mêmes, parce que ce sera nécessaire, et peut-être les verrez-vous." We doubt it.

A book¹ which is much more interesting than it appears outside is Captain Marin's very detailed account of the practical efforts made in Switzerland to grapple with the problems of poverty and destitution. It appears to be the work of a scholar as well as an economist, and treats its subjects with that light and pleasing touch which the good French writer almost unconsciously applies. We would compare it with the American description of English efforts to solve sociological problems which we noticed in this section a few months ago (Wood's *English Social Movements*).

It will of course strike the English reader that the Swiss experiments are not after all greatly different from English plans : the café de tempérance has its counterpart all over England, so has the night-refuge, and surely England is the home of "the home." We are bound, however, to admit, as far as we can judge from Captain Marin's account, that a greater amount of practical success has attended the efforts of the Genevese, that apparently they have been more successful in combining business with charity. This, however, is a provisional opinion to be determined by closer comparison.

Instead of dividing his work into well-defined chapters, M. Marin makes what we venture to think a mistake in running the

¹ *Coup d'œil sur les œuvres de l'initiative privée à Genève.* Par le Capitaine Paul Marin. Paris : Librairie Sillammi et Cie.

whole of his text right on from the people's kitchens or eating-houses to temperance cafés, temperance restaurants (differing from the former in degree rather than in kind), then to rest-houses for families, night-refuges, public baths and *le bureau de bienfaisance* which corresponds in some degree to our Charity Organisation Society. We incline to think that the first part will be read with most interest. We in England are not good at cooking, and our soup kitchens and free dinners are not overpowering successes. We cannot without some surprise read that M. Marin, when he left the restaurants after twenty-five minutes, had eaten as well-furnished and well-dressed a plate of meat as he would have done at Duval's, and at less than half the price—bread and vegetables the same, and wine of exactly the same quality as he would receive for double the price at the Paris restaurant. He finds the explanation in the personal interest of a managing body whose first thought is the welfare of their fellow-citizens and in contentment with a low but steady return on the capital invested.

In these days, when the State is constantly invoked, it is important to examine the work and successes of rightly educated and thoughtful citizens, for, when all is said and done, it is from the individual that salvation must really come, and neither by the State nor by the social combination which merely force the individual.

Mr. Unwin gets up even small books magnificently. Perhaps it may be urged that the matter of Mr. Hobhouse's *Labour Movement*¹ deserved good externals. It is certainly a book of some merit, and it has a wise and suggestive preface from the pen of Mr. Haldane. Trade unionism and co-operation are exhibited as working up to a solution of the problem of a satisfactory industrial organisation, under which each worker is to have a fair chance of making the most of himself and his life. The focus on which these secondary results are concentrated is the distribution of wealth; and here we find ourselves very much in accord with Mr. Hobhouse's views; but the greater part of his chapter appears to us to be devoted to establishing points which have been established before: it tends too much to generalities. We want practical suggestions for reforming the distribution of wealth; we are ready for a draft Act of Parliament. We have ourselves always thought that the mighty engine of taxation is as yet hardly understood. Mr. Hobhouse evidently sees that it may be used, but he does not make any practical proposals. He does not produce a scheme for the taxation of rents, for the graduation of the income-tax, for the increase of succession dues. The real interest of the question of which the book treats has arrived at the practical stage; and Mr. Hobhouse seems to fail in realising this fact. Nevertheless his book deserves, and doubt-

¹ *The Labour Movement.* By L. T. Hobhouse, M.A., with Preface by R. D. Haldane, M.P. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

less will receive, the perusal of all persons interested in sociology and its political presentation.

As the Cobden Club intends its books for the million, we ought not perhaps to grumble at the way in which they are got up. But to be quite honest, we believe that a little show would go a long way—in other words, would widen the sphere of their influence and usefulness. Cassell & Co. send us a fifth edition of Mr. Leadam's¹ book on Protection and the Farmer. "The exceptionally scanty harvests of 1892, and the fall of prices which rendered the deficiency of yield more severely felt by the farmer, have given fresh life to the Protectionist movement;" and then comes a reference to the National Agricultural Conference of December last, and a very interesting reprint of the discussion between Mr. Howard Vincent and Mr. Mundella as to the comparative price of bread in England and abroad. This is followed by a brief refutation of the latest inconsistencies of the Protectionists, and a sketch of the history of corn prices. It is perhaps unnecessary to notice in much detail a book which has had a considerable run; it is closely argued, well supplied with statistics, and worthy of being re-read by its old friends, besides being carefully studied by those who at present halt between two opinions. Even from the "lessons of experience," which form the ten conclusions tabulated on the last two pages, a vast amount of suggestive thought would spring, and prove of much use to the farmer and his men.

Much on the same lines is *Popular Fallacies*,² which was first published in 1882, and it is perhaps worth quoting part of the preface:

"*It is not seen* that for every shilling expended by us in foreign goods, an equivalent amount *must* be spent by the foreigners upon English goods. *It is not seen* that whether we buy English or foreign goods the effect upon the English labour market is precisely the same, the only difference being, that instead of the English labourer being called upon to grow (say) corn, which we buy of the United States, he is employed to manufacture (say) hardware, which is sent to China to pay for the tea which China sends to the United States. *It is not seen* that if we were to refuse to purchase foreign produce, under the impression that we were thereby benefiting the English labourer, foreigners would be unable to purchase as many goods of us as formerly, for they would not have the means of paying us."

These may seem rather threadbare statements, but it is a fact that there is, and for some years will be, a section of the community to whom they do not penetrate. With the present anxiety respect-

¹ *What Protection does for the Farmer and Labourer*: a Chapter of Agricultural History. By I. S. Leadam, M.A. Fifth edition. London: Cassell & Co., Limited. 1893.

² *Popular Fallacies regarding Trade and Foreign Duties*: being the "Sophismes Economiques" of Frédéric Bastiat. Adapted to the Present Time by R. Pearce Edgcombe. Fourth edition, revised. London: Cassell & Co. 1893.

ing farming operations, the unhappy feeling that even the brilliant year may be injurious to a great part of a farmer's stock and crops, we may expect to have the question of Protection more keenly debated than ever. And it becomes more and more necessary to meet the anxious or petulant inquiries of those who are hard hit with a careful, thorough, and impartial investigation of facts. To some extent Mr. Edgcumbe does this, but his book does not quite satisfy us as to style; nor is he always careful in his illustrations and analogies. But both this and the previously noticed work have the merits of discussing suggestively a good many difficulties which present themselves daily to the politician.

We thought we had before seen *Lo studio della delinquenza*¹; we noticed it in the *Bulletin de l'Institut International de statistique*, which was before us two months back. Though we have had a good deal to do with criminal statistics, we fear that we have never taken a deep interest in them; and we are not alone here. The study of them is only slowly finding its way from the sphere of necessary politics to that of sociological study. Signor Bosco recognises this in the course of his paper; for after pointing out that the rough-and-ready classification of crimes by their results is fraught with constant injustice, that the motives and circumstances of crimes are really the important questions for the community, he begins his third section as follows:

“La difficoltà di ordinare i reati in modo, che la statistica possa meglio servire di indice misuratore delle tendenze criminose di una popolazione, sta dunque principalmente in questo, che la classificazione dei reati fatta dai codici è soprattutto *giuridica*, laddove nella statistiche dovrebbe fondarsi su altri criteri che no siano i soli giuridici, cioè su criteri *psicologici e sociologici*.”

The point has certainly received more attention abroad than in this country. But the general excellence of the administration of English criminal law ought not to blind us to the advantage of studying such essays as that which lies before us.

We have frequently had to admit that Englishmen know exceedingly little of French politics and French statesmen; but perhaps of the names which have recently been blazoned on the annals of French history that of Jules Ferry is one of the best known to English readers. His death startled many of us, and we now have a posthumous collection² of his speeches and writings, which he appears to have been collecting during the last few years.

Jules Ferry's life, to use the words of his publishers' note, was simply a long struggle for the Republic and freedom. Brought up under the Second Empire, a lawyer first and afterwards a journalist,

¹ *Lo studio della delinquenza e la classificazione dei reati nella statistica penale.* Augusto Bosco. Roma: Bertero. 1892.

² *Les Discours et les Opinions de Jules Ferry.* Publiés avec commentaires et notes par Paul Robiquet. Tome premier. Paris: Armand Colla et Cie.

he was peculiarly fearless in the expression of his opinions, and when he first became a Deputy in 1869 he at once avowed himself a Republican, and carried fire and sword into the quarters of the Imperial supporters. Both in speaking and in writing he was fluent, versatile, and caustic. His literary remains, roughly connected by a historical commentary, will form a very valuable addition to the records of the century. The first volume (of nearly six hundred pages) just takes us up to the catastrophe of 1870, over a time when M. Ferry was hardly well known in France, and certainly little known over here :

“Le premier volume, que nous publions aujourd’hui, comprend le second Empire, la guerre de 1870 et la Commune. Il devait être précédé d’une étude de Jules Ferry sur la *Jeunesse de l’Empire comparée à la jeunesse contemporaine*. Jules Ferry s’était préparé à ce travail par des lectures approfondies car cet esprit vigoureux avait horreur des jugements hâtifs et superficiels ; il n’ignorait rien de toutes les manifestations, même les plus obscures, de la pensée contemporaine, et sous l’homme politique vivaient en lui un brillant écrivain et un philosophe de premier ordre.”

But this introductory essay was never finished. The notes of his reading never took shape under his hand, and the volume is prefaced instead by a short sketch of M. Ferry’s own youth.

The boldness of his attacks on the Empire may be gathered from one or two short passages :

“Time is the greatest and surest of liquidators. The year 1867 has begun the liquidation of all the errors of the Second Empire : its policy is liquidated already by the crushing double blow of Mexico and Sadowa : its prosperity is in liquidation through a pitiable commercial crisis, which is not near its end : the financial institutions which it has brought into being . . . after making much noise in the world, have gone out in a puff of smoke and fallen to the ground ” (p. 128, in the course of *Les Complexes fantastiques d’Hausmann*, which is reproduced at length).

“Sixteen years ago Prussia was feeble and Germany divided ; the whole world was our friend. Thirty years of peace and freedom had blotted out little by little the memory of our oppression in Europe. France was the natural ally of free peoples and weaker States ; they formed round our frontiers a friendly, harmless girdle. To-day, where is Europe’s friendship ? . . . Europe is the prey of three or four military monarchies, of which France is not the first . . . it has become necessary to restore confidence by arming to the teeth 800,000 troops of the line, and 400,000 men of the National Guard ” (p. 183). And he frankly stated his disbelief in the efficiency of the army.

Again, when asking for information in the Chamber as to the seizure of the *Marseillaise* and the arrest of its editor :

"I know well that you, the gentlemen who form the majority here, would like to see under arrest all the Republicans of France" (p. 249). The expression seems to have shocked more than one member.

Again, in the discussion on the St. Gothard tunnel :

"My conclusion is this : it is not by the construction of railways or the erection of fortresses ; it is by a wise policy that you will be able—I will not say to get over—for you can never get over—the disastrous consequences of Sadowa : it is an irreparable misfortune, but by a wise policy you will at least be able to minimise its results. . . . Yes, by wise alliances, by cultivating the alliances which you have lost—and there lies the great secret of actual conditions. . . . The alliance of Italy with Germany is made against you ; do not forget that" (p. 343). Surely this was not only a bold, but a strangely prophetic utterance, coming just before the war of 1870. It is interesting to find him in 1869 indicating the influence of Gambetta, and in words which are worthy of quotation (p. 176) :

"La liberté salue à cette heure dans M. Gambetta une de ses plus superbes espérances. La démocratie compte un tribun de plus, et tous ceux qu'intéresse à un titre quelconque le mouvement de l'esprit Français, s'arrêteront devant cette belle harangue, fière et vibrante comme l'âme d'un peuple."

It would be easy to go on selecting passages of special interest—we will content ourselves with one more reference. M. Ferry was the object of much reprobation and obloquy in connection with his conduct in Paris during the siege, and we may call special attention to the judgment of that conduct in the reports of the Commission of Inquiry which is quoted at pp. 390–1.

*Impressions Coloniales*¹ is more than a description of several of the French colonies : it is a general view of the motives and results of modern French colonisation, and as such it should find many readers in this country. It is not to be expected that a colonial officer of the Republic will question the capacity of France for colonisation, or the wisdom of recent acquisitions—two matters about which Englishmen, as a rule, talk rather too glibly and with insufficient knowledge. M. Carisier considers rather the wisdom of different policies in different places ; he has a rather long chapter on emigration, immigration, and the labour question ; and he discusses practical methods of colonisation as a remedy for social distress and difficulty at home.

We have often heard the suggestion that the English Government should keep a standing commission which should constantly go out to the smaller colonies, and report on their general adminis-

¹ *Impressions Coloniales* (1868–92) *étude comparative de Colonisation*. Par Charles Carisier. Paris : Berger Levallet et Cie. 1893.

tration, but M. Carisier, starting from a different point of view, has a very much bolder project than this. He first promulgated the idea as a work of private initiative in 1881, now he urges it upon the French Government. In order to train the French youth for colonial life, there should be a fixed fleet of vessels sailing at given periods for different parts of the colonies, which should take out free of charge those young men who give evidence of an aptitude for a colonial career. To each vessel are to be attached professors, charged with instruction of the youth and with the duty of reporting on certain industrial and other projects on their return. The language in which the result is portrayed is so thoroughly French that a few lines are worthy citation :

“ Au retour de le voyage chacun de ces jeunes gens serait tenu de produire un rapport sur les questions étudiées par lui ou sur un sujet de son choix. Des prix seraient accordés par l'Institut aux meilleurs ouvrages. Tous les documents produits seraient publiés dans un recueil periodique. Sans aucun doute, l'émulation, la satisfaction de produire des ouvres utiles et importantes seraient des auxiliaires puissants dans ce milieu de cœurs jeunes et ardents.”

We hardly forbear to smile at the idea of such enthusiasm, yet we do not deny that from the general idea of these chapters we English may get some valuable hints.

Any deliberate work upon Egypt from a French hand should be studied with care just now by Englishmen. The Duc d'Harcourt's book¹ appears to us to have considerable merit. He speaks of the Egyptians rather than of Egypt, and his remarks refer to 1889. Journalistic accounts of what has since happened he advisedly neglects. There is much that is familiar, but not a little which will be read with freshened interest. The chapter on women, for instance, is capital ; we do not remember to have seen elsewhere the suggestion that the close veiling of women is not so much the effect of jealousy as a device for their security from the licentiousness of Turkish Pashas. M. le Duc looks at the Egyptians from all sides : he discourses of them as soldiers and as slaves, he discusses their religious beliefs and their intellectual dulness, their literature and their art, their general moral sense. He perhaps deals rather more with the Turk than with the other races which make up the Egyptian people, but that is a natural tendency arising from the subject itself. It is only in the last chapter that “ French interests ” are considered, and on the whole in a very reasonable and self-restrained spirit, but “ il n'est pas improbable,” concludes the writer, “ que dans le cour des siècles à venir, les Anglais se laissent aller à sacrifier à leur tour leurs intérêts les plus positifs à la beauté des principes ” !

¹ *L'Egypt et les Egyptiens.* Par le Duc d'Harcourt. Paris: E. Plon Nourrits et Cie. 1893.

From Alsace to the Tyrol.¹ How charming it sounds! and we are quite pleased to take the journey in M. Grandjean's company. His book is a very pleasant and readable mixture of travel and history. The peasant of the Tyrol is presented to us as he was and is, and we find ourselves revelling in scenes of which some are familiar, some are quite strange. André Hofer and his part in the history of the eighteenth century are treated at length: "Aujourd'hui encore le souvenir d'André Hofer s'est conservé extraordinairement vivace dans tout le Tyrol. A cette merveilleuse figure la renommée et la légende ont attaché une brillante auréole." So that no account of the Tyrol is complete without him. The book is more or less attractive also in its outward form, and there are several decent prints which add to its interest.

We always like a guide-book of London.² That great city is almost intolerable just now in the July heat, yet from the country we turn to it again and again with interest, and having once acquired a good general knowledge of it we enjoy travelling over it in a good guide-book much better than on the top of a bus. We notice one very good piece of advice in the early pages of Mr. Fry's book, which we will put more shortly: "If in doubt, ask a policeman, not any passer-by." But with this book in your hand, with its pictures, maps, and full information, you will have no need to trouble even the policeman. In the directions for the National Gallery all the pictures of the great painters are indicated; when we come to the City Companies we have quite a little treatise on the signs of public-houses to which they gave their patronage; there is no end of information about the docks and the markets. In fact, everything likely and unlikely is crammed into 250 really wonderful pages.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE political history of England in her relations with other Powers during the period extending from 1851 to 1875 was by no means uneventful. The subject is one which necessarily covers a wide field, and a volume giving a comprehensive view of the principal events of the period mentioned cannot fail to be useful as a book of reference. The annual summaries of the *Times* for those twenty-five years have been published in a compendious form by Messrs. Mac-

¹ *En Tyrol*. Par Maurice Grandjean. Desclée, de Brouwer et Cie : Lille.

² *London in 1893*. Originally compiled by Herbert Fry. London: W. H. Allen & Co., Ltd.

millan & Co.¹ The views of that representative English newspaper on foreign politics are frequently obtuse and illogical, but they are nevertheless characterised by downrightness and rough common sense, and may be regarded as a good reflex of the impressions formed on the questions of the day by the average Briton's mind. The frequent reference to "providential visitations" and to "the growing prosperity of Great Britain," have something Micawberish about them; but, taking the inflated periods for what they are worth, we find much real information in these summaries.

The *Times* has recently become more reactionary than it was in Lord Palmerston's days. There was a time when it expressed intense sympathy with the Italian revolutionists, and denounced the oppressors of Poland. However, it is a noteworthy fact that, while sympathising with other oppressed nationalities, it has always vilified the Irish patriots, attributing to them the basest motives. The abuse poured out by this organ of English opinion on the Fenians—many of them honest though misguided men—is of the most virulent description, and is both unjust and ungenerous. The results of the great Irish famine are thus glanced at with a certain cold-bloodedness which is rather inhuman—"Famine, fever, and emigration have taken away not less than 2,000,000 of our Irish fellow-subjects. Happily, seven-eighths of the loss are attributable to the last and least unhappy of these causes."

The *Times* has not been remarkably successful in its attempts at prophecy, and in the case of the Suez Canal we find it compelled to eat its own words. In the summary of the year 1859 we are informed (p. 85) that "the French Government is pushing on with extraordinary zeal the suspicious project of the *impracticable* Suez Canal." In the summary of the year 1869 we read that, "the Suez Canal *has been opened*" (p. 288); and in the summary of 1875 we learn that "Englishmen heard with pleased surprise that their Government had concluded the purchase for £4,000,000 of about nine-twentieths of the shares in the Suez Canal." It is amusing, too, to observe how the late ex-Emperor Napoleon III. was alternately praised and blamed by the *Times*, according to the rise or fall in his varying fortunes. Many of the events referred to in the volume seem strangely distant, so rapidly do men's minds travel in this newspaper-reading age.

The history of the relations between the British Government and its Indian feudatories is a difficult and rather obscure subject, and Mr. C. L. Tupper² has handled it with great skill and has exhibited profound knowledge of Anglo-Indian customs and laws. Sir Henry Maine has done much to throw light on the intricacies of Indian

¹ *Annual Summaries*. Reprinted from the *Times*. Vol. I. 1851-1875. London: Macmillan & Co.

² *Our Indian Protectorate*. By Charles Lewes Tupper. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

law, and Mr. Tupper has availed himself, to some extent, of that great writer's researches. The chapter on the annexation of Oudh traverses well-worn ground, but contains much new matter. The book is full of information; and perhaps the reader's principal complaint will be that it contains a great many superfluous details.

A history of China is sure to interest the curious, for China is the oldest and perhaps the oddest nation in the world. Mr. D. C. Boulger's *Short History of China*¹ is a very complete account of this interesting country and its people. The book is dedicated to Sir Halliday Macartney, "as a slight tribute of personal respect and admiration for one who has maintained the right of China to be treated by the Governments of Europe with the dignity and consideration that become a great Empire." This language is a little bombastic. It may be doubted whether China deserves to be described as "a great Empire." However, the land of Confucius has a long and remarkable history. It has remained strangely isolated from other countries, but its institutions are apparently suited to its inhabitants, and the Chinese are contented with the autocratic system of government under which they live. They have no love of change; they speak the same language and adhere to the same customs that they did several thousands of years before the Christian era. The long struggles for supremacy in Western Asia between Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian, the victories of Alexander, and even the rise of Mohammedanism, had no significance for the Chinese. It was only when the Mongols invaded China that her people bestowed a thought on anything outside their own boundaries. The first Chinese are supposed to have been a nomad tribe, and their first ruler bore the name of Fohi. His successor was Hwchangti (which means Heavenly Emperor), and to him is attributed the distinction of having regulated the calendar, introduced the decimal system, and divided China into provinces.

It was in the seventh century that Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher, flourished. He was an official, and one of his great tenets was obedience, the Emperor appearing to his mind the representative of the Deity. The book containing the moral and philosophical axioms of Confucius has stood for the Chinese in the place of a Bible. It is really little more, however, than a manual of good manners.

The Manchu conquest of China was one of the most important events in the history of the country, and Mr. Boulger gives a very elaborate account of it. The first Manchu ruler, the Emperor Chunche, was a man of strong character, but he was cut off in his thirtieth year, before he had time to consolidate his authority.

¹ *A Short History of China.* By Demetrius Charles Boulger. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

During his reign the defeated Chinese made various attempts to regain their power; and one of their leaders, named Si Wang, attributing all the disasters of his people to the influence of women, determined to murder his wives and female slaves, and invited his followers to imitate his example. It is said that, at his instigation, no less than 400,000 Chinese women were massacred in one day! The chapter dealing with the reign of the Emperor Kwangsu, who at present occupies the throne, is of more than ordinary interest. During the last ten years events in Central Asia and Burmah have drawn England and China more closely together, and have laid the basis of what promises to be a firm and lasting alliance. The article entitled "How China is Governed," reprinted from the *Times*, gives a rather favourable—perhaps too favourable—picture of the autocratic government of the Celestial Empire.

Mr. Francis Galton has published a supplementary chapter to his curious work on *Finger-Prints*.¹ The subject is an obscure one; but Mr. Galton is confident that the registration of the finger-prints of criminals as a means of future identification will be of great practical utility in the administration of the law. The experiment is certainly one that deserves the attention of lawyers, and Mr. Galton's details and his plates go far to sustain his theory.

Under the title of *La Grèce Byzantine et Moderne*,² M. Bikelas has collected a number of historical essays, all of them vindicating the character of the mediæval and modern Greeks. The author, who is a Greek himself, is animated by patriotic enthusiasm, and his attempt to show that the Byzantine Empire helped to save Europe from barbarism is pardonable, however meagre the evidence may be to sustain this theory. In endeavouring to magnify Byzantine influence on civilisation M. Bikelas falls foul of two great authorities, Montesquieu and Gibbon. (Of Montesquieu he ingeniously remarks that this distinguished writer devoted far less study to the Byzantine than to the Roman period; but surely it is assuming too much to say that Montesquieu only investigated one branch of his subject, and neglected the other? With regard to Gibbon, M. Bikelas, while praising the masculine force of the great English historian's style, condemns him for his want of impartiality and his hypothesis that Christianity had ruined ancient civilisation. As an example of Gibbon's "psychological temperament," the author refers to the panegyric on the Emperor Julian, and the description of Mohammed's life and the rise of Islam. But it must be admitted that there is a good side both to the character of Julian, the so-called Apostate (Ibsen shows this no less than Gibbon), and that Mohammedanism, however imperfect as a creed, is anything but an unmixed evil.

¹ *Decipherment of Blurred Finger-Prints*. Supplementary Chapter to *Finger-Prints*. By Francis Galton, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co.

² *La Grèce Byzantine et Moderne*. *Essais Historiques*. Par D. Bikelas. Paris: Librairie de Firmin, Didot et Cie.

However, though he is too much of an advocate, M. Bikelas has in those admirable essays thrown light on an obscure and misunderstood period in European history. It is true that Byzantine art is cold and formal; but the preservation of ancient learning is largely due to the Byzantines. The religious spirit of the Byzantine Empire served to purify morals, even though it cramped social development. The author is such an enthusiast that he welcomes even the production of M. Sardou's *Théodora* as a tribute to the glory of the dead Byzantine world! The weak point of works written in such a spirit is their tendency to give one-sided and utterly disproportionate views of the historic period with which they deal.

The portion of the book relating to modern Greece is exceedingly interesting. In the essay entitled "*Le Philhellénisme en France*," M. Bikelas attributes the formation and consolidation of Greece as a State largely to French sympathy. Some details are given as to the actual condition of the Greek people, and we are told with some complacency that, inasmuch as the Greeks, since the fall of Constantinople down to our own days, have never despaired of the future, this "national optimism" cannot have its root in "the empty pride of a fallen race." Let us hope so!

In the *Mémoires de l'Adjudant-Général Jean Landrieux*,¹ M. Leonce Grasilier gives us a very elaborate biography of a person who, though ignored by historians, has played a not insignificant part in the real history of France. Jean Landrieux was originally a seminarist; then he became an *inspecteur des relais*, a physician, an officer in a hussar regiment, then a colonel of *chasseurs*, and finally a general in Napoleon's army in Italy. The present volume is partly introductory, containing a biographical account of Landrieux, whose personal memoirs begin about the middle of the volume. He was employed on some important secret missions by Napoleon, and appears to have acquitted himself well, though he was subjected to persecution by Murat. Men and events are vividly depicted by Landrieux, who was by no means unconscious of his own merits. A remarkable characteristic of this officer of Bonaparte is his antipathy to England, to whose influence he attributes many, if not most, of the misfortunes of his country!

Professor Tout's *Edward the First*² gives with much lucidity a picture of a memorable reign and a great king. It may be questioned whether the word "statesman" applies strictly to Edward I., who was certainly a successful ruler and a man of iron will. He was thirty-three years old when he reached the throne, and before that event he had helped his weak father, Henry III., to govern England, and had taken part in St. Louis's last crusade. In the

¹ *Mémoires de l'Adjudant-Général Jean Landrieux*. Par Léonce Grasilier. Tome Premier. Paris: Nouvelle Librairie Parisienne. A. Savine, Editeur.

² *Twelve English Statesmen: Edward the First*. By Professor T. F. Tout. London: Macmillan & Co.

words of Professor Tout, "thirty-three years of battling with the world had formed both the body and mind of Edward. He looked every inch a king. The chroniclers speak with enthusiasm of the beauty and dignity of his person." In like manner, his character was, we learn, "cast in a grand and simple mould. His general instincts were high-minded, noble, and generous." It must, however, be admitted that Edward was capable of acts of great cruelty, and that he was ruthless towards his enemies. In subjugating the Welsh he trampled on their national susceptibilities, and he waged "a war to the death" with the unfortunate Llewelyn. "According to Professor Tout, "Edward's orderly and well-trained mind was disgusted at the barbarism of the old Welsh laws, and he honestly believed that he was doing his Welsh subjects the best service in his power in uprooting that venerable but primitive jurisprudence that allowed the murderer to atone for his crime by a money payment, and regarded wrecking as an inalienable right of the dwellers by the sea-shore." The author acknowledges that the king "never understood the feelings of the Welsh at seeing their most cherished institutions trampled scornfully under the foot of an alien conqueror." In other words, he was utterly unsympathetic in dealing with a proud and sensitive race, and neither he nor his lawyers would put themselves in a sufficiently "receptive" attitude to understand the old Welsh customs. The hunting down of David, Llewelyn's successor, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered, was, to say the least of it, an ungracious act, and shows the unrelenting side of Edward's character. The king's failure in the attempt to subjugate Scotland proved that he was not invincible; and it is not easy to estimate fairly the results of his life's work so far as they affected his own realm of England. During his reign some excellent laws were passed, including the Mortmain Act, which prohibited future grants of land to ecclesiastical corporations that never died, the statute *de Donis*, which created estates tail, and the institution by one of the articles of the famous Statute of Westminster of 1285 of justices of *nisi prius* who were to traverse the country three times a year. Edward, though he was a man of strong religious convictions, fought strenuously against excessive ecclesiastical pretensions, and in 1285 he issued a royal ordinance which, while recognising the right of the church courts to deal with suits purely spiritual, rigidly defined the limits of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction in matters which had in them a temporal element. The king disliked the Jews both on religious and economic grounds, and treated them very harshly. He drew up severe laws forbidding them to hold real property, enjoining on them the wearing of the distinctive and degrading Jewish dress which was becoming nearly obsolete, and prohibited usury absolutely. An impartial view of Edward I.'s character would exhibit him in the light of a strong-willed monarch, but not what could be described as a

great or enlightened statesman even for that far-off time. On the whole, we must pronounce Professor Tout's book to be too much of a panegyric. It ignores the tyrannical element in Edward's character. At the same time, it is a splendid historical study, giving a comprehensive survey of a most interesting reign, and bringing out in strong relief all that was best in the life of one of England's most renowned kings.

The character of Lord Chesterfield has been the subject of vigorous discussion; and many critics are even still inclined to denounce him as a fop and a cold-blooded cynic. Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son have helped to strengthen the unfavourable view formed of him by many minds, for these epistolary effusions are exceedingly flippant and have a rather low moral tone, though they inculcate good manners and minute attention to externals. There is, however, another side to this nobleman's character. He was a man of liberal opinions and he played a very important part in public life. In Mr. Ernst's *Memoirs of the Life of the Fourth Earl of Chesterfield*,¹ the strong points in his lordship's character are fairly brought out. No biography of Lord Chesterfield had been written since the compilation by Dr. Maty, published in 1778, and Horace Walpole expressed the opinion that Dr. Maty's work was "ill-executed," and contained "several mistakes." The other materials for the life of Lord Chesterfield were to be found in the memoirs and letters of his contemporaries; and of these materials Mr. Ernst has made abundant use.

The first Earl of Chesterfield was a staunch supporter of Charles I., for whom he took up arms during the Civil War. He died in 1656, during the period of the Commonwealth. The second Earl, Philip, was a gay and somewhat dissolute nobleman, having been the lover of Lady Castlemaine before her connection with Charles II. The third Earl was a man of morose disposition and violent passions, "who often thought people behaved ill to him when they did not in the least intend it." He married in 1691 Lady Betty Savil, daughter of the Marquess of Halifax, by whom he had four sons and two daughters.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, the eldest son of this marriage, was celebrated as a statesman and a wit, as a courtier and a man of letters, as a diplomatist and an orator, and in an age of artificial refinement he was distinguished by the perfection of his manners. He owed much of his early training to his grandmother, the Marchioness of Halifax, a lady of great intellectual qualities. He received his first instruction in history and languages from M. Douneau, a Frenchman. At eighteen he was sent to Cambridge, where, in spite of occasional dissipation, he studied hard. On leaving college, he went abroad with a view of making what was then

¹ *Memoirs of the Life of Philip Dormer, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield*. With numerous letters now first published. By W. Ernst, Barrister-at-Law. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

called "the grand tour." He first visited the Hague, where he acquired the habit of gaming, a vice which he afterwards regretted. He intended to have gone from that place to Turin and Venice, but the events which followed the death of Queen Anne caused this plan to be laid aside. On his return to England he was presented to the king, and appointed one of the Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales—a post "equally suitable to his age and inclinations." Though he was not quite twenty-one he managed to enter Parliament, and made some good speeches, at least for a very young orator. One of these oratorical efforts gave some offence. It was a speech delivered in the debate on the impeachment against the Duke of Ormond, and Lord Stanhope, as the future Earl of Chesterfield was then styled, bitterly attacked the promoters of the Peace of Utrecht, saying that he "never wished to spill the blood of any of his countrymen, much less the blood of any nobleman; but that he was persuaded that the safety of his country required that examples should be made of those who had betrayed it in so infamous a manner." This speech gave great offence in certain quarters, and Lord Stanhope was privately admonished by one of the opposite party that the date of his birth was known and that he was not yet of age, but that no advantage would be taken of this unless he attempted to vote. As the consequences of the discovery would be the annulment of his election and a fine of £500, Lord Stanhope discreetly quitted the House of Commons and went to Paris, where a lady of fashion introduced him into the *beau monde*.

In 1725 his father died and he became Earl of Chesterfield. His letters show a want of filial attachment, but when we remember that his father was of an unamiable disposition, we cannot greatly blame this absence of deep natural affection. In the very year of his father's death, he declined the Order of the Bath which Sir Robert Walpole offered him, and wrote some satirical verses on those who accepted that honour.

That Lord Chesterfield was a man of great observation is plain from his correspondence. His character-sketch of George the First is admirable—indeed, worthy of Thackeray :

"George the First was an honest, dull, German gentleman, as unfit as unwilling to act the part of a king, which is to shine and to oppress. Lazy and inactive, even in his pleasures, which were, therefore, lowly sensual. He was coolly intrepid and indolently benevolent. He was diffident of his own parts, which made him speak little in public, and prefer in his social, which were his favourite hours, the company of wags and buffoons. Even his mistress, the Duchess of Kendal, with whom he passed most of his time, and who had all influence over him, was very little above an idiot."

Mr. Ernst attributes Lord Chesterfield's failure to obtain rapid promotion on the accession of George II., of whom he had been a staunch supporter, to three causes—his want of obsequiousness, his love of gambling, which the king hated, and Walpole's jealous dislike of him. When his Majesty told Walpole that he would like something to be done for Chesterfield, the Minister proposed sending him as an ambassador to Holland, thus practically removing him from contact with the king. While in Holland, Lord Chesterfield acquitted himself with great ability, delicately negotiating the marriage of the Princess Anne with William Charles Henry, Prince of Nassau and Holland. In 1733 he was dismissed from office in consequence of his opposition to Walpole's unpopular Excise Bill. In the same year he married Melosina de Shonlenbourg, who was believed to be the Duchess of Kendal's daughter by George I. The marriage is said to have been an unhappy one, but Mr. Ernst does not concur in this view. In 1737, Lord Chesterfield delivered his celebrated speech against the Playhouse Bill, the object of which was to compel dramatic authors to send to the Lord Chamberlain copies of all new plays before they were acted. In this speech, Lord Chesterfield spoke very eloquently about the pliability of courtiers, and added: "As every sort of vice and folly generally in all countries begins at Court, and from thence spreads through the country, by laying the stage under an arbitrary Court licence, instead of leaving it what it is, and always ought to be, a gentle scourge for the vices of great men and courtiers, you will make it a canal for propagating and conveying their vices and follies through the whole kingdom." Bold words these, proving that Lord Chesterfield was no slavish champion of the class with which he has been frequently identified!

In 1745, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and in that capacity made an earnest attempt to redress some Irish grievances.

A careful perusal of Mr. Ernst's biography raises Lord Chesterfield considerably in our estimation. His moral code was a superficial one; but as a man of the world he was tolerant and just-minded, and his political opinions were those of an enlightened nobleman, who, though attached to his order, fully appreciated the advantages of civil liberty and social progress.

BELLES LETTRES.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE in his recent volume of essays, *Religio Poeta*,¹ strikes that note of distinction which he prizes so highly in others, for he writes with the dainty and scholarly choice of language which becomes a poet, and is learnt through close attention to the niceties of rhythmical diction. Mr. Patmore's manner has also been formed to a great extent by the perusal of such precise yet imaginative writers as St. Augustine, St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. François de Sales, and other Fathers of the Church, by whose frequentation Newman himself matured his inimitable style. In thought Mr. Patmore follows a track of his own finding, along which we cannot always, or indeed often, go with him. Needless to say, he writes from a Roman Catholic point of view, and anticipates with pride and not with confusion that the terms transcendental and mystical will be used to characterise his interpretations of dogma, for without abandoning a reverent and submissive religious attitude, his exposition, even of the actual words used in Scripture, is strangely free and parabolical. Mr. Patmore's literary judgments are in the main sympathetic to us, and even in his extravagant estimate of Mrs. Meynell's charming work we must with some reserve concur.

Mr. Stopford Brooke² has published his Address to the Inaugural Meeting of the Irish Literary Society in London, a discourse that is simply a model of what such a composition ought to be. It is written in coloured and flowing prose of persuasive accent, and indulges in a generous and loving exaggeration of the importance of the objects of the Society. With a thorough knowledge of his subject, the lecturer sketches an admirable and extensive programme of useful work to be done, some of which we believe has been already taken in hand. Mr. Stopford Brooke *a fait ses preuves*, and cannot be suspected of any lack of interest in literature for its own sake; but it is clear that he regards the study of the early poetry, tales, and folklore of Ireland as a means of sharpening political weapons, and as an instrument towards what is called in Dublin the "De-Anglicisation of the Irish nation."

*Mr. P.'s Diary*³ is a bulky tome, containing the daily lucubrations of an intelligent twaddler. Its author possesses an extensive and learned vocabulary, and since he has read widely and deals with a great variety of subjects, his dissertations are not without value.

¹ *Religio Poeta*. By Coventry Patmore. London: George Bell & Sons.

² *The Need and Use of getting Irish Literature into the English Tongue*. An Address by Stopford A. Brooke. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

³ *Mr. P.'s Diary*. By James Thornton Hoskins. London: Digby, Long & Co.

He concerns himself greatly with pathological and psychological problems, and with the facts and inferences of hygiene and heredity, and gives much sound and useful advice for warding off disease and keeping our mysterious mental mechanism in the most efficient working order. Mr. P. claims to "present learned matter in a bright and vivacious form," and to let the reader judge how far he has succeeded, we give a specimen of his style: "Yes, the spirit of prophecy rests, or rather flutters lightly, around the ideational nerve centres of Mr. P., and induces him to confide to an eagerly expectant public, that the essence of the Christian religion consists in its adequate response to eternal needs of human sentiment."

Mrs. V. S. Simmons, the author of *Green Tea*, promises to be a clever writer. It is true that her novelette, *Men and Men*,¹ gives another instance of the growing influence of Mr. Henry James in English fiction, but it has also much that is her own, and is written with many incisive touches. The leading characters, the French artist, Jean Paul Fortier, and the American heroine, Sarah Lovel, are, however, not so interesting or intelligible as they ought to be, and the whole is too slightly handled to give convincing proof of the writer's power.

What interest we find in *Captain Enderis*² lies in the account given of the conditions of life with a regiment stationed at Sierra Leone, and with the descriptions of scenery on the West Coast of Africa, while the episode that is remembered is the story of the expedition led by the hero against the native chief Zulobo. There is a good deal of mild love-making in the book, of a kind that could only be absorbing to the lovers themselves, and the character of "the female of us," as here given, is somewhat colourless.

*Like a Sister*³ is, in plot and incident, an exceedingly foolish novel, though sometimes reaching a fair average in execution. However, the misunderstandings and intrigues on which the interest depend, are, to speak plainly, so uncompromisingly silly, as to obscure any merit the book may have.

*Netta*⁴ is a not unreadable tale of a commonplace type, furnished with a lovely heroine, pale, lame, and intelligent, in her turn provided with a picturesque and learned father, living in seclusion for mysterious reasons, and with a lover in the person of an inflammable young journalist of candid address. The father relates his story through the most part of the book, and though he has the grace to conclude his recital by dying beautifully, he is inconsiderate enough to leave only a single chapter at the disposal of the lovers, who, thus driven in a corner, wisely arrange to get married without further delay.

¹ *Men and Men*. By V. S. Simmons. London: Jas. R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

² *Captain Enderis*. By Archer P. Crouch. London: Allen & Co., Limited.

³ *Like a Sister*. By Madeline Crichton. In three volumes. London: Digby, Long & Co.

⁴ *Netta*. By Edwin Elliott. London: Digby, Long & Co.

Summer Clouds,¹ a little tale by Mr. Eden Philpotts, although very short, and very slight, has brightness and gaiety, and the writer of this little comedy shows some power of developing character through the medium of crisp and amusing dialogue.

M. Adolphe Baden's *Minime et Pojarski*² is a romance founded on the events which culminated in the inauguration of the Romanoff dynasty in Russia. For those who are sufficiently imbued with Russian patriotic feeling, or, rather, with sympathy for it, to enter into the spirit of the work, it is a stirring narrative of what is by far the most romantic episode in Russian history. But, even from this point of view, it falls far short, both in the romantic character of the events and the heroic grandeur of the actors who produced them, to a closely analogous work, *Le Lion de Flandres*, which tells the story of the expulsion from Bruges, and utter rout of the French by the Brugeois, in the fourteenth century.

M. J. de la Bretonnière's *Contes à Mademoiselle*, is, as its name announces, a volume of short stories. They have all of them a certain grace and elegance; but they are exceptionally slight. The first, "Royaleau," has for its hero a Vendean foxhound; but unhappily for the interest of the story in the eyes of true dog-lovers, "Royaleau," in his sentiments and ideas, is not a dog at all, but a romantic young man—far more romantic than most young Frenchmen, or Englishmen either, in these days. As this fact is borne in on its reader, the story loses all interest; for it has no reality or even verisimilitude, and can be regarded only as a sort of sentimental *jeu d'esprit*.

We all know the dictum, "L'art d'être ennuyeux est de tout dire." It seems to us that this is an art that M. Pierre Loti is rapidly acquiring. His first offence in this sort was in the latter part of *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort*, where he poured into the public ear a mass of irrelevant matter and minute personal details too insignificant to be worth relating to one's most intimate friend. Such "bald, disjointed chat," coming on the heels of *Fantôme d'Orient*, one of M. Loti's most romantic and touching works, was a painfully sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. But in *L'Exilée*⁴ the evil reaches its height, and we cannot but think that the justly popular author abuses his position as a well-established entertainer of the public, when, with all the air of scattering pearls and diamonds, he inflicts on us a minutely circumstantial account of the recent visit to "Carmen Sylva," not even sparing us the complimentary farewell

¹ *Summer Clouds*. By Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated by Harrold Copping. London: Raphael Tuck & Sons.

² *Bibliothèque de Romans Historiques. Minime et Pojarski*. 1613. Par Adolphe Badin. Paris: Armand Colin.

³ *Contes à Mademoiselle*. Par Jean de la Bretonnière. Paris: Firmin-Didot et Cie. 1893.

⁴ "Bibliothèque Contemporaine." *L'Exilée*. Par Pierre Loti. Vingtième édition. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1893.

note which, in his quality of *confrère*, he had the honour of receiving from his royal hostess. The succeeding chapters, on Constantinople and Japan, are much pleasanter and more interesting reading.

*Les Oiseaux s'en volent et les Fleurs tombent*¹ is by no means wanting in interest, but it is too lugubrious. It may be said of M. Bourges that "Melancholy marked him for her own." Even in his title he seems to prefer the dark side of things. Perhaps he thinks life tends to be too jocund and requires to be toned down by depressing books!

Of M. F. Calmette's *Mlle. Volonté* (Plon, Nourrit) we cannot say one word in praise; it is downright silly.

POETRY.

SIR STEPHEN DE VERE might perhaps have surpassed himself in translating the odes of Horace² had he not been led astray by the theory of his preface, that "the irregular, or, as it is sometimes called, the Pindaric stanza, is a measure at once far more flexible and stronger than the regular," and consequently fitter for rendering into English verse the concise and trenchant quatrains of his original.

Awake though he is to the *curiosa felicitas* of the Horatian epithet, Sir Stephen's unrestrained and often very sonorous lines keep tempting him to the use of expressions which lead him far from the right note. What, for instance, could be wider from the truth than such a translation as the following of the first four lines from Book I., Ode ix.:

"A spectral form Soracte stands, snow crowned;
His shrouded pines beneath their burden bending;
Not now his rifts descending,
Leap the wild streams, in icy fetters bound."

How different is the spirit of this measure from the simple, quiet, observant, and almost conversational strain in which Horace wrote! And the habit of inaccuracy in the use of words pursues the translator even when, as here, he renders quatrain by quatrain. What warrant is there in the original for "Not now his rifts descending, Leap the wild streams——?" It is all amplified out of the single word *flumina*!

¹ *Les Oiseaux s'en volent et les Fleurs tombent*. Par Élémir Bourges. Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie.

² *Odes and Epodes of Horace*. Translated by Sir Stephen de Vere. London: George Bell & Sons.

However, our strictures need not be taken to be more especially deserved by the present work (which has its own particular merits) than by English translations from Horace in general, among which it deserves a high place. Sir Stephen's rendering of "O Fors Bandusiac," for instance, strikes us as fully equal to Conington's.

Mr. Pakenham Beatty has a power of expression which ought to secure him a recognised place among the minor poets of the day. In addition to form, which is above the average, the poems in his volume, *Spreta Carmina Musae*,¹ have melody and variety both in subject and metre. Though mainly lyrical, some short dramatic pieces are included, and reach a high level of merit. The love poems have a curiously feminine ring of passionate pleading and self-depreciation, and to our thinking include some of the author's most musical pieces. The lines beginning "Had I a heart more like thine own" are lovely, though, alas! too long to quote. "I saw sweet Love upon an April day," contains a poignant and striking thought.

The *Reflections and Refractions*² of Mr. Charles Weekes are also interesting, though to a less extent than Mr. Beatty's work. From the fact that the book contains two sonnets addressed to the poet's "mistress," the *Isis*, and from other internal evidence, it is possible that the writer is, or has recently been, an Oxford undergraduate. The book is youthful and owes much to Browning. "Give me a tangled passionate human soul to watch," is the author's cry, and his most important piece is a dramatic monologue in the manner of the master conveying the "sensations of an assassin." Mr. Weekes has much refinement and suggestive power, but he does not grasp his ideas quite firmly, and is therefore often obscure or confused, while in metaphor he is too frequently unconvincing.

The *Lyrics*³ of Mr. J. A. Goodchild have been selected for the most part from work already published. Mr. Goodchild is introduced by the late Lord Tennyson as being "far more than an imitator of my own," and his verses run smoothly and are pleasant in treatment.

We are instructed to regard *The Matador*⁴ and the other poems bound up with it as written for recitation, and in directness of language and dramatic intention they are suitable enough for this purpose. Mr. Nisbet writes vigorously, but his choice of subject tends to the unpleasant and sensational, and in style he has more energy than tact or refinement.

¹ *Spreta Carmina Musae*. First Series. Songs of Love and Death. By Pakenham Beatty. London: George Bell & Sons.

² *Reflections and Refractions*. By Charles Weekes. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

³ *Lyrics*. By J. A. Goodchild. London: Horace Cox.

⁴ *The Matador*: and other Recitative Pieces. By Hume Nisbet. Hutchinson & Co.

Mr. Aitken, in the memoir preceding his edition¹ of the poetry of Burns, follows closely the incidents of the poet's life, though the manner is rather that of a catalogue of events than of a narrative of sustained interest. Frequent quotations, however, from the autobiographical letters give life to the story, the vivid, graphic wording contrasting with Mr. Aitken's colourless treatment. Mr. Aitken has adopted a chronological arrangement of the poems, and proves himself a fully competent and well-informed editor, who has spared no pains to make the text of this edition the most complete and accurate that has yet been published.

The earlier volumes of Mr. Dowden's edition of *Wordsworth*² have been already noticed in this section, and it is only necessary to add that the last of the promised seven has now appeared. This set of useful little volumes contains (with one unimportant exception, due to copyright) the complete text of the poetry of Wordsworth, with excellent notes and variorum readings, and will be found more essentially satisfactory than the most reassuringly expensive library edition.

Miss Frances Lord³ is one of the most transcendental of the expositors of Ibsen's philosophy, and a believer in the doctrines of "Karma" and of "Twin Souls." She gives a sketch of the dramatist's personal appearance, in which she notes that his mouth "expresses inexhaustible will, as though some giant resolve were for ever being taken afresh!" We do not know Norwegian, but have been told that Miss Lord's English very well renders the peculiar conversational tone of Ibsen's dialogue.

On the whole, for those who are not Norsemen, we are inclined to believe that German is the right language in which to read Ibsen, certainly not French, which is peculiarly unsuited to this writer's mannerism. However, it is perhaps more possible to give a good French rendering of an historical play such as *Die Kron-Prentenzen*, since in handling it is more literary than the modern domestic dramas, where Ibsen's language is essentially homely and colloquial. The notice preceding M. Jacques Trigant-Geneste's version, *Les Pretendants à la Couronne*⁴ is especially interesting and worthy of attention.

¹ *The Poetical Works of Robert Burns*. Edited, with a Memoir, by George A. Aitken. Three vols. Aldine Edition. London: George Bell & Sons.

² *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*. Edited, with Memoir, by Edward Dowden. Seven vols. Aldine Edition. London: George Bell & Sons.

³ *Nora; or, a Doll's House*. A Play by Henrik Ibsen. Translated by Henrietta Frances Lord. New Edition revised. London: Griffith, Farran & Co.

⁴ *Les Pretendants à la Couronne*. Par Henrik Ibsen. Traduction Jacques Trigant-Geneste. Albert Savine, Editeur.

ART.

A FRENCH writer has just given to the readers of his language a collection of what he calls "unpublished documents" concerning the unfortunate Bavarian king *Louis II. and Richard Wagner*, the poet-musician.¹ The only documents of real interest are the series of Wagner's letters to Madame Eliza Wille, which appeared in the *Deutsche Rundschau* six years ago.

They throw a curious light on the great composer, whom our author, among much silly comment, happily enough compares to Victor Hugo. More than once they irresistibly suggest Tammag Haggart's idea that there should be a place of sequestration for geniuses. King Louis II., whose insanity M. Fazy and the Wagner legend in general throw doubt on, succeeded fairly well in sequestering the musician for a time. He thus gave him that freedom from annoyance and stimulus of successful stage production which his nervous, fantastic, and intensely egotistical temper required.

There is an unpleasant side to Wagner's friendship (it was always "Love" with a capital letter); and there was much uncanny talk about the king and himself, which our author takes the pains to discredit, apparently in order to speak of it. There is no doubt that this musician, above all others, recognised those harmonies of sound which thrill the nerves of sensual sympathy, affection, passion.

The letters here given also bring into strong relief the un-morality of geniuses. Wagner's complaint against his first wife, whom he calmly sent packing, is: "What did *she* know of the divine right of passion?" It all reads like a chapter out of Goethe's *Elective Affinities*. In the philosophy of evolution, we imagine, these geniuses represent what might have been the development of man; they are survivals suddenly rising to vigorous life. Perhaps the race is as well off for having finally developed into those "decent Philistines," whom Wagner held in such horror.

A brief and comprehensive outline of the æsthetic conditions of music and musical composition has been reprinted separately, with some additions, under the title of *Form and Design in Music*,² from a former volume of Mr. Heathcote Statham. It is a satisfactory treatise on a subject-matter where the general reader seldom finds satisfaction.

The philosophy of music as a fine art is treated, without too much

¹ *Louis II. et Richard Wagner*. Par Edmond Fazy. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1893.

² *Form and Design in Music*. By H. Heathcote Statham. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.

technical detail or example, from its fundamental principle in the nature of musical sound to the grouping of orchestral instruments. Of special interest is all that relates to the development of present harmony and of the sonata-form from the early scales, through the gradual handling of discords, and the wonderful interweaving of voice-forms, as in the works of Palestrina, to the introduction of dance-forms, on which our instrumental music is mainly based. The reasoning is clear and consequent, and shows thorough acquaintance, not only with the history of music, but also with the fundamentals of a parallel branch of æsthetics—the theory of ornamentation in architecture. The style is at once sober and precise, with no elephantine gambols to persuade us that æsthetics can be made easy reading. Yet the exposition of the subjects treated is full of luminous ideas for all those who love to speculate on the meaning of poetry and art.

It is unfortunate that mere headlines to the pages should have been made to take the place of table of contents and index; many a probable reader will put the book aside from not grasping its real value and completeness on a cursory examination. The matter is important enough to warrant a specimen example, with criticism where needed, of our author's conclusions.

From the beginning (page 2), he respectfully puts aside Mr. Herbert Spencer's derivation of music from the natural variation of inflexion in the speaking voice under various states of feeling. He very correctly places the essence of musical tone in the rhythmical series of vibrations, which he connects with the rhythm (eurythmy) of architectural form; and he explains the emotional character of music from the fact that its rhythm is in movement, while in our own nervous system "rhythmical movement is an inherent necessity."

In a complete exposition of this primary physical fact in music it would be necessary to consider in detail the mutual influence of sympathetic nerve-feeling and heart-pulsation, and especially the regulation of the breathing under emotion with the result on voice-quality. This by no means leads back to a modification of the Spencerian theory, which, moreover, neglects the element of rhythm. The emotional character of rhythmical vibrations of sound is verified, for example, in the effect produced on horses by the playing of brass instruments. Here there is certainly no question of music as such, but simply of a complicated sense-action. Mr. Statham properly discerns the advent of music only with the intellectual perception of proportion and relation "as existent behind the physical facts."

This may be stated in other words, which are, perhaps, plainer, and are certainly more conformable to the theory of Aristotle, who

has most closely analysed the perception of pleasure. Music begins when the mind recognises in the sensations of hearing that the faculty has been called forth into its full and connatural activity. In this consciousness of well-being and fulness of being, of natural power and, by mental association as well as physical sympathy, of emotional life, the mind finds that rest which is the distinguishing mark of the perception of beauty. It is proportionally the same for the eye in presence of the lines of ornament; and the reason of the "organised form" in art, which Mr. Spencer would make a matter of purely human evolution, should be sought rather in the physiological nature of the faculty itself—an evolution, assuredly, that preceded by far "the four-toned recitative of the early Greek poets."

In fact, all this can be expressed without any very high philosophy. The popular liking for "tunes" arises from the satisfied natural activity of the commonest sense of hearing, where the sound enters intelligibly in the easy balance and flow of melody. The mere sense-perception would be the same in the case of Beethoven's most elaborate harmonies; but the re-cognition—the "self-orientation"—would be wanting to the uncultivated ear.

The reader who looks for philosophy in Mr. Hulme's *Birth and Development of Ornament*¹ will be disappointed; but then he will find abundance of literature. There is room for a popular book on this subject; and the author goes over much ground. Still, it is to be feared that he has not thought out his matter sufficiently before putting pen to paper.

The "Birth of Ornament" is dismissed in two paragraphs, which are next to meaningless, though the author winds them up with this extraordinary conclusion: "Hence we claim for our subject nothing short of infinite antiquity, nothing less than divine authority."

The remaining 324 pages of text are given over to the "Development of Ornament," with an attempt at following some chronological order. Greek art succeeds to Egyptian, and Roman and Gothic come after; and then, thrown into a final chapter, as if overlooked at first, and afterwards hastily picked up before concluding the manuscript, appears "the art of Islam." Now, in chance observations on the way—and this book has so many of them—Mr. Hulme shows that he is not at all unaware of the position of Mohammedan art in the history of ornament. Surely, it did not come after "the ironwork of Huntingdon Shaw." It may be difficult to trace the evolution of the different styles of art; but evolution demands, as a first requisite, some sort of continuity. If this continuity was impossible in our author's matter, as he had conceived it, why did he call his book the "Development of Ornament"?

¹ *The Birth and Development of Ornament.* By F. Edward Hulme. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

In other ways, this work is lacking in continuity of ideas, though much valuable matter is given in a style which, however loose and uncritical, is at least easily understood. On the whole, the book reads like the oral lessons given by an overworked master to his pupils. He has taken time only to draw up an orderly programme of his matter; and, at every new division, he gives out all the observations with which long experience has made him fluent. Some of these seem almost ludicrous in print, as when we are told: "The word decorative is derived from the Latin word *decorus* ; or, "It seems but reasonable that if we go in for the reproduction of this past art, it should be done thoroughly and with knowledge."

The book has an excellent index, which goes a certain way toward relieving its uncritical faults; and the plates are numerous and good.

THE DRAMA.

AFTER all, in spite of all that they may say, in spite of ancient traditions and cumbersome forms which make the Comédie Française in its inner working perhaps a not quite up-to-date concern, as a home of art it is still unsurpassed and unequalled in the Old World and in the New. It is true that there is a marked characteristic in these performances of the Comédie Française—a hall-mark, which after a certain time is impressed upon every new recruit who joins this body, and it is a well-known fact that this very uniformity, which according to some is not free from monotony, is one of the grounds on which they found their attacks; yet we hold, and we have proclaimed it time after time by word of mouth and with the quill, that it is better that a company should bear a distinct stamp—that is, a distinct individuality—than have no spontaneous style or harmony at all, as one may learn in the very first English theatre into which one enters. One thing is admirable in the Comédie Française, it is the care which is bestowed on the diction. The language of these people seems to flow out of one and the same mould, their French is the purest, and, as far as one man can imbue himself with the thoughts of another, these actors try to reproduce, to realise the meaning of the authors whose works they interpret. It is for this reason that absolute mis-readings, at least of living authors, as observed in our best theatres from time to time, are out of the question at the Comédie Française. And now we come to the root of this. There is at the Comédie Française what exists at no English theatre—a higher artistic *régie*. We know that at the Lyceum Mr. Irving bestows much attention upon the details of the production, but we have it on good authority that this supervision is far more extended to the outward presentation of a play than to the characterisation by the actors. At the Comédie Française there is not only a stage manager, in the ordinary sense of the word, and a super stage manager, who revises the work of his underling, but there is the director himself, there is the author, who is all-powerful in France, who dives with the actors, as it were, into the very depths of the part, discusses every situation, every sentence, and, where it is needful, every word, and so, through dint of constant anatomical studies of their parts, the actors arrive in the end in presenting something which approaches artistic per-

fection. One thing more is not to be lost sight of—the actors who join the *Comédie Française* are never raw material; they have studied their art at a *Conservatoire*, they ascend the historical boards with a knowledge of their own classics, and, above all, their first steps at the house of Molière are guided by the very same men who have been their preceptors at the academy. Moreover, the life of an actor at the *Comédie Française* is one of incessant study. His memory is never allowed to waste and to rust, and his diction is continuously improved by frequent appearances in plays of the French classics under the eyes of critics who, whatever may be their faults, are thoroughly familiar with the requirements and traditions of this school.

We do not wish to criticise the amazingly rich repertoire which the *Comédie Française* has unfolded in London in thirty days' time. The quantity has been so enormous that any attempt to deal with the quality would seem flippant and futile. What we want to do, however, is to say a few words in defence of Hamlet, as interpreted by Monsieur Mounet-Sully, an actor whom the London press has scarcely done justice to. The case of Mounet-Sully confirms what once a great German critic said to us about the insularity of English judgment when Shakespeare is concerned: "They will not allow," he said, "Shakespeare to be considered as a universal genius, and in their eyes no one but an Englishman can understand him." We do not wish to go as far as this German professor, but we must say that, although sweeping, his assertion is rather to the point. We have never read here, in the course of our experience, an absolutely favourable criticism on Shakespearean impersonations by foreigners. Not even Rossi has escaped the whip. Now the reproach which is levelled against Mounet-Sully is, in the first place, the modern style of his conception, and secondly, the violence of his method. True, if both of them were unconscious, we should be the first to blame the actor, but listen to Mounet-Sully's defence. He holds that Hamlet was a very ordinary young man, who, failing to live the easy life of studious indolence and culture he would have liked, and being compelled to action, went very mad. After this defence, eloquent as it is in its briefness, there is nothing more to say. Mounet-Sully pictures a young man, for his time, modern in his ideas, a "Gruebler," as the German says, in whose mind the germ of insanity ripens through circumstances into raving madness. Whether this is the true reading of the character does not concern us in the least. It is a reading spontaneously conceived, and as such it has as much claim to be accepted as the impressionist Hamlet of Mr. Tree and the mature Hamlet of Mr. Irving.

Since our last review Mr. Augustin Daly's American company has found a home with us, and opened a new playhouse in Cranbourne Street. For the occasion Mr. Clement Scott wrote some verses

which were declaimed by Miss Ada Rehan from the stage, surrounded by an ungainly chorus. We were very much struck to find that Miss Rehan, who is, without doubt the most perfect *comédienne* of the English-speaking world, displayed such marked inability as a reciter. Anything more monotonous, unimpressive, and—through the constant sway of one arm—puppet-like than Miss Rehan's delivery of Mr. Scott's virtuous poetry cannot be imagined. We dwell on this, not to fling a blot on the glorious scutcheon of Miss Rehan's talent, but simply in order to illustrate the vast difference which there is between acting and reciting, a difference which, by many people, is entirely overlooked. The play of the evening was the *Taming of the Shrew*, a selection which was wise if it tended to show Miss Rehan at her best, and which was utterly unwise if it was made with the intention of showing the force of Mr. Daly's troops, for, if the general was excellent, the army was as efficient as the French were in 1870 when Marshal Lebœuf said that "every button was in its proper place." Any provincial company, we maintain, playing Shakespeare in second-rate towns would have shown us something better than these comedians from across the water. Most of them brought their American accent with them, and very few convinced us that they were living in peace with blank verse. The Petruchio of Mr. George Clarke stood on a somewhat higher plane than the rest, but it was a boisterous, rough-and-ready performance, without much distinction, by a man who forcibly reminded us of the general run of German operatic tenors. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert had practically nothing to do, so call for no comment; and in the third act everybody, with the exception of Miss Ada Rehan, seemed to spare no endeavours to turn Shakespeare's highly humorous comedy into a rough-and-tumble farce. But, for Miss Rehan we have nothing but praise. She is the Katherine of our dreams, she shows us the gradual change of the shrew into a loving and lovable woman with such finish, and spirit, and grace that she simply bewitched us. She was greeted with rapturous applause, and once more she has established herself firmly in London's favour.

The other events on the London stage call for very little comment: the season, is over and one theatre after another closes its doors.

At the Adelphi another melodrama of Mr. Henry Pettitt, called *A Woman's Revenge*, has been produced. It is a very ordinary, commonplace, badly written play, with one interesting scene, a sitting of the Central Criminal Court, and, on the whole, it afforded evidence that the Adelphi melodrama of the well-worn pattern, which has had bad luck lately, is starving upon its tarnished glories. The young generation has been knocking at the door for years and at last the locks are giving way. If Messrs. Pettitt *cum suis* wish to continue to coin money, they will have to invent something new and better. The old game is up.



THE FUTURE OF "SOCIETY."

SOCIETY, with its unwritten law, is both the outcome of the gregariousness of the human animal, and the mirror of its phases of thought and action. From earliest times the *élite*, or, in other words, the strongest and fittest of mankind, in banding together, sought to place a rampart between themselves and the common herd. In the siftings of segregation, "Society," *par excellence*, became the socialism of a select few, who for the sake of a higher ideal of cultivation, philosophy, or pleasure for themselves, and the subjection of their inferiors, endured some eclipse of the natural restraints imposed by artificiality. Meeting together for company and amusement, men found themselves, in the interests of harmony, obliged more and more to give up rudeness and roughness, to chasten their manners, and smooth their speech. With the decline of war and the cultivation of the fine arts, the more constant companionship of women brought further refining and civilising influences to bear upon the evolution of Society, at least outwardly, for its code has never been of the highest and only based upon the prevailing tendencies of the age, whether virtuous or vicious. It is a truism to say that Society's creed is a selfish one, for, in spite of its conditions of restraint, the law of its being is love of self, implying search after amusement, and ambition of success, be it only in pleasing; eclipse of rivals soon follows, and the spirit of emulation is scarce akin to that of charity.

The standard of Society has been, therefore, and still is, low; and it floats over a system of rivalries based on the prevailing tastes and customs of the day, which run by their very competition into extremes. Let learning and culture be in fashion (here with apologies to the fair sex we personate), Society must have her *littérateurs*, her *sarantes*, even her philosophers; and all who desire her countenance must dabble in literature, nibble the dry crusts of antiquity, or peck at each smoothly-rounded, well-turned-out new theory; while those who are not strong enough for competition must silently affect wisdom, or get them spectacles to bring her at least into visual range, and to peer through in open-mouthed admiration at her professors. Should the country be struggling in the grip of war, Society's sons and daughters strike a patriotic attitude to a note of glory, woo heroes, and in the height of delirium over

victory, smother honest consciousness of duty done with adulation, till it knows itself in its modesty no longer. If foppism and dress, at another time, claim the special attention of the *élite*, dandies and stylish women are imitated and petted, till foolish, idolising Society gets tired of her uncrowned kings and queens, of loud display, or the drooping garments and angular posturings of æstheticism. Society, in each case, surrenders herself to the prevailing mood, and when the apparent aim of running it to ridicule and collapse has been accomplished, she starts off, in a moment of returning sanity, on a new pursuit, to be driven in turn to an impotent conclusion. At present her rage—and it has lasted longer than most—is money, the chief reason for its duration being that here the many can aim at distinction.

All the other phases we have mentioned require for prominence a certain amount of individuality, eccentricity, power of imitation and adaptation, elasticity of mind, inventiveness, even genius. Money, with brilliant exceptions, does not. A solid determination, perseverance, narrow-minded intensity, shrewdness, acquisitiveness, taste for saving, power of grasping, a speculative turn of mind, and—shall we say it?—an obtuseness to the creed of morality, may land their possessors on the pinnacle of worldly glory. Thus, perhaps, of all distinctions that of money is the most demoralising and the most dangerous. It militates in the strongest degree against personality, for a man possessing it is valued not for what he is, but for what he has. The effect of Mammon-worship has been to widen so considerably the inner circle of “Society,” and shade so imperceptibly its edge, that now to define its boundary is difficult, if not impossible.

People whose memories reach back to fifty years ago, when trade was still at a social discount, look on in hopeless bewilderment, struggling in vain to keep the path, or recognise their landmarks; and the older world of fashion shakes hands unwillingly with those it would scarcely have rubbed shoulder against half a century ago. Titles, though the present representatives of most of them will hardly bear microscopic examination on the score of antiquity, hold their own; after that, chaos. The hand of Society has been forced, a new and powerful factor has appeared on the scene, and she has been obliged to receive the overbearing stranger Wealth on his own recognisances. No matter how base the metal presented for her acceptance, or how bitter the pill, provided both are well gilded, only the baser the one, and the more nauseous the other, the more she requires of the meretricious ornamentation.

It has been reserved for this enlightened and practical nineteenth century to set up a god it both sneers at and worships. Its science, its inventions, most, alas! of its art, go to feed the indiscriminate and insatiable appetite of the golden idol before whose Juggernaut car sentiment, chivalry, and refinement fall and are crushed. Woe

to him whose work is not visible, brilliant, gilded above all : to the wall or under the wheels with him ; "for the dotage," say the prophets, "of Society is upon her—she can only see what shines."

In these days the individual, however honourable, however learned, however worthy, must, if he be ungilded, stand cap in hand while the upstart wealth, with the scorn of a Roman emperor, rolls by, or else, with supercilious pride, gives him a place in his chariot and allows him to swell the procession.

The stamp of Mammon most visibly marked in this gold-worshipping age is vulgarity, if not always in manner, in motive and thought ; and with this has ensued a lack of politeness and courtesy for which the influx of the lower ranks into Society, with that lack of sensitiveness and tact bred of independence self-attained, is responsible. These, with the brand of success written large on their foreheads, earned by their unaided efforts, and much in love with their own cuteness, are not as a rule troubled with susceptibility, or quick to perceive it in others, and when they find themselves suddenly transported into a world of artificialism they are inclined to shrug their shoulders at its requirements. We have indeed only been saved from the entire loss of politeness by a dislike intuitive to the English nation of ridicule, which has necessitated a certain amount of conformation to the prejudices of the higher and older ranks of fashion. Here again too the case is one of Society's extremes. From the obsequiousness of politeness, mere veneer though it often was, and an affectation of courtesy which required from its votaries extravagant compliments, flowery metaphors, and meandering phrases, flowing round words suggestive of leisure and an intimate acquaintance with the dictionary, we have swung to a directness of manners and speech which coarsens life and cheapens a language that has scarce a rival in richness. There is no time in this high-pressure age for coining speeches or words, except slang ones, only gold, and in the haste of people to get it and spend it, even to lose it, they are impatient of length anywhere. Speech is ejected in jerks like the steam which propels our engines, conversation is no longer an art but a conveyance of erratic half-digested notions and interrupted thoughts.

The chief aim of Society being amusement, it has always taken a superficial enough view of men and things, but in this shifting, wealth-pursuing age it cannot pause to look beneath the appearance, which if it show like money may pass. Society has ever elevated those out of whom it could get something—a system of rivalries, it has not cared for its rivalries to be set too high ; goodness and worth or earnestness have always rather bored it, dilettantism was easy, æstheticism amusing, talent interesting, eccentricity entertaining ; but money above all gives full value to its patrons. Were Society to throw off this old man of the sea now riding it, some think to

destruction, would it be saved from the danger that threatens, and which is of its own raising?

The swamping of distinctions and caste by money, combined with the general education of the day, has made men of lower grades feel they need no longer be excluded from that charmed circle of which the "open sesame" was at one time known only to the select few. The danger does not, however, lie with those who strive and succeed, but with the many who try and fail, and the more who are not allowed the opportunities they covet. For the lower classes respect has gone out for those above them, mainly because they see that money has made their would-be masters; let them, they say, make money, and they will become the equals, maybe the superiors, of those who would pin them down to "that state of life to which they are called," and who have themselves left that "condition," and evolved from the grub to the butterfly. A craze for money is in all the air; while the parade, luxury, and selfishness of the rich flaunt themselves before the eyes of a greedy multitude, not only greedy and hungry like that gaunt red nightcapped mob, which, infuriated by contempt, and driven mad with snatched and unaccustomed power, made monarchy and aristocracy bite the dust, but a multitude that is becoming conscious of a power it can use, a power, not spasmodic, but compelling; the difference between the two being that the one wildly running seized the reins and forced the steed of the State, panic-stricken and helpless, on its haunches, while the other will mount its back as legitimate rider, to guide it—whither?

"Bah!" say the pessimists, "our civilisation is becoming effete, our country is on the wane; wrapped in one pursuit she is becoming lost to honour and to patriotism; Society, poor weathercock, veering with the winds, follows suit, and if she is still made happy with her somewhat worn toy, even though it turns out to be a very infernal machine and blow her to pieces, what of it? Is not the end anyway near?" "What matter?" echo the socialists; "the evil is about to cure itself; the crisis is near, regeneration must follow, we shall be ready to assist at the death-throes and to cry: 'The king is dead.' 'God save the king.'"

Those people who do not consider matters thus serious, in supercilious disdain and discontent at the state of things shrug their shoulders, and ask if it is possible for a phase of life so fluctuating and fickle as that of Society ever to lend itself to a higher prompting and reflect the altruism which is a phase of the century it has hitherto disregarded? and even if it did so, would it not drive that virtue, as it has other qualifications, to an absurd and unnatural end? Prophecy doubtless is unsafe, and we shall probably be deemed guilty of optimism if we say that we look and appeal to an element in this evolution which was absent from the older civilisations when they went

to their doom, impelled by effeminate luxury and extravagance, bred of ease, commerce, and peace.

The consideration of this new element must send us to present Society's *raison d'être*, and those modern failings which have sprung from it. We think it will be admitted that, if not the first, women have come to be the chief moulders of "Society," and that by them and for them it mainly exists; and we feel sure we shall not be contradicted if we lay some of its shortcomings to their charge, and say that its frivolity and changeableness are the outcome of feminine impulsiveness, vanity, and love of display. Women as well as men require both interest and power, and those who find and are contented with them in the sanctuary of home are rare exceptions, hardly even to be found in the middle and lower classes, where formerly lack of means to procure enjoyment and change of scene rendered them most common. Interest of profession having been denied women of the upper classes, where even the bringing up of children has always been in the hands of nurses and governesses, they took up the only rôle which was to their hand, and suited to their superficial training—viz, the art of pleasing and entertaining, and the consequent display of personal charms, conversation, and accomplishments. "Society" has become the great battlefield on which the fair sex concentrates all its attention for the subjugation of men; here, at least, women can exercise some power over their despots, if only transitory; and here the forces of beauty assemble under the generalship of skilled matrons whose tactics are those of old campaigners.

Men acknowledge this law of Society's being, and, with eyes too often closed, rush on the field. Weary of the sordid cares of money-making, or the sameness of spending, they seek amusement and excitement; but their overworked, or neglected, brains require the bait held up in the way of pleasure to be glittering, light, easy to follow, new, as far nowadays as the money creed will allow, or dull if superlatively costly. Hostesses live in a perpetual state of anxiety to keep the ball rolling to satisfy the tastes and gain the patronage of gilded youth and gilded age, excitement becomes their meat and drink, they deteriorate, and with them those they mould. In vain attempts to put a new face on the worn-out luxury of tedious dinners and overcrowded ball-rooms, where dancing is at a premium, Society's leaders have encroached unwholesomely on Nature's laws of rest, and followed the poet's bad advice by "stealing hours from the night to lengthen their days."

"Dancing, which in the days of our grandparents was a graceful and refined amusement, and an art in which men of the best parts and breeding were not ashamed to excel, has degenerated, through the vulgar, hurried, impatient tone of the day, into a romp, which the more womanly women and the more refined and manly of our

male youth regard with contempt and disgust, the latter leaving it for the most part to the spoilt dandies before whom hostesses cringe, and who deal out their patronage to wall-decking crowds of humbly waiting partners, with the air of pashas in a harem."

Tales of the insolence and ingratitude of male youth in the treatment of hostesses assail our ears on every side ; but, indeed, among that of both sexes, respect for parents and elders seems to be as lacking a quantity as courtesy, under the virtue-paralysing sway of the golden god !

Young people educated on their fathers' gains, and springing from them, as Minerva from the head of Jove, armed at all points, into a world where they are able at once to hold their own, trouble themselves little in their independence about the source from which they have emanated, or, in the full-blown wisdom, innocent of budding, which disregards experience, and eclipses old-fashioned methods—if they do not set themselves in opposition to the authors of their being, they patronise them from the heights they have attained, albeit by the means of those they ungratefully despise. Society accepts these complacent and hall-marked interlopers, and with them suffer their elderly relatives to slip in, but reserves for the former her sweetest smiles, and regales herself with scant politeness on plunder of the latter. Consequently, in each grade where pressure is ever being exercised upwards, respect for age and seniority is well nigh extinct, and we see young men lolling in the seats of their elder, and young ladies scarcely out of the schoolroom snubbing and patronising their parents' elderly guests.

Under the ægis of money men who have filled well positions of trust in their professions, and earned honour by the command and teaching of others, because lacking in the world's goods, are assigned places below younger men, innocent too often of both pedigree and manners, and void of any standing beyond that conferred by the money which they have made in trade or doubtful speculations, but which enables them to pose as men of substance, or of landed estate.

"Society," owing to its low and easily reached standard, has become an overgrown unwieldy machine for intercourse, in which an unmanageable acquaintance, not even known by sight, has elbowed friendship into the background, and in which a vulgar proxy of pasteboard saves the impossible burden of personal intercourse. Quantity everywhere in this machine-ridden age has deteriorated quality—in art, manufactures, and humanity ! "Receptions," the favourite form of 'dispatching obligations of entertainment, must be on a colossal scale, and are looked on as failures if there is room to sit down and they are not in the fullest sense of the word "crushers," packed full with the gregarious human animal as any sheepfold ; nor does the resemblance to the silly quadruped end there. Each

votary of fashion, or money, must follow exactly in the wake of the one before, till the track is marked by the extinction of any blade of springing life, and on goes the monotonous procession, pursuing not Pleasure, who is long since dead of asphyxia, but her attenuated ghost. The human animal is doubtless developing unsuspected powers of endurance and accommodation to adverse circumstances, amid insanitary and prejudicial surroundings, but hardly of a kind we think to foster the development of the species physically, mentally, or morally. Boredom, the vice-president of wealth, casts his depressing influence over a patiently acquiescing multitude, too supine to break its chains, though murmurs of discontent are heard in the ranks. Before the artificialism that Fashion inculcates lands us in the dismal swamp of decrepitude, or the aristocracy of Wealth raises the cupidity of the multitude to plunder point, let Society, if only for the sake of more lenient treatment, begin to reform itself.

"Utopias" are not wanting, even in these days, but they are treated as the old dreams of the philanthropists, the world not seeing that the time of mere fancy is past, of the thought that was in advance of the force necessary to make its action, and that now in the full glow of liberty we have to face the danger of theories, both problematical and doubtful, being carried into practice. Would not a commencement to clear away some of those prominent abuses of Society which invite attack stand it eventually in good stead? Or, to take a higher view, is not the work of raising it to a tone in conformity with the better instincts of the day as worthy a task as the teaching and improving of the masses, who see full well, with opened and critical eyes, the unreality of the class from which some of their would-be regenerators spring, and from whose lips the cry "First, physician, heal thyself," may well come? To whom shall we look for the beginning of this ungrateful task but to those who have hitherto stamped Society with the impress of their own superficiality, ignorance, and frivolity? We appeal to women now emerging from their trammels to redeem it by the virtue of their own redemption. For the first time in an old world, so far as we can trace, has the gospel of Freedom included women in its beneficent message; all that remains is for her to rise to it; then, and not before, will narrow views, low ideals, and false standards, bred of ignorance and irresponsibility, cease to disfigure and make void her beauty; the element we look to for the future of Society is an educated and gracious womanhood. Must we seek in vain for leaders, even from the very ranks of fashion, who will lift a standard against the status of wealth, and a debased coinage of morality; who will cry with authoritative voice in the market-place of Mammon against the auction of human souls and bodies?

Society generally has hitherto looked askance at the movement

that has taken by storm the gates of learning, and on those women who have led the van in their sex's progress. Those now in her midst who have hidden their leanings in this direction must have the courage of their convictions, and hold out the right hand of fellowship to the members of their sex, who, from a dislike of contempt, patronage, or a feeling of incompatibility of pursuit and aim, as well as lack of the golden key, have held aloof from the whirl of frivolity. In the courts where money has long reigned supreme, the nucleus of a new order, founded on worth, high-mindedness, and good fellowship, shall then hold its own and make way. Too long has Society, money ridden, read Nature's law backwards, in trying to reduce its heterogeneous elements to a homogeneous mass, and the interposition of new forces will start that segregation which is the sign of healthy life. Doubtless, in the process, a large portion of the dregs of frivolity may drift together and fall to the bottom, but it is better the stream should be cleansed than the vicious considered, who now far more contaminate Society than are restrained by her dictum. Money has, by its levelling process, paved the way for the recognition of the equality of worth, and even the aristocracy whose titles, many of them, by reason of their newness, and their bestowal more for wealth than desert, have ceased to command respect, have no good reason to object to the invasion into their circle of merit, character, and intelligence in the place of money value. We do not believe that many will regret it, if with the past ages of Chivalry, of Puritanism, of Foppery, the age of Snobbism should soon lie. Are not they wearying of its arrogance, its bad manners, and low moral tone? Is there not a desire for something to take its place; and if it is Society's rôle to follow the phase of her age, is not that light of sympathy, consideration, and philanthropy, which has redeemed this century from its failings, already gilding the edge of her restless sea?

We do not want preachers, but those who will be the exponents of their creed, showing forth in their lives the beauty of temperance of living, control of passions, courtesy to equals, consideration for inferiors, and of intelligent adhesion to those laws that religion has long proclaimed darkly under a veil, which it has been left for Science to draw aside, rendering patent what was concealed to the eyes of all who seek truth and righteousness.

Women, if they are to carry weight in this new ordering, must start with a basis of self-respect, and must no longer allow themselves to be the toys and dupes of men; they must not let the voice of a pessimism not yet lived down daunt their courage, giving tongue to fears, "that an assumption of equality with men will unsex them, and that strong-mindedness will take the place of grace and modesty; that scant politeness will be eked out from men to those who are self-sufficient, and that an undignified scramble of

the sexes in general will make Society's pleasure a bear garden." This threat has daunted many, but let women examine the scarecrow set up to warn them off that tree of freedom and knowledge, which, unlike the temptation of Eden, has held out fruit freely to one-half the human race while it has refused it under penalty to the other. Is that veneer of chivalry, which sees light only at the expense of its object, worth so much to women, and are the comments on their weakness and inferiority, made in facetiousness to themselves by irrepressible schoolboys, young men swelling with the vanity of youth's bursting buds, and fifty years old dogmatists who have sifted all theories in the shallow sieves of their own experience, so pleasant to their taste that life would become flavourless without them?

Do women believe still in that forced chivalry which insists on their weakness that it may be protective, their feeble-mindedness that its fabricator's superiority may be tacitly acknowledged, their helplessness that its bestower may appropriate gratitude? May those who do awake so see that this is the caricature of true chivalry, and bears the same relation to the real as the mock heroics of the eighteenth century did to the religiously-sown chivalry of the Middle Ages. True chivalry, born of respect for its object, will be quite as ready to own allegiance to a healthy, able, self-respecting sovereign, as to an artfully artless, exacting, and capricious queen. If not, if warped nature, stunted intellect, repressed individuality, encouraged frivolity, are to remain the hall-marks of womanhood, heaven help Society!—as in the past there will no salt be left to save it. Woman's power has hitherto admittedly had baneful effects, because corrupted by ignorance, light-mindedness and degradation of motive, born of inconsequence. It is in the highest degree illogical to declare that education, full power of development, and responsibility, which tend to the wise regulation of both soul and body, will spoil womanhood; rather will they ennoble and consecrate her possessions.

The commencement of the reform must begin with small things, and though it may seem a humbler task to stoop to the weeds than to plan the garden in its beauty, how shall the fair sward and the glowing parterres succeed, if the ground is not first prepared?

In the limits of a magazine article we cannot set forth a full scheme of reform, indeed, it must gradually develop; but we may, perhaps, be allowed to glance at some remedy for the evils we have already noticed.

Is it not possible that life might be made easier, and Society pleasanter, if simpler forms of entertainment were adopted. The burden of a large acquaintance might well give place to a less exacting circle of friends, and this would necessitate less going out and over-excitement for the younger members, by no means to their

loss ; for two or three entertainments in an evening, or even one on every day of the week, come soon to produce surfeit and to lose charm. Gatherings can be just as agreeable without the adjuncts of costliness and display, which are but to move envy and admiration—it is, after all, the human element that makes the success or non-success of a party ; a dinner even, except to a gourmand, gains or loses in the presence or absence of a pleasant companion. What hundreds of women there are who would be thankful to be relieved from the immorality and pressure of exceeding their incomes in vying with more opulent acquaintances, and husbands from over-tasking their physical and mental resources in the effort to make money for their wives and daughters to spend.

Smaller circles, where men and women of kindred tastes, aims, and talents, or differentiated, with some point in agreement, could meet, would surely be more productive of pleasure, at all events to the cultured and refined, than those crowded with people who have nothing in common but gossip and scandal. Would it also not then be possible for mistresses to content themselves with six days in the week for entertaining and being entertained, if not for righteousness, for charity's sake ? By this means, allowing their dependents the option of refreshing their souls, and giving them opportunity of freedom and rest.

To stay the arrogance and selfishness of youth, and put an end to the degradation of the marriage-market, there is but one way ; and that is, to stop the stream at its source. Let parents educate their daughters on the same lines as their sons, and let each as much as possible share the studies and recreations of the other. Freedom to develop should be allowed to girls, their natural gifts be watched for and trained, and mere accomplishments discarded. The occupations of a daughter should no more be broken in upon than those of a son, yet both should be taught they have social duties. If mothers lay the foundations of teaching rightly they need not fear allowing their girls, as they emerge from their teens, liberty ; remembering that the virtue which is dependent on guards and props is the most assailable when the latter are removed. The notion that independence will make girls fast and manlike, the latter in its lower form, is surely a mistaken one. The fast woman has no respect for her sex ; ignoring its powers and self-sufficiency, she imitates the vices and extravagances, rarely the virtues, of men, and is a product, not of the education and liberty of the age, but of its snobbism and narrowness. Hers is a phase of rudeness and coarseness adopted to suit the tastes of an unintellectual, bored and gilded male youth, too indolent and self-indulgent to find higher pursuit and culture while it is received on the merits of its opulence.

Here we may be met with the cry that if women do not lose their

charm, they will, at all events, acquire a distaste for marriage. For the old state of bondage it is most likely they will; in fact, education and independence will not endure slavery, and it is no doubt certain that they will require a revised passport from men for their favour. This matter, too, is to be met by wise and reasonable mothers, who should teach equally to sons as to daughters the duties of unselfishness and self-control, remembering that the great Exemplar did not label self-abnegation, patience, humility, and altruism feminine virtues, and that according to His teaching morality is equally binding on both sexes. Let sons be taught respect for womanhood, for only in that is the key to pure living.

One would think that the affinity of the sexes for each other was not a law of Nature, from the cry to which we have alluded, and that it can only be sustained by means of keeping women artificial. We, who advocate natural development and the taking off of cramping irons, are logical in our belief that marriages will, under the reformed circumstances, be as general as ever. They will, moreover, cease to be matters of buying and selling, but will be life companionships based on affinity of purpose and character, with stable elements of happiness conducive to the advent of a higher morality.

We would appeal to our leaders of reform in Society to throw the weight of their influence into some recasting of that precedence now regulated by wealth, no longer allowing the latter place before age, or ability and worth that have been proved in professions and philanthropy; and here, too, we would add a plea for a better and more respectful treatment of the same in their own sex. We should like to be delivered from the sight of young married women taking place before older and more worthy members of the sex, whose only drawback and crime is non-marriage. Has not that clinging to the title of "Miss" much to do with the anomaly? Boys throw "Master" to the winds with their short jackets, and why should not Miss be dropped with a girl's teens? Is only matrimony to rank as the completion of a woman's being?

May not reform, in even these directions, be the means of bringing into Society relief, pleasure, respect in the young, and courtesy and politeness throughout? Boorishness and rudeness may with advantage be left to that class whose rank and file, in their aim to be ladies and gentlemen, have omitted to learn their parts, and who when they see them better acted by those they ape, will themselves discard what they now consider marks of equality.

"Equality" is a well-worn cry, but as a practice it is as far as ever from being realised; and if an attempt to raise the plains and to level the hills is made by an inrush of floods, only chaos can supervene, till the laws of Nature, under differing forces, reassert themselves to a new development. Through every grade of society—for

after all there have remained grades—there has been a rush for the front row, which, where the many sit in sufferance, has hardly proved so comfortable a seat that each should push and jostle the other to get there. Does not the vaunted independence of the day show an unreasonable fancy for the support of money and title? Why should it not stand on its own convictions instead of becoming a slave to the fictitious distinctions disallowed by its creed?

The only equality that can be safely and permanently acknowledged is Worth; here none are inferior, for is not the herb as valuable as the oak, the wild flower as lovely as the exotic? and without difference, would not the beautiful, the picturesque, and the charm of life cease to be?

In the segregations that will take place in Society, when the money test is broken through, aristocracy will bow its head to Worth, and they will come, we hope, to exist side by side, without forwardness on the one part or condescension on the other.

N. ARLING.

IRELAND : THE REBEL SOUTH.

It may seem an invidious distinction to describe any one part of Ireland as rebellious ; but though the country generally lie under the imputation, time and use have given the title to the South, and it must be confessed not entirely without cause. While the North conceals its rowdyism beneath the cloak of loyal professions, and disturbances in the West wake but little interest as the affairs of an unknown country, the South is clamant in its lawlessness ; and its natural turbulence loses nothing from its being, in a superficial way, the best known of the four provinces. It is essentially the Ireland of the English imagination : the country of the bog and the brake and the mireland ; of mud-cabins, pigs, and donkeys ; of tawdry towns, and dirty roads, and importunate beggars ; the country of the frieze-clad, knee-breeched devil-may-care, whose heart's desire is for some one to tread on the tail of his coat ; the country of superstition and bigotry, of outrage, murder and secret societies—in a word, the Ireland of the Irish. Fanciful, and compounded oddly enough from rollicking novels and newspaper reports. Like and unlike, with the likeness of clever caricature and the unlikeness of wilful distortion. A view, too, so current on this side of the Channel that it is almost hopeless to attempt to correct it. All the more so, that unfortunately many of its elements are true, and at the same time most obvious to the casual visitor. The southward journey takes him for miles through dreary bog ; the trains are slow, always prepared to stop, and when stopped having no definite notion of starting again. The smaller towns are generally miserable-enough looking collections of unsized houses, and apparently populated by corner-boys and beggars. The people are careless in their dress, and the very landscape has a slip-shod appearance. Chapels and priests are everywhere prominent. So, because he has seen it “with his own eyes,” the casual Saxon is apt to draw a highly coloured picture of southern indolence and incapacity, whereto the newspapers supply the darker shades ; and thus the preconceived idea is strengthened and perpetuated. But let the visitor diverge a little from the highway, and, relinquishing for a time the character of inquiring stranger, drop into the ways of the people and allow the quieter elements of the picture to assert themselves. and he will find the *ensemble* is not quite the same. In Irish phrase, the dog's nose may not be so twisted as was said, after all.

Uncertain knowledge prevails with regard to everything Irish, towards the country itself as well as the people and their history. How many even of the professed admirers of Irish scenery are acquainted with the inland and more central counties, with the Golden Vale, that broad belt of fertile land running across Munster which wins the stranger with its peculiarly Irish grace? The Lee, Killarney, and the Blackwater charm because they are repetitions, with a brogue, of familiar scenes. The Golden Vale has no flaunting beauties, and may seem on first acquaintance somewhat dull and monotonous, but knowledge begets affection, and it lingers in the memory with a pleasantness not always given by more imposing landscapes. Flat it certainly is. The view from the bordering mountain-side shows it a great expanse of almost level plain, the few hills there are rising abruptly from it and to but little height, yet the little towns gleaming here and there from clumps of boskage, or straggling on high-arched bridges across a river or the placid stretching waters of some deserted canal, the mansions and farm-houses nestling in the hollows, the whitewashed chapel walls brightening the low hillsides, and the luxuriant hedges to every field and road, make up a landscape neither tame nor unimpressive. The level, too, has its charm for those with no craving for prospects. The roads, edged mostly by earthen ditches and with broad grassy margins, wind beneath great arching trees or through lush meadows, the hedges in summer snowed with blossom, in autumn flaming with masses of brilliantly red haws. Everywhere tiny rivers slide swiftly through long dark green flags and grasses. The air is rich and soul-satisfying, and the sky even when clouded has a lift in it which gives a fine sense of far-reaching environage.

In Ireland the contrast between *rus* and *urbs* is sharp—all the more, perhaps, because of things urban wearing a rustic air. The cities of the South are merely larger provincial towns; gaining what importance they have as centres of agricultural export and exchange, they lack the self-containedness arising from independent trade and manufacture. The provincial towns—market towns—are, some, neat and prosperous; others, slatternly and decaying, stimulated by military garrisons, or moribund from the withdrawal of fairs. The smaller towns and villages, though often prettily situated, are, it must be admitted, depressing—one long ill-paved or unpaved street, with the chapel at one end, the church, if there be one, at the other, and the constabulary barracks midway between. Church and chapel may both be wanting, but the smallest hamlet can always boast of the barracks.

Dull trade is the cry of the shopkeepers in the smaller towns. The townspeople send to the cities for most articles they require, and the country folk who flock in on market days are the only supporters of local enterprise. Tradesmen dealing in things of the nature of

luxuries are the worst off, for there is not the class to be found on this side of the Channel of retired commercial and professional men with leanings towards the material surroundings of the aristocracy to support the carriage-builder, the cabinet-maker, and other purveyors of the ornamental appendages of life. Outside the large towns there is practically no trade, and from this arises one of Ireland's most substantial grievances, and the explanation of the many corner-boys and loafers hanging about the streets of every country town—namely, the difficulty of finding occupation for such of the rising generation whose ambitions tend in other directions than towards the various agricultural and connected callings. The country youth has little chance against the many eager applicants on the spot to obtain the few vacancies in the city offices and warehouses; and so he grows up, hanging on in the hope of finding somehow an opening in the distant centres of Cork, or Waterford, or Dublin, till at length he turns in despair to what is next his hand, and adds one more to the long list of the incompetent. If he has spirit and independence, he may enlist or emigrate, courses taken yearly by thousands, hard as it is to the Irishman to break the ties to home and country, which are genuine and not sentimental, unreal as his expression of their strength may seem to the colder Englishman or Scot. Many a young man has been forced by circumstances into the army to his utter ruin, though others have found in it their making under the short-service system. Taken afield, they have kept their eyes about them, and come back smartened up to settle down as steady, industrious tradesmen; and though trade may be dull, living is cheap, and if the struggle is hard, still, with prudence, the daily bread is won and, it may be, a little over and above. The Irish, however, do not take kindly to towns. They are as awkward and misplaced behind a counter as a Scotsman in his Sunday clothes, and seem only able to lay aside a rustic slowness to acquire an irritating, factitious smartness. So alien are the people to towns that in many districts they use the word "country" in speaking of them, as "Cork is a fine business country."

The population of the South may be roughly classified as the gentry, the gentility, the tenant-farmers, the dealers and jobbers, and the labourers. The actual delicate and interminable gradings are beyond the grasp of the mere English, for with remarkable ease of intercourse between all classes the Irish are keen sticklers for the niceties of social demarcation.

The gentry are the landowners who, good or bad, are, nowadays, English in their ways. The gentility includes the minister and doctor, people with "means," their hangers-on and dependants, and all the old-maidish, meddling, inquisitive coterie whose fetish is respectability. The lawyers may be said to be of all but belonging to no class—liked by none and accused by many, Unionists as well as

Nationalists, of being by no means averse to the continuance of agitation and the consequent inquiries and other proceedings. They, at any rate, never find the way to the poorhouse. The priests cannot be designated as a class; they are rather the individual representatives of a still mighty force. The remaining divisions make up the people, or the "masses," as it is now the fashion to say.

The character of the people is evasive and full of sharp contrasts. They are, to use an expression of their own, "fair and dacent," rather heavy, perhaps, and shy in intercourse with strangers, but coming out pleasantly on better acquaintance. They have still the old humour, the bright sayings, and the kindly way of looking at things on their best side, and still the old open-hearted hospitality. They have a shrewdness of character which often comes to low cunning. They are lavish and generous, hard-fisted and grudging. Money is their idol, and no society dame will sacrifice her daughter to Mammon with less scruple than Irish parents. They have remarkable purity of thought and morals, with outspoken directness of speech, and delicacy and tact under a rough demeanour. With a long memory for their foes, and a longer for their friends, they will be guilty of gross ingratitude to their benefactor, and implicitly trust their greatest enemy. With a reckless daring they can be miserable cowards. With a tender reverence for the dead, committing murders of the most revolting barbarity. Ridiculous, with a keen sense of humour. Sceptics and incredulous of all beyond the scope of their experience, yet blindly acquiescent in the lore of tradition. Rapidly receptive of the new, yet clinging with tenacity to what is old. At their best they are in the front rank of civilisation, at their worst they are but the raw material of that civilisation.

Ireland is a country with a long memory. The memory of far-off ancestral heroes makes the poorest peasant a gentleman, and the memory of the intolerable wrongs of three centuries ago makes him a Fenian and moonlighter, and keeps strong in him the hate of English rule. This imaginative power of revivifying the past warps his political ideas and tinges his everyday slightest action. It lies at the bottom of all the misunderstandings between England and Ireland, and lies till England learns that the Irish can be guided only in the light of their intensely national traditions. The old way of suppression only stunts those traditions into prejudices and roots them the more strongly.

How widely sundered the Irish are from the English in thought and sentiment may be gathered from the most casual notice of their ordinary ways and conduct without referring to the peculiar customs, many ridiculous, even barbarous, but for a lifting imaginative touch.

Life is strangely coloured with the mingling influences of the Church and paganism. Mid-day, at the sound of the chapel-bell, all

classes, no matter how occupied, pause to reverently uncover and invoke the protection of the Divine ; and at the last earthly function the coffin lid is unscrewed that there may be no material hindrance to the rising of the body at the last dread day. Palm Sunday, yew and cypress are worn by all ; Ash Wednesday sees every other forehead marked with the sacred symbol ; and on St. John's Eve every hill-top blazes with the Bealtin fire. The peasant coming from Mass he has listened to with pure and intelligent faith, will consult the wise woman as to a charm to make the butter come or keep his house and cattle skaitless. The "good people" have not yet forsaken their ancient haunts, and their sway is still potent. Though the faction fight, the wake, and the keening at the cross roads are dying out, the league-long funerals and the elaborate marriage festivals are still to be seen. Perhaps, the most curious social custom which obtains is match-making. This is not so much wooing by proxy as carrying on the marriage negotiations through outside parties. The young man who courts his fair with all the ardour he is capable of will yet require a friend to "make up the match," that is, approach the old people and settle the preliminaries. The parents and relatives meeting at the chapel or the fireside make many an arrangement without in the least thinking of the principals, and cases are not uncommon where bride and bridegroom have met for the first time at the chapel gate, nor is it unknown for the girl on seeing her selected husband, even there, to resolutely decline having anything to do with him. The matches, however, are not without an appearance of poetic justice, for it is generally the dowerless maid who weds the rich old man, while the poor young lover wins the girl with a "fortune" ; but reluctant May is too often forced by grasping friends into the arms of December.

There is, among the rising generation at least, a leavening of independent thought that must rapidly do away with these once national customs, which now are but forms of a narrow provincialism. Young Ireland, particularly that portion of it, and it is a large one, who have been abroad, in America or Australia, is apt to assert itself perhaps too much by a flippant irreverence towards the constituted authorities. America in particular is a source of infinite good and evil to Ireland, bound as it is by links with nearly every family in the country. There are few households who do not count one at least of their number in the great Republic. In the country districts the children but grow up to leave their homes for that Eldorado where, they hear, money is so plentiful and so easily earned. They will go and do better for themselves and those behind in dear old Ireland, and the great majority who make themselves homes in the New World are a gain to it and an honour to the old country, though on'y their dust return to be laid in the tangled little plot on the lonely hillside. But, too many, first

dazzled, then corrupted by the cities, sink to the degraded, roughened beings, the "low Irish" of our big towns, and from whom, it is to be feared, their countrymen are largely judged. Then there is the young man who returns after a short stay in some of the eastern cities, nickel-plated with American speech and ways, to be an intolerable crimp and the object of general contempt and dislike.

This stirring of new life affects Ireland in a way left entirely unaccounted for by those who cry "Home Rule is Rome Rule." Young Ireland has little, if any, of the older generation's unquestioning confidence in the judgment of the priest; and, while still placing implicit trust in his religious teaching, is apt to question and even resent his interference in social and political matters. The rule of the priest holds only where it jumps with the desire of the laity, and this is cause for both hope and regret. The rule of the priest over the uneducated rural population some years ago was undoubtedly absolute. His word was law, unassailable and not to be broken, in matters social, domestic, and political. His approval was eagerly looked for, his frown dreaded. Father O'Flynn was no exaggeration—

"Checkin' the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onaisy ones,
Lifting the lazy ones on wid the stick."

Some of the coarser-minded men, and they were not few, springing as so many of the priestly class do from the most sordid of the Irish people, the small farmers, exercised a physical as well as a moral tyranny over their flocks—going even to the length of visiting lapses with personal chastisement and tangible proof and exemplification of the torments of hell; but to whatever extremes they may have pushed their power, and however mistakenly or in a spirit of bigotry it may have been done, the majority were actuated solely by the earnest desire of urging the offender to the goal of good. Those methods, suited, possibly necessary, in wilder days and with a rougher people, would not now be tolerated in any part of Ireland.

Among the peasantry there are few murmurers. They admit times are bad and the country poor, but what help for it? "We must do the best we can." There is no attempt to impress the stranger with their poverty or the hardness of their lot. They invite him into their houses and give him of their best without shamefacedness or apologies for shortcomings it is beyond their power to remedy. The men work hard and uncomplainingly, and the wives struggle with the household work, hoarding their eggs, should they live anyway near a town, for market-day, then to dispose of them by hawking from door to door or selling them in the market-place to a dealer, or if fortunate enough to possess a cow, saving the milk to make a churning. In many parts of the south

the cottagers club together to produce a firkin of butter among them. The butter of course suffers from the absence of proper dairy accommodation and the inability of most of these unions to make a firkin at one churning. The firkin, however made, when ready is sent off to the butter-market at the nearest town or village, sold at the highest attainable price, and the proceeds divided. This system with a little management might be put on a more efficient basis, and would no doubt yield considerably increased results. Most of the cottagers, however, who live near towns of any size make up each their own butter into lumps and prints to be carried in on market-day, laid between cool leaves and clean wet cloths, and sold to the housekeepers at their own doors, thus obtaining a larger profit and saving the market dues.

The butter markets are most amusing sights. The squares and streets leading from them are lined with donkey-carts, each carrying one or two or more firkins of varying size. The women, who almost invariably take charge of the butter-selling, stand patiently waiting with the hoods of their long black cloaks drawn over their heads. The dealers sauntering in and out the labyrinth will now and then lift the cloths from the top of a firkin in a casual way and inquire "How much?" The figure named, the inquirer runs his auger in with somewhat greater show of interest, looks to see if there are the varying shades which tell of more than one churning or imperfect cleaning, passes the auger slowly along under his nose, and, lastly, tastes the butter reflectively. "How much did ye say, me good woman?" The seller repeats her price. "An' how d'ye think I'm to keep a wife an' family, an' pay you that?" he asks indignantly; and then ensues a long argument. A group soon gathers round the disputants, who a dozen times turn from one another only to begin again with greater vigour, till some genial outsider assume the character of common friend, and names a price at which he says they should do business. "Now, Mrs. Connor, you wouldn't break me word for half-a-crown. Mick, sure I'd never have thought it of ye; you wouldn't have the mistress break me word, would ye? Take it, man, it's a fair price." And so it goes on with the three it requires to make a bargain in Ireland till a sale is finally concluded or found hopeless. These dealers go regularly round the different markets, buying up every description of butter at the lowest prices they can make under the competitive outbidding of each other. The various qualities of butter are roughly classed, and the curings in each class thoroughly mixed into one uniform mass, which is done up anew in firkins, crocks, and prints, and exported as "superfine," "mild-cured," "firsts," and so on. The labourers who do not own a cow, and they are the overwhelming majority, manage to eke their scanty earnings of eight or nine shillings a week with the help of a few geese and a

goat or two, and they would consider themselves poor indeed did they not possess a litter of pigs. Donkeys, geese, and goats give a character all their own to Irish country roads, and if they do not hold the position of rentpayer, like the "bonnive" (by the way, what will he become in these regenerate or degenerate days?), they materially contribute to the lusty health of the lively little tatterdemalions playing round every cabin door. It can hardly be expected that life with such scanty means can rise to a very high level, yet the labouring class is the most contented in the country. Fatalism, careless-mindedness, laziness perhaps; but they live a healthy outdoor life, with enough at least to keep that life in; they are virtuous, and they are gifted with the heart-easing faculty of always being able to see the silver lining. Nothing ever wholly conceals the bright side but death or separation. Low or high, their existence is infinitely preferable to that of their own or even a somewhat higher grade in the cities, with their unwholesome surroundings and ill-directed aspirations.

If the people work hard for daily bread they can labour no less arduously when the time for amusement comes. The brutal Saxon might be inclined to say the Irish have no pastime unless fighting, which, however, he would probably add is rather their occupation. The truth is that amusements requiring continued co-operation were almost unknown, the constant drain of emigration on the younger men making any attempt at forming clubs or associations difficult, till chance lighted on hurling or hockey which, under the auspices of the semi-political Gaelic Association, has been taken up with enthusiasm. On Sundays, after Mass, the people turn out in thousands to the matches. They flock along the roads from all directions in vehicles of every description, the long car, the jaunting car, the common cart, and donkey carts in every imaginable condition of repair and disrepair, from the neat spick-and-span turn-out to the rickety contrivance with one big wheel and one little one, and all crowded with humanity to such an extent that the wonder is how the small beasts carry all they do. The crowd is always in high good humour and orderly enough, though at times somewhat uproarious in its merriment over the small incidents on the road, as when a loving couple will disagree and part company, or some more than usually impervious donkey, in spite of whackings and shouts of "Go 'long ou' that!" insists on remaining still till released for a cool and refreshing roll in the dust. The ground where the match is to be played is alive with people, and the air rings with the hum and buzz of voices rising to a deafening uproar when the teams turn out. The game well played is certainly an exciting one. The onlookers greet every successful run and drive and each individual feat of strength and agility with cheers and counter-cheers, the final dexterous stroke which sends the ball flying towards goal

calling forth a perfect tumult. But too often the clash of hurley on hurley begets quarrels, and the huge weapon is lifted angrily. Here is an opportunity for paying out old spites, wiping away past defeats. The ball rolls unheeded out of the way, and heads are cracked and limbs broken in the deadly play which follows. Nor are the onlookers idle; they have their sides, and soon there is a general *mêlée*. Even if the game is fairly played out, partisans in angry discussion over the result raise many a pretty enough little fight. The worst feature of these matches is the drinking which takes place at them. Many contrive to drink themselves into a state of helpless intoxication, and the roads are noisy till late and early with the howlings of straggling drunkards.

There are some who hint that these matches are merely pretexts for more serious gatherings, but this is a mistake. The Gaelic Association is influenced in the election of its officials by politics, no doubt; but with the people who throng to the matches the interest in the game is genuine, though, certainly, that interest is heightened by the belief that the game is thoroughly national and un-English. The disturbances almost invariably arise, as stated, from the hot-bloodedness of the people, their entire lack of self-restraint when they have a drop of drink in them, and the utter recklessness with which they hit out at every one and everything. Some few agitators of the stump-orator class may take advantage of the occasion, for among the motley crew who seek their profit in the softness of the crowd at every big gathering of the people, there is always to be found some perfervid speechifier who has his approving audience with their encouraging ejaculations of "That's throe for you!" "Yes, sure!" and the like, but the group is continually shifting. The crowd take the stumper with Aunt Sally, the thimble-rigger, the ballad-singer and the rest as but part of the array of amusements provided for its pleasure.

Another aspect of Irish life is to be found in the fair, the great market gathering held at stated intervals in certain towns and villages. As typical of these may be taken one of the great monthly pig fairs. Pigs by the thousand, such a sight of squealing, grunting pork as to cause a fearful wonder where it all comes from, where it all goes to. Every street is lined with the high-sided carts, the shafts resting on the ground, the ubiquitous donkey standing or lying between them in the reverse of its usual position, and every cart surrounded by the inevitable knot of excited bargain-drivers and hardly less excited spectators, who prod and poke the unfortunate swine, and pull them about by the tail and hind-legs. What shouting, what asseverations and protestations; what violence of tongue and gesture, and fearful oaths and voluble outpourings in Irish! What fingering of dirty notes and passing from hand to hand of piles of gold and silver coin by greasy-looking rogues to

look at one would think it charity to buy them a bundle of ballads wherewith to make a few coppers. The streets are ringing with the whining yells of the ballad-singers, and the cries of itinerant vendors of cheap wares, the warnings and objurgations of riders and drivers urging their way through the press, and the altogether frantic screaming of drovers as they try to keep their flocks and herds apart. Here and there an extra-animated discussion between buyer and seller packs the crowd more densely. The footpaths are everywhere barred by the tails of carts shoved across them, making progress more intricate. About the market ground, at the end of the town, confusion is still worse confounded; carts and pigs and cattle, men and women all intent on buying and selling, the only impassive creatures the donkeys, and a general litter of straw and rubbish round huge crates, into which women are packing eggs with marvellous dexterity and swiftness.

Every type of Irishman is to be seen here. The gentleman farmer, loud and rough of speech; the hard-faced tenant-farmer; the peasant of the old school, in swallow-tailed coat and knee-breeches of serviceable frieze, and stout, country-made brogues, his face ruddy-brown and crinkled as a ripe autumn russet, with twinkling eyes, and sly, humorous mouth that iets out many a kindly, shrewd reflection; jobbers, looking as if they quite agreed with their calling; labourers, in corduroys and flannel jackets; the erect and jaunty "peeler," with cap "hung on three hairs"; the voluble, inquisitive shopkeeper; a priest or two, and even a rector of the Church of Ireland. Nor are the women less in evidence; they equal, if not outnumber the men; the lone widow woman, who drives as hard a bargain as any for her bonnive; farmers' wives, in long black cloaks and snowy caps, coaxing or scolding their husbands; farmers' daughters, in flying feathers and dresses with all the glories of mauve and blue and red. Every shop is more or less crowded, prices being raised all round to allow of reductions to these bargain-lovers. The doorway of every public-house is thronged with the in-going and out-coming wearers of frieze and corduroys, but there is little drunkenness noticeable. It is only late in the evening, when the great majority of this vast assemblage have betaken themselves soberly homewards, that the drunken units make their presence felt. There is no disturbance, as a rule. The "ructions" at the fairs, and without which they were not thought complete, are happily becoming rare. They only occur now and then at the small villages, or on the occasion of a horse fair, when the gipsy pony-dealers are brought together in sufficient numbers to make them reckless of the police. These men become half mad when drunk, and march in bands, trying to force themselves down the middle of the narrow street or through the crowded green; native pride is roused, and then comes "all the fun." Hard blows

are given and taken with the greatest pleasure in life, for there is seldom any bad blood in the affair. Both sides drink squarely, fight royally, and make it all up again with the best grace in the world.

II.

“What a rich-looking country,” the writer once happened to remark to a small farmer at hay-time. “What can I say, man?” was the reply. “Sure, the grass must grow, and it must be saved, but there’s no money in the country. Look at that for hay, and that, and that. It’s everywhere, and plenty of it, thanks be to God! but where do you see any cattle? Isn’t it a quare thing, now? it’s the grandest country, and the best-hearted people in the world, and yet every one runs down the poor Irish, and all they want is to do a little for themselves.” Here in this answer lies a great part of the explanation of the Irish difficulty. The country is poor, and the people think if they were left to manage it themselves they might make it more prosperous.

The country is poor. The crops for some years back have been fairly average. The potato crop is always variable, and many varieties succumb in wet seasons. The older people have a curious belief that the potato disease is in the ground and not to be eradicated by any known means. Every new species, they assert, does well at first, but soon loses its vigour and falls a victim to the blight. It certainly appears that the tuber does deteriorate after the second or third year. The seed potato imported from Scotland is in the South generally considered the most robust; but it also sooner or later falls off from its original excellence. Whether this is to be attributed to the presence of the “famine blight” in the ground, or merely to bad husbandry, the writer is unable to say; but it seems to be the accepted opinion that the quality of the potato is distinctly inferior to what it was before the famine year.

Ireland’s chief resource, however, is in dairying and the raising of cattle, and yet the thinly stocked pasturage is only too apparent. The great cattle raisers are fewer than they were some years ago, and many large dairies have been given up. The consequent result is the withdrawal of so much money from circulation. This state of affairs has undoubtedly been brought about by unwise agitation, and the still more unwise merging of political questions into social and commercial transactions. The landlords are certainly not willing to risk their money in attempts to raise cattle in face of the possible difficulty of finding a market for their beasts, or indeed, the not too remote chance of the entire loss of them by warion mutilation. The tenant farmer—the real land-grabber and oppressor—thinks it best to keep down all show of substance, and whine of hard times and poverty, and thus in his close-fisted policy to save

the actual shilling in his purse losing a prospective pound. Dairying is in a somewhat better condition than cattle-raising, mainly because it yields a more immediate return for capital; and nothing so much appeals to the mind of the Irish farmer as the quick and often return of his outlay in labour or money. There are many dairies on a large scale in the South managed in a thorough fashion and producing much butter in the week; but by far the greater number are in need of active reform and oversight. The introduction of newer and improved appliances, instruction in the modes of working them, and the strict enforcement of greater attention to detail, are greatly needed; for, it must be conceded, a very large proportion of the butter produced in Ireland is of inferior quality, and the reason is the want of proper ways and means, and the neglect, through ignorance, of the small niceties on which success in butter-making so much depends. There is, however, a growing sense among the farmers of their shortcomings in these respects, and they have in many instances exhibited considerable enterprise in taking up the various improvements effected in dairying methods within the last few years. But here again the peculiarly Irish practice of looking at matters private and personal through political glasses comes into play. Many a one hampered and harassed by the cursed system of "exclusive dealing," has had his energy, and the consequent gain to the country, checked; or, if so fortunate as to be able to do so, has thrown the whole thing up in disgust. This is not as it should be. Given enterprise, which is not wanting, and a free hand, the outlook is good, and the brighter that the poor may be enabled to share in the profit. There are many industries which, with a little fostering, would result in bettering the condition of the cottager and small holder. Bee-keeping and fruit-growing could be made to yield a fair return if a market were found, and some attention paid to improved strains of poultry would not be amiss.

Ireland, rightly or wrongly, is Nationalist. The great undefined masses, all the real makers of what money there is in the country, are for Home Rule. Ireland, they see, has not flourished under the sway of the English and the landowner; why then should not that of the Irish and the land-occupier? Regrettable or not, such is the general feeling, and it is folly to decline to recognise the fact when dealing with any Irish question. Yet it is a grave mistake to imagine that because they demand Home Rule they want separation. If fanatics, and ignorant simpletons deluded by them, rave of an Irish republic, it no more follows that such is the desire of the bulk of the people than that England, because every town in it has its Socialist club, is altogether revolutionary.

The source of much of the land trouble lies with the tenant-farmer. He is sordid, grasping, and narrow-minded; his labourers

are as a rule more intelligent and liberal-minded. At heart he knows how utterly untenable are his claims, but he cannot resist taking advantage of agitation to avoid his lawful obligations. He plods on, seeking to grind out money from everyone and everything, reckless of the consequence to-morrow of his action to-day. His whole desire is money—money for its own sake, for, having it, he does not use it. He hoards it, banks it, hides it under the hearth-stone, in the thatch, in the bed-ticking; everywhere, and lives no better, dresses no better. He is hated, and cajoled, and robbed, but he will not give a farthing of it away, and when he dies it is the cause of endless contention. Yet it is this man, this extortioner and oppressor, who makes money out of the distress of those both above and below him, who is the chosen pet and protégé of so many eloquent members of the Irish parliamentary party.

On the other hand, the small holder and the labourer, the great voting power, are much clearer-headed—more so, indeed, than they get credit for. They see very plainly what would be the ruinous effect of separation, and do not want it. They know the country—proud of it as they are, and much as they consider it better than all others—to be poor, unable to stand by itself, and requiring outside assistance in disposing of its cattle and its produce. One man of this class, illiterate, and working hard for his wage, with a large family of sons and daughters, most of them in America, doing well and not unmindful of him, those remaining helping him to tend the cows and save the handful of hay on two small patches of ground he held, said: "It's all humbug their leaguings and campaigning. Sure, they know well enough they can't get the land for nothing. If they had all Ireland to itself, wouldn't they have to pay to keep it up, an' maybe they'd find the taxes then harder on them than the rent to the landlords," and here and there he clenched his argument with a curse or two in Irish. This was the opinion of a peasant, and it is a fact that has never been clearly accepted on this side of the Channel, that the peasantry are in the strongest degree entitled to claim to be the people of Ireland.

Ireland has always been a country of small holdings, and experiments in large farms have had little result beyond the ruined cottage walls occurring throughout the country with melancholy frequency, and the memories in men's minds of villages where the grass now grows deep along the roadside. The peasant, looking at the great stretches of land lying waste about the deserted mansions, and at the farms mismanaged and neglected through ignorance and a miserly fear of the expense of properly working them, hungers for a little patch that he may keep a cow or grow a few tons of hay, and put half-a-crown now and then in the stocking hidden in the thatch to give Patsy a trade and Bridgy a "fortune."

That there is a growing recognition of the importance of the

labourer as a social unit and a corresponding desire to elevate his position, is manifest by the neat-looking stone-built and slated cottages being erected along the roadsides. Each cottage has a fair-sized piece of ground and small out-offices attached, and the rent is the moderate one of a shilling the week. The Ashbourne Act has a right and praiseworthy end in view, no matter what difference of opinion there may be as to the means it employs to attain that end; but it is necessary to know more fully, what classes are taking advantage of it before bestowing on it unqualified praise, and being confident of its general acceptance. With or without reason, the Irish have a positive dislike to English medicine, be it for their good or not, because it has usually been forced on them unwilling. This always tells more or less against every measure not brought in or supported by the National party, or, to speak more correctly, has done so till recently.

The question arises as to what effect a peasant proprietary would have upon the material prosperity of the country. It is believed a good one. The peasant is frugal and saving, he is anxious that his children should be better off than himself, and in no way does he pass ordinary humanity in the inclination to repudiate his liabilities. Idle and improvident he may be called, but no one who has seen the little patches won hardly from the bog or the hillside, and tilled early and late with wearing toil, all because he hopes it is his own, can believe in the imputed general thriftlessness. It may be that the shiftless are more numerous in Ireland than in England or Scotland; but the casual visitor, seeing the haphazard fashion of clothing, the looped and windowed raggedness, and the utter abandon to idleness all classes are capable of in their leisure time, little dreams the country shopkeeper or tradesmen, whose hat might be the first of its kind and whose clothes are a marvel by the way they hang on him, has by his shrewdness and unremitting industry put by money to the tune of hundreds. The fact is Ireland has got a bad name for improvidence, and names are apt to stick. The yearly increasing sums deposited with the savings-banks, though the peasant is none too confident of entrusting his money to them, and the large amount sent home from America, should be sufficient answer to this charge.

A word as to crime. Agrarian outrages are a foul blot on the country. They stand a barrier to Ireland's progress and no mere words are strong enough to condemn and reprobate them; they demand deeds—a new nobler national league for their suppression, for not a few miserable wretches, but the nation itself, is responsible for the deeds done in its name, and from it justice must inevitably demand a stern expiation. Yet, it may be insinuated, how many of these murders and outrages are due to private hate? Many a brutal and cold-blooded murder—and murder in Ireland is always

shockingly brutal and cold-blooded—was the result of a petty squabble at a fair or in a public-house. Now all are laid to the account of Captain Moonlight, and that in itself is suspicious. Agitation is responsible for much, too much crime, but even the devil should get his due.

Much of the old joyousness of the Irish has vanished. The old stories and legends are rarely told now ; politics and trade absorb all the conversation. The narrative of bygone glories and sorrows, of St. Patrick and Brian, of the great O'Neil, and of the Geraldines, and '98 and the famine, have given place to *United Ireland*, the *Nation*, and the vulgarities of Mick McQuade. The cross-roads are deserted where formerly in the long summer evenings the boys and girls gathered to dance to the fiddle's never-tiring music. You may still see the girls milking the cows in the crofts morning and night, but you hear no more the plaintive ballad and Come-all-ye to make the dhrimin dhu let her milk down easily. To the non-politician it seems as if this were due to the all-pervading political taint. It appears to him the Plan of Campaign has banished the "good people," the rise and fall of the butter market put the milking song out of tune, and discontent made the heart too heavy for the heels to be light. To the less sentimental observer the signs are of brighter omen. If the people have less of the old careless gaiety, they are grown steadier. If they are discontented, it is not mere grumbling shiftlessness ; they want something higher than they have, and that, with the power of saving money, is what brings men and nations to the top of the tree.

PROSPECTIVE TRANSFORMATION OF THE NOVEL.

IN an article published some months since in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Brunetière, a distinguished French critic, dealt with an interesting subject, "The Novel of the Future." I propose to discuss briefly a question of far wider interest—viz., whether the novel as a branch of literature is destined to survive, and, if so, what will be its development and its influence on society? It is an error to assume that the novel is essentially modern. Fifteen hundred years ago, novels almost as realistic as those of M. Emile Zola were written in the Greek tongue; and though English classical scholars have neglected the works of Longus, Heliodorus, Tatius, and Xenophon of Ephesus, these writers should not have been ignored by the pioneers of the new movement in fiction known as "Naturalism." Heliodorus, notwithstanding the fact that he was Bishop of Tricensis in Thessaly, dealt freely with life; and though he regards chastity as a great virtue, many of his characters violate the Seventh Commandment in the most flagrant manner. In his novels virtue is always triumphant; but the heroine has to pass through an ordeal beforehand which cannot fail to shock her natural delicacy. In this respect he resembles Richardson, who, though a stickler for severe morals, might well be described as "an immodest eulogist of modesty."

The lateness of the growth of prose fiction in England was due to many causes. In the first place, the metrical romance answered the purposes of the novel in the days of chivalry. In the next place, the drama monopolised public attention to an extraordinary degree during the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries. Until the time of Defoe there was no properly constituted reading public in England. The *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney, and the *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More, can scarcely be called prose romances. They are allegories, or rather descriptions of ideal commonwealths. The first English novelist in the true sense of the word is the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. Defoe was realistic in his methods, and he found his materials in real life. The primary idea of *Robinson Crusoe* was taken from the narrative of Alexander Selkirk, who had spent years in utter solitude in the island of Juan Fernandez. The defect of Defoe's realism was his actual untruthfulness. He simulated reality

while supplying his readers with a tissue of inventions. His air of verisimilitude is calculated to deceive the ignorant, but his perversions of historical and scientific facts are easily detected by the critic and the *savant*.

In Richardson's novels we find more human interest—more knowledge of the human heart. But there is in *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe* an amount of extravagant sentimentalism which sins not only against probability but against the ordinary experience of life. The artificiality of Richardson tempted Henry Fielding to enter the lists as a writer of fiction; and thus indirectly we owe to the author of *Pamela* the existence of perhaps the greatest English novel ever written, *Tom Jones*.

Fielding painted life coarsely but faithfully. He satirised the follies of society; but he could give a fine portrait of a true Christian gentleman in Parson Adams. The hero of his greatest work is no angel, but he is certainly not a hypocrite. French critics now appreciate Fielding's genius quite as much as English critics. In M. Zola's sense he is not a realist. Fielding would laugh at the notion of being classed amongst men of science. He looked upon himself simply as a story-writer, a historian of everyday life. He did not trouble himself about theories or formulas. He described men and women as he found them; and though his works frequently sin against good taste, and even against decency, they never sin against truth or honesty.

Since Fielding's death many great novelists have arisen in England; but, as Thackeray says in the preface to one of his own books, no English novelist, since the author of *Tom Jones* died, has had the courage to give a true picture of a man. Even Thackeray himself is timid and superficial when he comes to deal with the realities of life. *Pendennis* appears to have been written for the guidance of weak young men with a tendency to spend too much money; but the grim facts of human experience are discreetly suppressed in the novel. In *The Newcomes* the novelist comes out of his shell a little, but retreats, snail-like, back into it again after exhibiting just the fringe of the seamy side of nineteenth-century existence.

Dickens is hopelessly infantile in his mode of photographing life. His pictures of middle-class and high life are absurd, and his sketches of the criminal classes are mawkishly hysterical without being true. For instance, Bill Sikes is a far worse monster than Deeming, and Nancy is an impossible angel, having regard to her antecedents and her loathsome surroundings.

George Eliot has frequently been praised for her realism by critics who use phrases without fully comprehending their meaning. If by "realism" is meant the exact reproduction of the facts of life, George Eliot is not a realist. She is too fond of inculcating ethical

doctrines to descend to a minute study of the actual. She loved to present to her readers certain types of character, and this is inconsistent with the realism which avoids all abstractions and depicts things entirely in the concrete. Her Savonarola is not the real Savonarola, but her conception of the great Florentine monk. Maggie Tulliver, though more human than many other characters in George Eliot's novels, is not like any young girl to be found either in modern England or out of it. Compare her, for example, to Marie Bashkirtseff, and how natural and spontaneous the latter appears in contrast with George Eliot's heroine! In the most elaborate and highly finished novel produced by this gifted Englishwoman—*Daniel Deronda*—reality is buried under a heap of learning and oppressive analysis. Surely the virtuous Jew whose name supplies the title of the book is purely a creature of the imagination? I do not mean that many young gentlemen professing the Jewish religion are not perfectly virtuous and well-behaved; but I venture to doubt whether any of them are so cold-blooded and free from human infirmity as Daniel Deronda.

It would be stupid to deny George Eliot's literary powers. Her beautiful though sometimes ponderous style is alone sufficient to make her an English classic. But if the novel is to be regarded as a study of actual life, she has failed where Fielding and Jane Austen and Charlotte Brönte have been pre-eminently successful.

Amongst the English novelists whose tendency is decidedly and genuinely realistic are the late Anthony Trollope, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. George Moore. In his sober but faithful pictures of ordinary English life Trollope has done much to make the characteristics of his countrymen familiar and intelligible to educated Americans and even to Frenchmen—for the works of Anthony Trollope are not unknown in France. Mr. Hardy is a novelist of extraordinary power, and every new work of his is eagerly read by thousands. He endeavours to depict life as he knows it; but in nearly every one of his books he falls into some of the worst errors of romanticism. For instance, how unreal is the culminating scene in *Far from the Madding Crowd*—the shooting of Bathsheba's husband by Boldwood! The death of the principal character in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* is an unpleasant incident, and has not the redeeming merit of probability. In *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, his last and greatest novel, the tragedy is artificially brought about; it is unnecessary, it is simply tragedy for tragedy's sake. At the same time, some portions of this book are exceedingly lifelike. In spite of his melodramatic tendencies, Mr. Hardy is one of the foremost living novelists. Many of his local sketches are intensely accurate. His knowledge of the female heart is wonderful; but his men are, for the most part, poor specimens of their sex.

In Mr. George Moore we have merely an English imitator of

M. Zola. In *A Mummer's Wife* the spirit of the master who enriched French literature with *L'Assommoir* is almost caught. But really the vulgarity of Mr. Moore's style is too revolting for even the most realistic methods. M. Zola, though no "stylist," is not slangy—at least, he only makes his characters talk slang. But his English (or rather Irish) imitator is so enamoured of the language of the populace that he always calls a public-house a "pub," and a shilling a "bob." Such vulgarisms are unworthy of literature, and are calculated to destroy Mr. Moore's chances of taking a high place as a novelist.

In France the realistic movement has practically triumphed. M. Alphonse Daudet is as passionately opposed to romanticism as M. Zola; but being a superior writer, he avoids the banalities which disfigure M. Zola's best work. In *Rose et Ninette* modern life is freely and frankly dealt with, and, without any unnecessary coarseness, irregular relationships are described, and the vices of men and women in society are vividly depicted. The works of M. Guy de Maupassant, whose attack of insanity and premature death are deplored by all lovers of literature, are realistic in the best sense. He studied life with the veil of illusion removed, and painted it faithfully and unflinchingly. His *Pierre et Jean* is not, as Mdlle. Blaze de Bury has contended, a reaction towards romanticism—it is terribly, appallingly lifelike. Nothing is blurred or indistinct. We see the very hearts of the characters in the book laid bare, unmasked.

The impulse towards realism in France was first given by Balzac, but Flaubert is the literary parent of the contemporary French naturalistic novel. It is only those who are ignorant of the progress of modern French literature who regard M. Zola as the pioneer of naturalism. He is only a mere camp-follower.

It is sometimes urged that realism is doomed. Mr. Hall Caine, a writer of romance who has striven with all his might to resist the advancing tide, laid down, in an article contributed by him to the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW that the future of the novel lay in the direction of romanticism and idealism. I venture to say that he will prove a false prophet. In almost every Continental country realism is crushing out the sentimental school of fiction. In Russia life is painted in lurid colours, and no attempt is made to pander to the weaknesses of prurient readers. The works of Tourgenieff and Tolstoi would be strong meat for Mr. Mudie's clients. But educated Russians do not believe in the goody-goody order of literature. Norwegian and Dutch fiction is also strongly realistic. The same remark applies to contemporary Spanish novels; while in Italy a woman, Matilde Serao, has produced fearlessly unconventional pictures of modern life.

It is evident that England will be the last country to resist the inroads of realism. But, all the same, the tide will soon sweep over

English literature too. The question of morality is frequently obtruded on the reader's attention. We hear people say: "That is an objectionable novel"; "It is too strong"; "It is a coarse book." Such remarks have been applied to even Mr. Hardy's last work. The criticism is essentially idiotic. A novel is either true to life or false; if true, it cannot be immoral. False pictures of life are essentially immoral. It is not Mr. Hardy but Mr. Rider Haggard that should be exorcised.

To conclude, I submit, in all humility, that the English novel, unless it becomes thoroughly realistic, will perish, or descend to the level of nursery tales. Life is rich in human interest, and there is no necessity to present fantastic pictures of unreality under the guise of romance. In twenty years time *Tom Jones* will be regarded as the greatest masterpiece in English fiction, in spite of its obvious shortcomings. The novelists of the future will study life closely and reproduce it fearlessly. The novel will supplement history by describing things which the historian passes by. For the production of good novels, knowledge of psychology, experience of life in all its shades, study of the physical sciences, and acquaintance with medicine, law, and commerce will be necessary. The result will be that no mere amateur, no "dilettantist," can pose as a novelist. In the twentieth century the term "work of fiction" will be a misdescription, for the key-note of every novel worthy of the name will be reality: its essence will be conscientious adherence to fact. To add to our knowledge of mankind, to unfold the mysteries of character, to chronicle the remarkable events, hitherto unrecorded, in the lives of ordinary men and women, to exhibit the true workings of the passions, to "hold the mirror up to Nature," and reflect back her features undistorted by the disturbing shadows of fancy, to present to us a faithful picture of the complex world we live in--such is the destiny and the future of the novel.

D. F. HANNIGAN.

THE JEW AND MODERN THOUGHT.

It is become almost a platitude to say that the age in which we live is essentially a critical and a sceptical age.* So accustomed, indeed, have we become to the saying, that we are not at all astonished to be told that the criticism and the scepticism combined are making sad havoc with many of our most cherished beliefs. Certainly it is true that the present is a time for transition in almost every sphere of thought. To one who has studied the intellectual development of nations from the inclusive point of view marked out by Mr. Buckle, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Lecky, the causes for this transition age must appear, if not evident in all their details, at any rate clearly outlined. Into these causes, however, we need not stop to inquire. What we wish to point out is the fact that the same causes are now found affecting, to a very serious degree, so peculiar and isolated a people as the Jews; upon themselves as individuals, and upon their religion.

To one born and bred a Jew, and nurtured upon the orthodox Judaism, the consciousness of this age of transition comes as a terrible shock. As he reflects upon the fact, and upon what is likely to evolve from the continued operation of the new condition of things, he feels that indeed "the time is out of joint." A bewilderment seizes him, and to whithersoever he turns, he finds nothing but what fills him with pain and alarm. One day he is told that there is mooted a change in the ritual, for the cry for reform is loud in the air; and he bows his head in sorrow to find the next day that his Rabbi, Dr. Adler, has consented to many alterations. His morning prayers, those delightful devotions over which he could linger, and the words of which he might chant by the hour, are now to be curtailed. His Sabbath services, if too long, may be paid in instalments. The so-called objectionable passages in the service-book are to be omitted. From these innovations his mind recoils, and he doggedly refuses to recognise their full import. He is dimly aware of an attempt at a great sacrilege, and he feels himself powerless to prevent it. What is to become of us? he asks in his agony. He hears that there is founded a society of Jews, who call themselves "Maccabæans." Surely now by this name will be exorcised this veritable spirit of evil which is abroad and in our midst? Men who are brothers of the brave and pious Jehudah must be men who love the old religion—aye, and

who, if needs be, will die for it. Ah, no! Professor Felix Adler, the avowed apostate, the eulogist of that infamous "Joshua Pander," is actually invited by these very "Maccabaeans" to lecture and to speak to them! They receive him with delight, and find the Chickering Hall teacher of "Ethical Culture" to be, in truth, a man after their own hearts. What can we expect then from the "Maccabaeans"? They libel the revered name. Still one golden ray of hope comes to him as he helplessly ponders on the future of his race and of his religion. The scion of that great house of Montefiore has been offered the Hibbert Lectureship. He has but a very misty notion of what that is. But he does know that a public statement is to be made on the subject which is so dear and so near to the hearts of all true Beni-Yisrael. Now will be the opportunity to give authoritative emphasis to the undoubted reality of Judaism. Eagerly he waits and listens for the words—but none come. What he does hear but deepens his sorrow to despair, and causes him to lose hope altogether. He turns to his brothers; some shake their heads and agree that things look ominous, but they can give him no comforting thought. Others jeer and laugh at him, and ask him, what does it matter? He is moved to speak with his so-called Rabbis. True, he receives sympathy, accompanied with solemn shakes of the head and upward shrugs of shoulders, but his highly-strung nature has, perhaps, become over-sensitive, and he seems to detect a want of sincerity in the sympathy. It is not the man, it is the man-in-office who is speaking to him. And so he goes on his way, his whole nature in a state of rebellion against the tendency of the age, for ever at war with whatever is discordant with what he feels to be his better self, and clinging more tenaciously than ever to the religion of his forefathers. For him the age of criticism and scepticism is an evil age. He cannot welcome it. It hurts him, and therefore he blames it. He belongs indeed to a time long past. The pity of it is that he is born in the age, that he must live in it and, if he can, be happy in it. Of such as he were the martyrs made. But persecution is also a thing of the past. The fire of his religious fervour meeting with no obstacle, burns him up and dies out with him.

We turn from him to another Jew—the Jew without the Judaism. He is, perhaps, a common type. In our city of London, if born in the East End and of poor parents, he rises to young manhood with little education, and a large bump of acquisitiveness. He develops into a "coster." He is to be seen "on Change" every Sunday morning crying his wares in language most unbiblical. Mayhap he rises to the dignity of a pedlar, or even commercial traveller. He works hard, and, if he makes his way and is a success—that is, gets to be "well off"—he develops into something which, if not a source of joy to others, is, at any rate, a subject for loving contemplation to himself.

If, on the other hand, he is a failure—that is to say, he is not “well off”—he takes his place in the army of the “great unwashed,” and his life becomes shrouded with unhallowed memories. To him and his like the age of criticism and scepticism is as if it were not. It is true that, unconsciously, he is a living proof of the existence of such a transitionary time; but consciously, he lives and moves and has his being in a world limited by his sensual desires. He is the despair of his teachers and the sorrow of his parents. He is one of the many genii of slum-land. His life is aimless, hopeless, godless.

There is further the Jew also without the Judaism, but who has acquired education and somewhat of culture. He is a very common type; he represents the Jewish middle class. The critical and sceptical age appeals to him, if at all, as things appeal to the *dilettante*. He is a member of his “congregation,” goes to *Shool* occasionally—always on *Yom Kippur*. Hidden somewhere in his conscience is the fear that all may not be well with him; the Day of Atonement becomes for him the opportunity for a grand reconciliation. The reconciliation having been made he can go on his way, for another twelve months, light-heartedly. He is the Jew who, by various means, has worked himself into wealth, and finds in Judaism, as he understands it, what the purse-proud and empty-hearted always find in religion. In his kitchen hang samples of well-flavoured Westphalian (or Wiltshire) hams. His cellars are well stocked with wines that do not often bear the official rabbinical seal. His cook is not educated in the niceties of distinction between “meat” and “milk” utensils, and who, perhaps, would be obliged to confess to an utter ignorance of the meaning of the word *Kosher*. He is a frequent diner-out, even to forbidden feasts—and likes them too. He takes life as he finds it; is fully alive to its pleasures, and is well satisfied to enjoy them. Rarely indeed is he moved to the contemplation of things spiritual. Business and pleasure absorb his whole being. The age in which he lives suits him excellently well. His soul is never moved by doubts—he has no time for them. If he had the time, in all probability they would not arise. He is too self-satisfied. With a nature that is unmoral, he is the incarnation of the modern Society spirit of Indifference.

There is, lastly, the Jew who, either by education, or by training, or by the force of his own genius, has become emancipated from the slavery of an antiquated orthodoxy, and while having a strong pride in his race, has yet lost all sympathy with the forms of its ancient religion. He is a product of the age in which he lives. Yet he is eager that his race should share, if it be too late to initiate, in the new spiritual movement of the times. The *Zeit-Geist* has seized him in its embrace. His fathers of old have been associated in the history of the human mind, with the birth of its most glorious thought, namely, the idea and the belief in One God. In the midst

of beliefs of varying degrees of anthropomorphic polytheism, they alone gave expression to the unity in nature. The children of these ancestors ought, so he argues, to associate themselves with the further development of such a belief, and take part with the enthusiasm of their prophets of old in the spiritual unification of all knowledge. He welcomes with delight such associations as the "Maccabæans," since the bond of union is neither dogma nor formalism, but a common belief in the brotherhood of man, and in the power of love. The Hebrew, the Israelite, the Jew, by whatever name you like to call him, but at all times bearing a name which shall bring to mind his glorious past, is now about to carry forward the torch of spiritual truth, and show to his brethren—to the children of Jesus of Nazareth, as well as to the children of Moses of Cordova—that he is still in the front of the march. To him this age is welcome. Behind the criticism and the doubt he feels the influence of God's love. Through the decay of the rabbinical formalism which the criticism and scepticism have brought about, he experiences a freedom and a health, both of body and mind, which fit him for better things. His heart assured of victory "bounds with the blitheness of battle." Beneath him lie the dead forms of the demons of rabbinical dogmas, around and above him the pure air of a joyous earth.

These are the types of the various characters which go to form, in England at any rate, what we call the Jewish people. As we study the types we become aware that these are not quite the Jews of whom we have read in our Scriptures, our histories, our romances, our plays. They may be worse, but they are also better. They appear to be men and women even as we all are, and subject to the same emotions, the same temptations, the same sorrows, and the same joys. Decay and growth are as apparent here as elsewhere. Only here the decay is at present more evident. We compare these types with our previous notions, and we get little from the comparison which helps us to understand the difference. This is largely due to our notions having been false and exaggerated. In some things we have thought too much of them, in others too little. But whatever may have been the value of our ideas respecting the Jews as they were, a present comparison must always bring into prominence this one fact, that there is a spiritual decline. We see the curious fact of a people hampered with a religion of out-of-date forms and rules struggling vainly to harmonise these with a life for which this religion and these forms and rules are as if they had never existed. The struggle has now arrived at some futile attempts at slight reforms, which only bring into greater prominence the utter unfitness of the antiquated formalism of a pre-Christian age with the life of nineteenth century civilisation. There is resulting here, as there has resulted in all religious systems in which the forms of religion have become to the common mind of greater importance than the

contents, a decadence of moral strength. It is the attempt to keep alive the forms of Judaism which has deprived it of its saving grace.

In addition to this cause we have two other causes at work. The first is the liberty, political and religious, which the Jews enjoy in this country and in America. Political liberty has *de-nationalised* them from a Jewish point of view, and *re-nationalised* them into English citizens. There is born in them an enthusiasm for the country of their adoption or birth which gives rise to feelings of patriotism and pride in the new citizenship, which even persecution cannot kill. Ardent politicians by nature, they eagerly avail themselves of the liberty to express their opinions, and seize every opportunity to take part in the various political and social movements of the day. A consequence of this is the desire on the part of the Jews to live as far as possible the same kind of life as do their non-Jewish fellow-citizens. As soon, however, as they attempt to carry this desire into effect, the Judaic rules step in and hinder them. The desire for life is stronger than rules, and at first a modified conformity is practised, and as the conscience becomes accustomed to this gradual modification further stretches are made, until in the end, it must be confessed, Judaism as a religious influence possesses little or no value. The religion which asks so much they feel to be too irksome for them. It makes too many demands on their comfort, requires unreasonable sacrifices. It does not fit in with the mode of life which the freedom they enjoy has engendered. The conviction is at last forced upon them that their religion is an anachronism. Following on this conviction, comes absolute indifference. From this indifference, however, the less educated are at times stirred by a sense of fear, and we see them flock to their synagogues on "holy days." But with them all, the desire to worship as did their ancestors, has become almost extinguished. The religious fervour, which once burned so fiercely, has grown cold, and the religious faith is become of small strength. It has lost its saving grace. For all that, there is largely practised an outward conformity to forms, and Judaism is becoming more and more synonymous with kitchen worship. Eat no pig nor shell-fish; keep your meat utensils separate from those used for milk foods; light no fires on the Sabbath Day; after eating meat allow six hours to pass before using butter or milk with your next meal. Follow these and hundreds of other such pharisaical rules, and you will be accounted a worthy son of Israel. Transgress them, and you are an "Epicurean," and to be "cut off" from the "people." To many this outward conformity is expedient and necessary, since an avowal of a want of faith would mean social ostracism. No one can revile more bitterly a falling away than the Jew. He may not now go to such lengths as did the elders of the community

of Amsterdam in 1656 when they excommunicated Baruch Spinoza, but he can make it very uncomfortable for such an "Epicurean," and if the excommunication be not officially and publicly pronounced, it would none the less be of such a nature as to make it very keenly felt. This conformity to the forms of a belief which has no root in the heart, and for which there is no intellectual foundation, can have but one effect, and we cannot be surprised at the moral decay which is become so palpably evident.

The other cause is not so direct, but it has produced results of a very aggravating tendency. We refer to the ignorance and incompetence of the Jewish clergy. In making such a statement we have in mind not the few who are the noble exceptions, but the majority. It is our privilege to know ministers of the Jewish religion of whose friendship we are proud. There are among them gentlemen of scholarly attainments and of beautiful characters, living earnest and useful lives. Yet none the less is it true that the Jewish clergy as a class are ignorant and incompetent. The education which they have received was in all probability given at a time when there was no intention of placing them in the ministry, and when perhaps the parents were too poor to afford a thorough one. Nor have they ever attempted to better themselves in this respect. They have never realised the sacredness of the work they have undertaken. The so-called "Gentile" is not often aware that most of the Jewish gentlemen who write "Reverend" before their names have never had a Board School, far less a University, training. Many of them are quite unable to converse intelligently in the English language, and very few of them can give written expression to their thoughts. They may be able to translate the Pentateuch and the Prophets, and perhaps, can claim acquaintance with the originals of the works of the rabbinical commentators, but the Hebrew language itself is not supposed to be a vehicle for the expression of thought. It is studied as we study a "dead" language. The *Yiddish* which is most widely spoken is a jargon, and possesses a comparatively limited vocabulary. It is not capable of embodying very profound thinking, and its literature consists mainly of trashy novels of the "shocker" kind, and ridiculous Biblical commentaries written for women for Friday evening and Sabbath afternoon reading. To express the thoughts contained in the Hebrew Scriptures into the Yiddish jargon is very easy, since many of the words are the same in both, though much corrupted in the latter. The majority of ministers speak little else than the jargon, and the knowledge of Hebrew and its literature which they possess is of no great depth. As far as a special training for this calling goes, they have received none. They are in reality not ministers at all in the true sense of the modern acceptance of the term; they are merely "Readers." They possess good voices, and

are able to sing and intone well the various services of the Jewish ritual. It is to the possession of a "voice" that the greater number of these "Reverends" owe their position. They are truly *Chazonim*—"readers" or "chanters"—and by some inexplicable custom they become "reverends" by virtue of this office. Of course, to become a *Chazan*, in addition to the possession of a singing voice, an examination has to be satisfactorily gone through before the Chief Rabbi; but this examination rarely taxes the average resources of the ordinary Jew. It is not what one might call a very "stiff" one. Our experience of *Chazonim*, and we have known not a few, is none of the happiest. They are characterised by an inordinate vanity and a deplorable lack of the most elementary education. They have assumed, or have been permitted to assume, the rights properly belonging to the *Rabbi*—the teacher and the preacher. With the assumption of these rights, their incompetence has been made manifest in a natural incapacity to fulfil the corresponding duties. There is, in addition, apparent a total inability to appreciate the spiritual meaning of their position. We must not then be surprised to find on the part of the great body of Jews a complete lack of reverence towards their pastors, and the consequent unconscious weakening of the faith of which these so-called "Reverends" are presumed to be the exemplars. Of late the Jewish clergy has received into its ranks a few men of marked ability and of scholarly attainments. But the anomaly of permitting the "Readers" to acquire a borrowed and unmerited reputation and respect because of the assumption of the term "Reverend" is preposterous.

The Jewish Ecclesiastical Board, if there be such a body, is strongly in need of some organising spirit. The cry is now for "Reform." But of what value can reform prove here? The *Rabbi* is a person of the past, the *Chazan* is useless or ornamental only, the *Preacher* is not understood.

In the combined action of these different causes a condition of things has been brought about which it must be the earnest desire of all true Jews to remedy, if a remedy be possible. We hold, however, that any attempt to stop the process which is going on will be fraught with innumerable and insuperable difficulties, and will only hasten what is inevitable, the total extinction of Judaism as a living religious system. Sooner or later this must happen. Reform to be of value must be the natural demand of the organism for other conditions of living, and such demand Judaism is not yet in a condition to make, nor the Jews educated enough to receive enthusiastically. It is impossible for such a system as Judaism to exist vitally in an age such as ours, an age in which the external conditions contain no elements which the system can take into itself for growth. Of what value can all efforts prove to revivify an organism in which the life is gradually dying? Reforms can only

weaken it, since its chief strength lies in the continued existence of the old organs. Unlike Christianity, Judaism has never assimilated into itself the life-giving thought of the centuries through which it has lived, perhaps because it was never vitalised by such a spirit as Christ's. As it passed through the years of the world's life, its dogmas grew outward and gradually encased it in an ever-growing harder and harder incrustation, until it has arrived at a stage to-day when any attempt to change them means a breaking-up of the shell and the consequent loss of individuality.

There can be no remedy for the organism. It has lived, and now it must die. Indeed, its life is almost over. Judaism, with its cosmogony earthly and heavenly, with its Rabbinical dogmas and Kabbalistic mysteries and mysticism, is become an historical study, and the highest service a Jew can render its modern offspring is reverently to recognise this fact, to believe sincerely that the child of the old faith will grow into something better and more lasting than the parent. Let him declare that a New Judaism is arisen, a Judaism in which thought for the race stands in the forefront of his life's aims, and his pride in which is only to be equalled by his desire for culture ; so that to belong to the Jewish nation shall be an honour and not a reproach, a thing in which he need have no shame, but for which he may feel a noble pride.

It is to culture the Jew must look for salvation ; but the culture must be something more than the mere education of the intellect, it must lead to the education of the heart to unselfishness, charity, and courtesy, and this not towards other Jews only, but to all people and to all religions—Unselfishness to one another, Charity for all beliefs, and Courtesy to all men. We ask that the Jew shall distinguish himself to-day as did one Jew nineteen hundred years ago. So long as he cannot accept the moral teachings of his greatest brother, Jesus of Nazareth, with the same open heart as he welcomes the teachings of Maimonides, and at the same time give to him the love due for such moral revelations, so long will the Jew be out of place in the enlightenment in which he lives. He will miss the supreme beauty of life, and as a member of the great human family, he will have dropped out of both sides of the equation of the Evolution of Thought, in which he was once so important a factor. Whereas once he could say with his prophet, "The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord," to-day "the hand of the Lord" is removed from him, he goes out into the world bereft of "the spirit of the Lord," and is weak and alone. Let him again clothe himself with this spirit, and the Jew will possess immense potentialities for good. From this spirit is born the "enthusiasm for humanity," which the Jew has always lacked. His want is the want of an influence of a joy-giving force linking him with other peoples and other nations.

He must put off from himself the belief that he is, in any sectarian sense, of a "chosen" or "peculiar people," and strive for progress, because as a Jew he is also one of a larger humanity. It is the influence which asks but sympathy to appreciate to yield the love which reveals. It is the affirmation of this positive aspect of his race's life, which it must be the duty of every Jew, who would place that life in its proper position—value in the world's onward march, to use to the utmost the best powers he has to strengthen.

By what varied means this is to be brought about need not at present be discussed. An earnest desire, followed by an earnest endeavour to grapple with the difficulty, will of themselves suggest the best means. One suggestion we would wish to urge, and the suggestion has some value in that it is already being acted upon, though to no very large extent. Let the Jews co-operate for the formation of societies for ethical culture—societies which shall have for their *raison d'être* the work of establishing schools for the right education of the young, and for the dissemination of ethical culture. Dr. Felix Adler, of New York, is doing a remarkable work in this direction. Why cannot his scheme be carried out in England? We have Jews here as rich as any in America. Is it not also possible that these are as enthusiastic for humanity as their American brothers? We know that they are, and we feel assured that they would come forward with their help. The principles underlying the formation of such societies should be of the widest character. The words "ethical culture" almost sufficiently indicate that character. There must be no thought of "sect" or "cult." We are fully alive to the danger there attaches to all "schools" of no matter how latitudinarian a philosophy. Such schools are only too apt to remain bounded by their first principles, and impart a *mode* of thought and action as little to be desired as those which result from the theologic rules against which they are a protest. When we ask that the fundamental principles of such societies should be of the widest character, we make no reference to any particular philosophical system, we refer simply to those universally acknowledged principles and rules of conduct which have been asserted by all peoples and all creeds; by Confucius as by Buddha, by Rabbi Hillel as well as by Jesus of Nazareth. The Sermon on the Mount gives, perhaps, its best literary form. Jew and "Gentile" can meet here on common ground. The active adhesion to such rules and the habit of living in harmony with their highest interpretation would be the chief value which members of the "societies" would obtain. The culture would be a culture directed more particularly to that side of thought which we understand as ethical—having relation to conduct, to behaviour, to charity, and to love of humanity. We echo the doubt raised by Emerson's question as to the efficacy of "rules" or "tutors" "to educate the semi-god whom we await."

Nor is it our desire to make "semi-gods" even by any "process." We simply ask each to help the other, and especially the young, in the spirit of love; each member of the society to exert himself for the sake of the other; to cultivate his mind and heart by the precept and practice of the wisest and noblest of mankind; to gather in the *knowledge* of the love of God. Gracious thoughts, unselfish acts, gentle courtesy—these to be his highest aims and chiefest delights:

"He must be musical,
Tremulous, impressional,
Alive to gentle influence
Of landscape and of sky,
And tender to the spirit touch
Of man's or maiden's eye:
But, to his native centre fast,
Shall into Future fuse the Past

And the World's flowing fates in his own mould recast."

Such is the "semi-god" whom we await, and to this end we could help one another to live—one Jew the other. From this method of living there must inevitably arise in every direction a wider sympathy with life, and a clearer appreciation of the Jew as such, in the world's activity. He would see more and more distinctly that such a culture with no side of it touching a religion which had none but an artificial relation to the life of the people, but a culture on all sides in a natural sympathy with his individual and national development, would arm him with enormous powers, fraught with potentialities and activities of the highest moral kind. He would be in touch with the impulse which is urging all nations, and not impelled by petty motives and selfish desires. Gifted with natural parts of a more than the average portion, he is capable of more than the average development. Why should not his development be on the lines which mankind at large believe the surest and best? Let him quit for ever the crooked ways, and let him acquire for himself and his race a new character for honesty, truthfulness, sincerity and unselfishness. Now is the time for him to assert his better self, and in spite of Russian persecution and German anti-semitism, show himself to be worthy of taking his place in the ranks with other nations. Jewish nationality—whatever may become of the Jewish religion—Jewish nationality will always be a living sentiment in the hearts of all Jews. It is to this sentiment we would more especially appeal. Joined, as hitherto it has been, to a worship the object of which, if that object had any distinctness in the minds of the devotees, was but an anthropomorphic deity estranging them from Nature, this national sentiment was of little value. Allied to a worship which shall have for its object a God of Love, it will become a living force and an incalculable factor in the world's progress. Down the centuries comes to every Jew, with more or less of strength,

the sounds of the voices of his prophets calling upon him still to retain his guardianship of the sacred fire of the world-spirit, so that it may flame again into new spiritual lights. This is the meaning of his existence. It is relinquishing this guardianship which has cost the Jew so much. He has forgotten his past, and the present reviles him. The future, unless he rouses himself, will not know him.

We appeal to every Jew to join in the initiation of such a movement as we have here very imperfectly outlined, because we believe that the centuries which have passed since the days of his prophets have not left him barren of the spiritual strength and insight which was theirs. We believe him still to be capable of working great marvels. What we ask of him at the outset is to cultivate his mind and heart in a spirit of humility. To put aside once and for ever the petty foibles which have made him the jest of nations, and the by-word of strangers. We would have him look well and carefully at those relations of things, the logical expression of which we call science, we would wish him to understand them—"to seek knowledge and pursue it"—as his Rabbis have told him. But we would ask him in addition to look beyond these, to look to his highest self, to that part of his nature which belongs as much to others as to himself, to cultivate the habit of self-sacrifice in his thought as well as in his deed, and to appreciate those other relations of things, the logical expression of which we call Ethics. Then to synthesise the two expressions and transform the result of his thought into noble actions. Then it will be that the words of his prophet will come back to him from the past, tuned to a grateful melody, and fraught with a newer, fuller, and truly prophetic meaning:—"And I will make them one nation in the land upon the mountains of Israel, and one king shall be king to them all, and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all."

ISAAC H. ISAACS.

A FAMOUS NIGHT MISSION IN NEW YORK.

BLECKER STREET, New York, is not a pleasant place for a stroll after dark. About 10 P.M. it becomes synonymous with Niffelheim, and if one is a woman she proves herself a wise one by steering clear of it unless she has the arm of a very big brother or a very big husband on which to cling.

The street is a commonplace enough one in itself. It is filled with dull-looking wholesale warehouses and laundries for the most part, and during the day is a perfectly respectable thoroughfare. At night, when the warehouse shutters are up, the laundry blinds drawn, and the gas jets in the few dirty street lamps flaring, the place is about as cheerful as a tomb.

It seems a strange spot to hit upon as a rendezvous for that vast sisterhood which, throughout the so-called civilised world, announces to the traveller the fact that it is a Christian city which he has entered or, rather, one of the cities of Christendom. Non-Christian, non-civilised so long as our streets are cursed by this evil, said to be unknown in its greatest horrors to the pagan nations until we teach it them.

There are no lower outcasts in New York than the women who nightly creep out with the darkness and swarm the pavements of Blecker Street, except, perhaps, the white women who in company with Negro men run the notorious "Black-and-tan dives" of Thompson Street, or the white girl wives (?) of the Mott Street Chinamen. On second thought the latter must be excepted. No sooner does a white girl who has fallen a victim to the opium habit form a connection with a Chinaman, than she seems miraculously to acquire his habits of exquisite cleanliness, and dirt as well as rags obtains to a large degree in Blecker Street.

For many years pandemonium nightly reigned there almost undisturbed. Missionaries occasionally tried their hands at its reformation, but in face of the tremendous difficulties always gave it up. Some one has said, "There is no soil so fruitful as that which is watered by tears." It remained for a great sorrow to become the force through which a successful mission was at last started there. In April, 1882, little Florence Crittenton, the four-year-old darling of a wealthy citizen of New York, died. Just one

year later the grief-stricken father founded in her memory a temporary home for outcast women in notorious Blecker Street.

That was the beginning of the famous "Florence Night Mission," the prototype of numberless like refuges which have since been established in various great American towns. All of them bear the little girl's name.

There is nothing suggestive of the prison or the reformatory about the Florence Night Mission. Girls are simply invited to a home where love is the only law. At any time of the night or day, drunk or sober, clean or dirty—of whatever caste, creed, or colour—any woman desiring to lead a better life will find its doors flung wide to her. If she does not wish to stop she is at perfect liberty to leave when she chooses, and it is this very liberty which gives the Mission its strongest hold. Directly a girl shows that her reformation is a real one, she is helped to find a home and employment.

In the early days of the Mission it was found that many of the women who applied for help were simply attracted by the hope of getting food, and that the only way of reaching the ones who most needed aid—but whom pride or shame would keep from asking for it—was to seek them in their very haunts. Now, a given number of the Florence workers—men and women both—patrol the streets every night in the year from eleven o'clock to five or six in the morning. They enter the cellars, the dance house, the gambling hells, the opium dens. No wretched girl can sink too low for them to reach her a helping hand. The workers talk to them and urge them to turn from the life which most of the girls themselves say is hell itself, but which once entering they cannot leave. When she can do so, the missionary puts an arm about the poor outcast and takes her away at once. If this is not possible, she can at least give her a kind word, a flower, or perhaps one of the Mission cards, on which is printed—"Any mother's girl wishing to leave a 'crooked' life may find friends, food, shelter and a helping hand by coming—just as she is—to the Florence Night Mission, 59, Blecker Street." Many a father has travelled hundreds of miles to beg them to look for his lost child, when every other means has failed, and many a "mother's girl" has been restored to her home through them. When one thinks that in New York there are 60,000 people who from choice or necessity turn night into day, it will be readily seen that the churches and day missionaries never even see, much less reach them. They may be divided into two classes: those who gain a livelihood by night work, as policemen; tram conductors and drivers, bakers, printers, waiters, &c., and the criminal classes—fallen women, thieves, keepers of dance houses, saloons and brothels, gamblers, beggars, drunkards, and so on. To all of these the Florence sends missionaries, although their special work is among

women, and many a rich harvest has been reaped in the dark and the night from the stony streets.

About eight o'clock one evening a short time since, we made our way through the merry, dirty, picturesque crowds of the Bowery and presently turned in at the lower end of Blecker Street, intent on visiting the Mission. Coming from the Bowery, deafened with the roar and rumble of the elevated railway, the jingle of the many tram bells, the shouts and laughter of the surging throng, and blinded with the blaze of light, the gloom and stillness of Blecker Street were doubly accentuated. Alas for the gloom of that street! Alas for the many shadows, some of them scarcely more substantial in appearance than those cast by the dreary street lamps! The entrance of the Mission stood wide open. A single gas jet in the hall showed two doors, some distance apart, leading into the meeting-room. This room itself is well lighted at the end farthest from the street, but in the middle and rear there are only a moderate number of lights, and in the hall but one. It struck us that there was a purpose in this arrangement. It is just bright enough to be inviting, but not brilliant enough to frighten away any one who might be tempted in if she thought that she would not be much observed. There is no one to welcome you, to show you to a seat, to ask you any questions, or to notice you in the slightest. There is the room, the doors are wide open, you can go or come as you like. At first it seemed somewhat strange, rather cold in fact, but presently we saw the *raison d'être*.

It was early when we arrived, and there was only a handful of people present. We seated ourselves near the platform in some seats which commanded a view of the entire room, and while waiting for the service to begin, took in the appearance of the place. On the platform stood some chairs, a piano, and a small table with a Bible on it. On either side of the aisle were side seats, one of which we had taken, then came the door farthest from the street. Between it and the door at the other end of the room were a large number of chairs for whatever women might chance to come in. At the back were benches for men who are permitted to come in for the evening service. Across the aisle from the women's seats were the places for the matron and the reformed girls in her charge, and just behind them, separating them from the men, stood a tiny pipe-organ. On the wall just there, in the most prominent place in the room, hung a large portrait of little Florence—the child in whose memory the Mission was founded. It is a tender, serious little face, with large sweet eyes, and long dark hair which falls in heavy masses about her shoulders. On that day, the anniversary of her birth, the picture was wreathed with white-lilies. It is the custom of the girls in the Mission always to keep white flowers in the little vase on the shelf under it, and many a time the matron has had two

or three poor little blossoms thrust into her hand by some unhappy creature who had stolen in for that purpose and then hurried away.

It was very quiet in the room; a sound of light footsteps overhead occasionally, a loud laugh or an oath from the street, or a shuffling step in the hall as some one stole through it to look stealthily in. While waiting, we found the reason for what had seemed the coldness of the Mission in welcoming visitors. No less than four times did one girl come softly up the hall and glance into the room as if about to enter. Once when she had evidently made up her mind to do so, a lady chanced to come down the stairs, and the girl fled as if afraid of being spoken to. No notice was taken of her, however, and presently, when the room was well filled, she slunk in and took a seat near the door. The people who come to the Mission do not want to be welcomed. The most loving and helpful words would frighten them away at first. There are women who will come in for a few minutes occasionally and then disappear for weeks; but so long as they are free, and are not afraid of being preached to personally, there is hope that in the end they will ask for the help they know is always ready.

At nine o'clock the service begins. By that time the back of the room was nearly filled with men, but except two ladies who had come to help, there were only four women present. One of them was so very much intoxicated that she was continually falling asleep and tumbling against her neighbour. The sharp remonstrance of "Set up, can't you! Say, you—what do you take me for—a pillow or yer husband? Now then—set *up*!" only served to stiffen the weak spine for a moment, and down she would tumble again.

The first hour or so of the service is devoted almost entirely to singing, after which there are prayers and speeches by any one who cares to speak. By half-past nine the service was fairly under weigh. What lungs those men had! And how they did roar "Rescue the Perishing" and "Hold the Fort"! The sound made the hall and corridors ring again; and in the pauses we could now and then catch a derisive howl it elicited from some one in the street. As yet there was no formal leader except the lady who presided at the organ.

Directly one hymn was finished there arose a perfect babel of cries—"Pull for the Shore"; "Shet up, we've sung that once"; "Number 47"; "No! Number 17"—until one would have thought that the organist must have gone mad. She, however, waited until something like a unanimity of choice was reached, and then plunged into the accompaniment. During the singing we covertly watched with curious eyes the people who one after another dropped in.

The men were rough in speech and clothes—rougher in manner.

and life. They represented, ~~the~~ most gatherings in New York do, many nationalities: American dockmen and cabbies, Italian navvies, German old clothes men, a Chinaman—he retired in terror when the first song began—and a fair sprinkling of Irishmen.

In the first row of the women's seats there sat a woman of some five and twenty years of age, with her arm around a little blue-eyed girl, who was as dimpled as a cherub. Both were miserably clad, and the mother's face told a tale of semi-starvation. It also recorded the burning accusation and living curse that one race in America everlastingly cries out against another—the cry of the Black against the White. The woman had just enough Negro blood in her veins to make her race known to a practised eye. Any one else would have noted only the soft curling black hair, the voluptuous yet delicate rounding of the figure, the rich warm tint of the oval cheek and pouting lips, and would have admired, not knowing that those very beauties were the result of the fusion of the despised black strain with the blue blood of the proud white race. That mingling makes some of the most beautiful women in the world—women who are beautiful enough to arouse the most burning passion, but who are not white enough to love. There was no trace of viciousness in her face, only the record of sorrow and privation, and behind it the eternal, unanswerable “Why?” that will one day deafen the ears of a great nation to any songs of angels.

Just behind them sat a gaudily dressed little woman whose vulgar, red, good-natured face was fairly beaming with recklessness and jollity. She had marched noisily in during a prayer, and after trying two or three different seats, had finally settled herself in the second row, remarking affably, “Well, I guess I’ll sit here, then I can skoot out the door easy if I want to.” One could not think why she was there. She paid not the slightest attention to the prayer, but noisily cracked pea-nuts between her teeth, and munched and munched until the floor about her was quite covered with the shells. She listened with good-humoured tolerance to two or three speeches and a hymn or so, and at last was tramping out again when she caught sight of the little girl. The child was leaning against her mother, half hidden by her shawl. The red-faced little woman hesitated a moment and then knelt down in front of her. Lifting the small sleepy face, she stared well at it, and said to the mother, “Pretty little kid, ain’t she?” The child opened her big, drowsy eyes and smiled at her, whereat the little woman promptly sat down beside her, took her into her lap, and fed her with pea-nuts and sweets until her stock was exhausted and the baby had gone fast asleep; then, gently putting her into the mother's arms, she tiptoed out. The singing went on with unabated ardour until about half-past ten. Then a sweet-faced, motherly-looking woman, the matron, ushered in ten or twelve girls and women, ranging in age

from fifteen to forty years. They were neatly attired in simple gowns, and each wore the Mission badge. These were the brands plucked from the burning—the “Florence girls.” They quietly took their usual seats across the aisle from the other women, and joined with much earnestness in the service.

What stories to be read in these fleshly tablets! Here a *clean soul* gazing out from the windows of a poor wrecked house that looked as if it could not stand much longer; there a pretty face, with a weak little mouth and stupid round eyes—that girl could never sin, nor be virtuous, other than half-negatively. Next to her a woman, with pale-brown hair parted Madonna-wise above a serene brow and quiet grey eyes. One wondered that such a woman should be there until one looked at her mouth and her hands. The sensuousness in the soft dimpled hand became unmistakable sensuality in the loose, thick, wetly-red lips. There were all types there, from the slender girl with the rose of consumption flushing her thin face, with its great eyes mirroring a soul stretched on the rack of self-condemnation, down through varying degrees of commonplace, to the face of one woman who made one wonder if simply standing upright and possessing the gift of speech makes one a human being. That woman’s face was so utterly animal—no, not *utterly* animal, or it would not have been hideous—a dog’s face is beautiful for a dog—but her face had just enough of the human in it to show that the beast ought not to have been there. The mingling of the two was fearful. Studying her face and form, one would say that there were only two ways in which she could be influenced—one through her appetites; the other, through fear—a bribe or a threat, both distinctly animal.

Presently a gentleman read part of a chapter from the New Testament, and then made a short prayer. Directly it was finished, a big, good-looking fellow in the back of the room arose, and in broken English told us that he had been exiled from his native home—Switzerland—because he was such a drunkard and thief that the country could not hold him longer. His friends, only too glad to get rid of him, had made up a purse and sent him to the States, praying—so he thought likely—that he might fall overboard on the voyage. He had wandered into the Mission one evening because he liked music, and had heard the singing, and the world was different when he walked out into it that night, and all life had been different since.

His English was a little peculiar, and he looked rather badly frightened at speaking in public, but there was no mistaking his earnestness. During the hymn that followed, there entered a well-dressed girl whose deathly white face, in spite of the rouge on the cheeks, showed her to be a confirmed arsenic-eater. She looked decidedly cross, and when one of the Florence girls, opening a book at the song they were singing, handed it to her, she took it with a

jerk and threw it on the seat beside her. She had the grace to bow her head the least fraction of an inch during the prayers, and presently she slyly took up the book and stared at the hymn they were singing. After a time, being struck with the clear, strong notes of a new voice, we found that the pale-faced girl was singing with might and main, and did not look so cross.

One woman after another straggled in at intervals (the service lasts until daybreak if need be) until there were about a dozen present. Most of them ragged, some had been drinking, and all were commonplace to a degree, except one girl of about two and twenty.

She walked in defiantly—head well up, red lips tightly closed, big black eyes ready to stare down any one who should dare to look pityingly at her. A supple, slender creature, full of fire and passion from her handsome face to the tips of her long, taper, brown fingers. An evil-looking, middle-aged woman, rather well dressed, who sat demurely turning the leaves of a hymn-book, looked up with glistening eyes when this girl entered. From behind her book she watched her stealthily. After a time she changed her seat for one nearer the girl, and in a few minutes more, quietly, very quietly, came still closer. Just as she was about to move into the row of chairs in front of the newcomer, she happened to drop her hymn-book. One of the Florence girls picked it up and was handing it to her, when raising her eyes she looked into the woman's face. The words of the song died upon her lips. Catching her breath and wildly crying "You devil!" she struck madly at the woman's wicked face. The matron was at her side in an instant, and the harpy hurriedly left the room, cheated of her prey for once.

It seems almost beyond belief, but it is true that these women wait about the doors of the Mission, eager to drag back any unhappy girl who has even for a moment turned wistful eyes towards a different life. Occasionally one of them, under the guise of extreme piety, is bold enough to venture inside, but this is very rare, as the matron makes it her business to become acquainted with their faces, and to watch them.

It makes one wonder what chance there is for these wretched girls, even if they wish, to reform. On the one hand, hard, dull, physical labour (most of them become servants), an unalterable, unforgettable past of shame, and half-unconscious coldness and suspicion from most of the very people who try to help them after they leave the Mission. On the other hand, a hearty welcome, a life of ease and excitement, at least for a time, and after that? Well—everyone must die one day, and the river is as good a way as another. Heaven to be earned by restraint, self-sacrifice, prayers, and tears; or—Heaven to be found in twopennyworths of rum, or a pipe of opium. Which looks easier?

So long as to society in general "virtue" in a woman means chastity, which is only *one* of the virtues after all, and "honour" in a man means only that he shall not cheat at cards, there will be souls pushed to the wall of circumstance, and society will one day be called upon to answer as to why it gave false moral weights and standards.

After one or two of the lady workers had made short speeches or prayers, a man in the back of the room arose. He was decidedly ragged, but his face was as clean as energy and soap could make it, and his thick hair was brushed to an astonishing degree of shininess. "My frens," he began, "I ain't no orator, an' I guess my grammar's queer, but I reckon the Lord's excused that, for He's told me to git right up an' fire away at what I've got ter say—so here goes. I ain't much of a lamb, I ain't; I don't know as ye could even call me a respectable kind of a *black* sheep. There probably ain't a man in York State that hates ter work as bad as I do. I've always just loafed round an' pretty nigh starved, an' I've put all of the blame onto the Lord, jest as nateral as life. When I got a dollar I used to spend it on a spree, and then howl at the Lord 'cause there warn't nothing to eat when I got hungry. But that's all changed now. Our brothers an' sisters here hev been tellin' us how we kin lay up treasures in heavin, and how we kin all be millionaires there ef we sets our minds to it—but I want ter say thet yer kin lay up treasures right *here* ef yer wants ter. The Lord's the best savin's-bank ye'll strike anywheres, an' ye kin bet yer life on that. He won't go back on ye ef yer puts yer trust on Him—He ain't that kind. My frens, the Lord'll put a dollar in yer pocket every time, an' don't ye forgit it. I've worked fer the Lord an' I've worked fer Old Nick, as I knows what I'm a-talkin' about."

The man who "wasn't no orator" sat down and a drunken woman who had been slumbering with her head on her knees woke up, and rising, steadied herself against the wall, looked about the room with a benevolent smile and remarked:

"Brethering and Sistering,—The Lord don't put no dollars in *my* pocket—I puts 'em there myself—and don't ye forgit it," then slid down the wall again and continued her nap.

During all the proceedings of the meeting the girl who attracted the attention of the evil-faced woman had sat quite by herself—defiant, erect, scornful, still as a statue. Some one offered her a hymn-book. She declined it with a sneer on her mouth but with an inclination of the head which held a suggestion of gentle breeding. Nothing escaped her scornful eyes. She watched every one and everything, particularly the lady-workers present, with a half smile on her dark face.

Twelve o'clock sounded. People came and went. A few who had entered early still stopped on. Half-past twelve—one o'clock.

Most of the working men had gone home to bed. Their places were soon filled by poor ragged wretches who had no homes to go to and who were glad of shelter in a warm room for a time. Two of the lady-workers and one of the gentlemen left. The other, who seemed an earnest man, conscientious without doubt, but given over-much to talking of "Our Brothers and Sisters" in what had unconsciously grown to be a mechanically pious tone, led the hymns, urged the people to repent and turn from evil, held out the promises of the Gospel, and prayed for words of wisdom through which to reach them. The dark girl still sat and watched the proceedings with that scornful smile and the hard eyes.

It grew very late. The matron had not spoken before, but presently she knelt by her chair and said in a soft voice: "Let us pray together." The "Florence girls" and the leader knelt. Some of the women in a shamefaced way crouched down by their chairs, and all in the room save one bowed their heads.

There was a long, long silence, broken only by the loud ticking of the clock and the whispered words which some unhappy soul was struggling to form into a prayer. Then the matron, in a quiet voice which seemed to gather those poor girls into her very arms, told the Lord that she was grateful that some that night had found out that there was love in the world.

"When they learn that *we* can love each other dearly and tenderly, I can rest content that that knowledge is only a step toward knowing a greater and more perfect love still," said she. Then there was another long pause, during which the fancy came to me that I could see the matron's quiet words slowly filtering down through her hearers' hearts as the sweet summer rain creeps around the stones and through the dust of a parched and sterile field, seeking for some little seed that *may* be there.

Tick, tick, went the loud-voiced clock. Somewhere to the rear of the building a lonesome dog gave a long dismal howl. Presently the matron's soft voice was heard again:

"O Father, help the dear girls." Another pause, and then as if thinking aloud, she said again, "The *dear* girls."

Some one caught her breath sharply, clinched her hands together, and crying fiercely, "Strike me dead, strike me dead!" the dark girl convulsively thrust her arms out across the chair in front of her, and dropped her head heavily upon them.

The drunken woman who had made the speech some hours before, arose unsteadily, patted the girl's rich hair with a puffy hand, and staggered out of the room.

My companion and I followed. Something was struggling in my breast that must have strangled me had I not have got out of that room. Something that made me cry under my breath:

"Thank God! oh, thank God! for my home and its loving shelter."

L. HEReward.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT: THE CANADIAN VILLAGE.

UNDER the French *régime*, from 1608 to 1760, Canada was treated as a province of France. Anything approaching local self-government was entirely unknown, and the merest attempt to create anything of the kind was ruthlessly crushed by the French Crown. "It is of great consequence," writes Meules, in 1685, to the Minister in Canada, who was endeavouring to foster a more independent spirit among the local bodies, "not to give any liberty to the people to express their opinions."

The country was governed through a Governor, an Intendant, and a Supreme Council, directly by the Crown. It was, in fact, a complete system of paternal government.

For the purposes of justice, government, and settlement, the country was divided into districts, seigniories, and parishes. In each district a judge was appointed by the Crown to exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction. An appeal lay in the most trivial matters to the Supreme or Superior Council.

The greater part of Canada was divided into large estates, called seigniories, which were held immediately of the Crown, under a modified feudal tenure, either *en fief* or *en roture*. These seigniories were split up into a number of small farms, which were held of the seignior of the seigniori *en censive*—i.e., by an annual payment in money or in kind.

The parish was established solely and purely for ecclesiastical purposes, but it might well have grown into the civil parish if the germ had been allowed to develop. The *curé* was the leading personage, and in justice it must be said that the dominant influence exercised by the Roman Catholic Church was used for the general welfare of the community.

After the English conquest, from 1760 to 1791, England, out of deference to the real or supposed wishes of the inhabitants, allowed the existing institutions to remain undisturbed. In 1791, however (the independence of the United States having been acknowledged by England in 1782), the "Loyalists" migrated from the States in large numbers to Canada, 10,000 settling in what became Upper Canada, and ultimately the Province of Ontario. In consequence

of this sudden accession of English blood, it was thought wiser to separate the French and the English, and thus were formed the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.

In both provinces Legislatures were created. They consisted of Executive and Legislative Councils, the members of which were nominated by the Governor-General and a Legislative Assembly elected by the people. These Legislatures resulted in failure. No real representation or ministerial responsibility existed, and local self-government of any sort or kind was entirely absent. Almost the whole time of the provincial Legislatures was taken up with petty local affairs, the result of which was no small amount of "log-rolling." "When we want a bridge," said a member of a provincial Legislature, "we take a judge to build it."

This state of things ended in the rebellion of 1837-8, and led to the reunion of the Canadas and to the concession of a more liberal system of government. Now although the union of 1841 proved to be a mistake and was ultimately abandoned in 1867, yet during this period much good work was inaugurated. It was in 1841 that liberal measures of local government were granted, and although it was not until the year 1848 that the principle of ministerial responsibility was recognised, yet Canada had already entered upon a new era of political and national progress.

At the present time, then, throughout the Dominion, the people of every local division, whether it be township, village, town, city, or county, enjoy a most complete system of local self-government. This system is the most highly developed in the province of Ontario, and it is of the incorporated village of this province that I propose to treat.

From the year 1841¹ various Acts have been passed by the Imperial Parliament and by the Legislature of Ontario establishing local self-government in the province. These Acts were in 1883 codified under the name of the Consolidated Municipal Act.² Subsequent Amendment Acts were passed, and in 1887 a further codification took place. Amendment Acts were then passed annually up to 1892, when the Acts were again codified under the name of the Consolidated Municipal Act, 1892.³ This Act consists of 675 sections and twelve schedules, and is unquestionably a masterpiece of legislation. It establishes the most complete system of local self-government the world has yet seen. Under this Act a uniform system of government is instituted for the smallest incorporated village as for the greatest city municipality—so far, of course, as is consistent with their respective requirements. General powers are granted alike to the county council, the city, the town, the incorpo-

¹ *Vide* 4 & 5 Vict. c. 10.

² *Ibid.* 55 Vict. c. 42.

³ Statutes of Ontario, 46 Vict. c. 18.

rated village, and the township.¹ Special powers are added according to the relative importance of each.

The provisions, however, relating to the incorporated village are so numerous and so elaborate that it is impossible to set them all out. The most salient only will be presented, so as to enable the reader to obtain a general view of this remarkable institution.

The principle upon which a village is "erected" into an incorporated village is that of population sufficiently concentrated upon a given area. When the population of a district consists of more than 750 inhabitants and the residences are sufficiently contiguous, on the petition of not less than one hundred freeholders or householders (of whom one-half must be freeholders) the county council is required to erect such district into an incorporated village, to name it, and to take the necessary steps for holding the first election for the village council.² Where the population does not exceed 1000, the area over which the municipality is to extend is limited to 500 acres, and not more than 200 acres may be added for every additional 1000 persons.³

An incorporated village with more than 2000 inhabitants may be erected into a town, and a town with more than 15,000 inhabitants into a city.⁴

The officers of the village council consist of a reeve, who is the chief executive official, and four councillors. If, however, there are 500 voters on the register, instead of four councillors a deputy-reeve and three councillors are substituted, and for every additional 500 voters another deputy-reeve is to be added.⁵

Every candidate for any of these offices must either reside in the municipality or within two miles thereof, must be a natural born or a naturalised subject of her Majesty, and must be a male of twenty-one years of age; and he or his wife must have legal or equitable estate, freehold or leasehold, or partly one and partly the other of, if freehold, \$200, if leasehold, \$400.⁶

The electors are men or unmarried women or widows, of twenty-one years of age, and subjects of her Majesty by birth or naturalisation, who are, whether residents or not, freeholders rated at \$100 in their own right, or if married men, in their wives'; or who have resided in the municipality since the completion of the last assessment roll, and whose income from some trade, office, calling, or profession is not less than \$400; or residents who are or whose wives are householders or tenants; or who being sons of farmers have resided in the municipality for twelve months next prior to the

¹ The township is a union of villages or hamlets which are too small to be "erected" into incorporated villages. There is little or no difference in the provisions extended to either.

² S.O. 55 Vict. c. 42, sec. 9.

³ Sec. 70.

⁴ Sec. 10 (1) (2).

⁵ Sec. 73.

⁶ Sec. 19.

return of the assessment roll, provided that if there are more than one son so resident, the father is sufficiently rated to give such sons the necessary qualification.¹

The elections are held annually upon the first Monday in January,² when a poll is taken. The voting is by ballot, and if there are several wards, then it is strictly on the one man one vote principle.³ A seat on the Council is vacated by any criminal act, insolvency, or absence for three months without leave first obtained from the majority of the Council.⁴ In case the votes are equal, the reeve, or in his absence the deputy-reeve, has a second or casting vote.⁵ The Council may pass bye-laws for the payment of its members at the rate of not more than \$3 a day, and travelling expenses at the rate of five cents per mile to and fro.⁶ It may also pay the head of the Council such annual sum as it may determine.⁷ When an election has been for some cause or other neglected, the Council is empowered to fill up the vacancies by nomination.⁸ All the ordinary meetings are to be open to the public.⁹ A quorum consists of the majority of the Council required by law to form such Council.¹⁰

The reeve, or in his absence the deputy-reeve, presides at all meetings, but if both are absent the Council may appoint a chairman from its own members. As has been already stated, the reeve is the chief executive officer. In the words of the Act, it is his "duty to be vigilant and active at all times in causing the law for the government of the municipality to be duly executed and put in force; to inspect the conduct of all subordinate officers in the government thereof, and as far as may be in his power to cause all persons guilty of negligence, carelessness, and positive violation of duty to be duly prosecuted and punished, and to communicate from time to time to the Council all such information, and recommend such measures as may tend to the improvement of the finances, health, comfort, and ornament of the municipality."¹¹

The officials are appointed by the Council. They consist of the clerk, the treasurer, assessors, and collectors. The treasurer must prepare and submit to the Council a half-yearly statement of the assets of the municipality.¹² The Council has a general power to make regulations for governing its proceedings, the conduct of its members, the appointing or calling of special meetings, and generally such other regulations as the good of the inhabitants requires, and may repeal, alter, and amend its bye-laws, save only as by the Act restricted.¹³ When a by-law requires the assent of the electors, a poll must be taken, as if for an election.¹⁴ Every application to quash a by-law must be made within three months from the date thereof to the Lieutenant-Governor, and if no such application is made

¹ Sec. 79. ² Sec. 88. ³ Secs. 118 and 138.

⁶ Sec. 231. ⁷ Sec. 232. ⁸ Sec. 186.

¹¹ Sec. 244. ¹² Secs. 250 and 254.

⁴ Sec. 177.

⁹ Sec. 233.

¹³ Sec. 283.

⁵ Sec. 227.

¹⁰ Sec. 234.

¹⁴ Sec. 293.

the law becomes valid.¹ The reeve is *ex officio* a justice of the peace for the county, but no property qualification is required in his case.² A chief constable and one or more constables may be appointed by the Council, who may establish, maintain, and regulate the necessary lock-up houses.³

From the Constitution I now pass to the legislative and administrative powers of the Village Council. These powers; within the limits specifically prescribed by the Act, are extremely wide and far-reaching.

The Council may pass by-laws for the purchase of land for suitable halls and other necessary public buildings; for parks, squares, boulevards, and drives; for public schools, cemeteries, pounds, and public markets.⁴ When such land cannot be obtained by voluntary agreement, it may be taken without the consent of the owner, but if the owner is injuriously affected due compensation for any damages must be given.⁵ No compensation is given for "disturbance or severance," but only for actual damage to any remaining property of the owner which is not taken and which is injuriously affected. If the amount of compensation cannot be agreed upon, the Council must appoint one arbitrator and the owner another. The two arbitrators must then appoint a third in writing, and their decision is final.⁶ The Council may grant aids to agricultural societies, mechanic institutes, free libraries, public baths, rifle associations, militia, town bands, hospitals, and other public or charitable institutions.⁷ It may also grant aids to any incorporated company in respect of any road, bridge, or harbour; but the by-law granting the same must receive the assent of the electors.⁸ The Council may acquire stock of or lend money to gas and water companies, or may establish and maintain such companies,⁹ and may acquire such water rights as may be required to enable the necessary machinery to be driven for the supply of electric light.¹⁰ By-laws may be passed to provide against the adulteration of food and liquor, the use of false weights, cruelty to animals, and the destruction of wild birds. Licences must be obtained from the Council for all houses of public entertainment, for all public shows and exhibitions, for the sale of tobacco, and for registry offices for labourers and servants.¹¹

For sanitary purposes the Council may pass such by-laws as may be deemed necessary for the regulation and supervision of crowded or insanitary dwellings, sewerage, drainage, burial and all public nuisances, such as slaughter-houses, noisome manufactories, and the keeping of pigs and other animals.¹²

It is the duty of the Council to see that suitable exits in churches

¹ Sec. 331.

² Sec. 415.

³ Secs. 445 and 458.

⁴ Secs. 479 (1) (4-8) (22); 489 (10-13); 492 (1-3).

⁵ Sec. 483.

⁶ Secs. 387, 388.

⁷ Sec. 479 (9, 12, 29).

⁸ Sec. 479 (11).

⁹ Secs. 489 (30 and 31) and 490.

¹⁰ Sec. 479a.

¹¹ Secs. 479 (24); 489 (7, 8, 25, 26); 496 (41).

¹² Secs. 489 (41 and 49); 496 (10a).

and other public buildings are provided ; that all buildings, whether public or private, are properly constructed ;¹ to remove all obstructions in any public places ;² to take proper precautions against fire,³ infectious and contagious diseases ;⁴ to inspect scaffolding and make all necessary regulations for the protection and safety of workmen,⁵ and generally to promote the health and well-being of the village.

In addition to the power of planting ornamental trees and shrubs, the Council may allow to any person, planting trees or shrubs so as to shade the highway an abatement of statute labour, or a sum of not less than twenty-five cents for every tree so planted.⁶

Very wide powers are given by the Act in the interests of public morality, and even horse-racing may be prohibited at the will of the Council.⁷

The borrowing powers of the Council are fairly ample. If the loan to be raised is for railways, harbour works, or improvements, gas or water works, or other public works, or for the construction of sewers, the purchase and improvement of parks, or the erection of public schoolhouses, the whole debt and the obligations to be issued therefor must be payable in thirty years at the furthest. If for any other purpose, the debt must be repaid within twenty years.⁸

The money may be repaid by annual instalments or by a sinking fund. Special powers are given by which loans may be raised upon debentures for drainage purposes and for making grants in aid to high schools and collegiate institutions.⁹ Annual rates must be levied sufficient to meet all the ordinary current expenses, but the Council must not assess and levy in any one year more than an aggregate rate of two cents in the dollar on the actual value, exclusive of school rates.

The cost of other local improvements is thrown not only upon the whole community generally, but also upon the owners of the property which is specially benefited. The Council may pass by-laws for ascertaining and determining what real property will be benefited by any proposed improvement and how much is to be assessed on such property.¹⁰

If such special charge is to be assessed and levied it must be an annual rate according to the frontage of the property abutting upon or extending to within six feet of the proposed improvement. When the amount cannot be settled by mutual agreement or arbitration, an appeal lies to a Court of Revision and from thence to the County Court of the district. When real property adjoins or fronts any park, square, public drive or boulevard, it is specially assessable in respect of any improvement. And where in the opinion of the

¹ Sec. 479 (16).⁴ Sec. 489 (55).⁷ Sec. 489 (33-40).² Sec. 496 (26-28).⁵ Sec. 489 (16a).⁸ Sec. 340.³ Sec. 496 (11-24).⁶ Secs. 479 (20), 489 (27).⁹ Sec. 509.¹⁰ Secs. 612-615.

Council it would be *inequitable to charge the whole of the costs*¹ of constructing or repairing any bridge or culvert or of opening up or extending any road, upon the lands fronting thereon, the Council must determine what lands are so benefited and what proportion of the cost the owners are to pay. And in the case of the improvements last mentioned, even where such lands do not so adjoin or front the proposed improvements, but are in fact benefited thereby, they also may be specially assessed.² Power is given to the Council to cause all vacant lands to be properly inclosed³ and all such lands are to be assessed upon their current market value, and rates levied thereon.⁴

In the limited space at my disposal, it is impossible to discuss the origin of the parish council to be created by the Local Government Bill, 1893. It must suffice to state that it will be the descendant of the old English township, itself a lineal offspring of the ancient village community which existed in these islands in prehistoric times, and survivals of which still remained extant at the end of the last century. For the same reason I must assume that the reader is acquainted with the organisation and powers of the proposed parish council. It was very clearly described by Mr. Fowler in his introduction of the Bill. I shall therefore content myself with drawing attention to the controversial points in the Bill. The reader will see for himself how far short it falls of the provisions contained in the Consolidated Municipal Act of Ontario.

Allowing then for the fact that many of these provisions are mere police regulations already enjoyed by our municipalities and in some measure in our rural districts, and allowing for the fact that some will come into operation under adoptive Acts, it is evident that the present Bill, progressive as it is, contains but a small instalment of that local self-government which has been a living reality for many years to our kinsmen in Canada. And yet the Opposition in Parliament seek to make this little less. Strong expressions of repugnance have been uttered to the compulsory purchase clauses. In introducing the Bill, Mr. Fowler said: "It is no use giving these parish councils power to acquire land without giving them the instrumentality of getting the land." It is beyond dispute that the Allotment Acts in respect of this principle have resulted in absolute failure. Compensation for "disturbance and severance" often amounts to as much as 25 per cent. on the market value, and this alone is quite sufficient to make such purchases prohibitory. Under the present Bill, and in Ontario, the principle of compulsory purchase at the market value is established. Now the elements of this principle are two. All land is the property of the State, and the interest of the individual must give way to that of the community.

¹ The italics are mine. ² Secs. 620-621.

³ Sec. 496 (4).

⁴ Stat., Ontario 55-Vict. c. 48, sec. 27.

This principle has been already recognised in this country to some extent. I refer to compulsory powers of purchase granted to railway companies. A parish council finds it necessary to erect some building within a certain area, which area is alone suitable, and is one landowner, by making the price prohibitory, to nullify the very purpose for which the council has been created? In this case as in that of railway companies the principle is the same, the difference, if there is one, is merely one of degree, and the landowners have no real cause to fear. The effect of the railways was to double or treble the value of their property, and they received from a grateful country seventy or eighty millions over and above the market value of their lands! It will be remembered that "vacant lands" in Ontario are subject to municipal rates. This is not so in England, and is not even proposed in the Bill. It is perfectly monstrous that landowners should be able to withhold their land from the community for years in order to obtain fancy prices, and meanwhile its value is being increased at the expense of that very community. To give one example within my own knowledge. In a village with which I am acquainted, a beautiful estate, with an Elizabethan manor-house, which used to be let for £300 a year, has been unoccupied for eighteen years. In the meantime the neighbouring land has risen from a rural to an urban value. The house is in ruins and the grounds are run wild. If this land were now put up for sale for building sites, it would undoubtedly realise a very large sum. But the greater proportion of this sum would be directly due to the money expended by the ratepayers and occupiers in improving the neighbouring property. And further, an object of historic interest is thus irretrievably lost to the nation. In Canada there is a very efficient check to this sort of thing, but in this country superstitious reverence for the sacredness of property is carried to the point of imbecility.

It will have been remarked how elaborate and extensive are the provisions in the Canadian Act for carrying out what in this country is known as the "betterment principle." And yet London, the largest city in the world, is only just within measurable distance of obtaining powers which are exercised as a matter of every-day experience by every incorporated village in the Canadian backwoods. In addition to the powers already quoted, the Canadian village council may drain low-lying lands and levy a special rate upon the owners of land benefited thereby.

In the debate on the first reading of the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Balfour stated to the House that empires were only great in so far as they were centralised. If one empire was more centralised than another it was the Roman. Over-centralisation was one of the immediate causes of the downfall of Rome. There was an utter absence of any sort or kind of local self-government. Another

great cause was the land question. It is the object of the present Bill to solve the problem of local self-government, and in so doing it touches the fringe of the land question.

The ideal system is a government highly centralised for national purposes and deeply decentralised for local affairs. Now although the ancient village communities and the modern municipalities have the principle of local self-government in common, the latter institutions go a step further. They have a share in the national government. This principle of 'national representation is the vital distinction between the two institutions. The Russian *mir*, for example, has very considerable powers of local self-government, but has no share whatsoever in the national government. The people of the *mir* have no voice in making the laws under which they live or in assessing the taxes which they are compelled to pay. They cannot, in fact, be said to possess any political freedom at all. In Canada the very opposite prevails. The Canadian constitution embraces all these principles. There exists a government highly centralised for national purposes; there exists entire freedom of local self-government among the units, whether the unit be a province, a city, or a village; and there exists the popular representation which connects the units with the central government and consolidates the whole into a true nationality.

Mr. Chamberlain the other day was loudly cheered by the City Unionists when he tickled their vanity by asserting that the British constitution was the envy of the whole world. I take it that local self-government is not the least important feature of a constitution. Some may even consider it the most important, since a constitution, like everything else, breaks down at its weakest point. Let us for a moment try to see ourselves as others see us. Mr. J. G. Bourinot, Clerk to the Dominion House of Commons, the leading authority in Canada upon this subject, said, in 1887, Canada has now "a complete municipal system which may well be the envy of the British people who are now endeavouring to extricate themselves from the chaos of local laws which make local government in the parent state so unintelligible to the ordinary citizen." And again: "No wonder then that English statesmen have at last awakened to the necessity of grappling with a problem which Canada herself has in a great measure solved."¹

The Hon. J. R. Gowan, LL.D., a politician chiefly responsible for the Municipal Act of Ontario, says: "We can now fairly claim that we possess the most perfect system of municipal government enjoyed by any country." "You know," he continues, "that at first we had barely passable roads through the 'wood,' that farming operations were conducted in a very imperfect way, that commerce and manufacturing were scarcely in the bud, that the few schools which existed were imperfectly served and ill regulated, while the municipal

¹ John Hopkins University Studies, vol. v. 241.

system was a recent creation, and moreover that ready submission to the law of the land was not universal." He then proceeds to contrast the past with the present. "The whole country," he says, "accessible by excellent roads, and, more than that, netted all over with railroads, agriculture in its various aspects carried on intelligently by an educated farming community, free public schools with efficient teachers under a uniform system within easy access of all, the laws everywhere respected and cheerfully obeyed, and last, though not least, our municipal system permeating every part with its healthy influences."

Short as the present Bill falls of the high standard of the Ontario Act and of our own expectations, it is nevertheless an immense advance constitutionally and politically, and it is in no carping spirit that I raise my voice against the clause in the Bill which allows a parish council to part with its real estate. This power is radically bad. By municipalising land, the evils of exclusive individual ownership is to that extent mitigated. In this respect, the Act of Ontario, which gives a similar power, is open to the same objection.

Further, in the list of "Adoptive Acts," in my opinion, should appear the Housing of Working Classes Act, 1890. This Act is now in many country districts practically a dead-letter owing to the lack of any responsible executive to carry it out.

It is clear then that the incorporated village of Ontario is vastly superior not only to any institution existing in this country of a like nature, but even of anything at present considered within the range of practical politics. To take the three principles most strongly opposed here. In Canada, the principle of compulsory purchase is completely recognised and consistently applied; the principle of rating vacant lands is accepted without question; the principle of betterment is regarded, not as the spoliation of the landowner, but as the only fair and equitable settlement of a business transaction.

In short, in the words of De Tocqueville, "municipal institutions are to liberty what primary schools are to science: they bring it within the people's reach. They teach men how to use and how to enjoy it. A nation may establish a system of free government, but without the spirit of municipal institutions it cannot have the spirit of liberty."

HUGH H. L. BELLOT.

WILKES.

"His wit gave charms to every subject he spoke upon, and his humour displayed the foibles of mankind in such colours as to put folly even out of countenance."

THE only criticism worthy of the name is that which adopts the standpoint of the author or character criticised, and judges him not by hard and fast rules, but in reference to the success with which he has realised his aims. The canons of this method of criticism have been expressed in the following words by the Frenchman, who is its most brilliant exponent: "On devra d'abord analyser l'impression qu'on reçoit du livre [of course all this, *mutatis mutandis*, applies with equal force to a character in history]; puis on essayera de définir l'auteur, on décrira sa 'forme,' on dira quel est ton tempérament, ce qui lui est le monde, et ce qu'il y cherche de préférence, quel est son sentiment sur la vie, quelle est l'espèce et quel est le degré de sa sensibilité, enfin comment il a le cerveau fait." The advantages of this method will be obvious when one recollects that any hard and fast rules must necessarily be based on what has been considered good and beautiful in past ages, and that they become antiquated and inapplicable to the case of new forms of life or of art undreamed of by our forefathers. We are wont to pour scorn on those who judged every literary production by its conformity with the classical test of the three unities, and fail to perceive that we constantly fall into a similar form of mistake ourselves. Among those who have suffered most from a monotonous uniformity of criticism none probably have been more affected than those brilliant spirits who have tried to diversify life's earnestness by humorous inconsistencies and stupendous impertinences. There has always been a tendency to attribute to them a purpose which they lacked, and by Procrustean methods to torture their characters into established categories of good or bad. Aristophanes at the hands of German professors becomes little but a dull politician of ultra-conservative tendencies. Nero is not condemned for the pooriness of his jokes and his incapacity as an artist, but is solemnly anathematised as an abandoned ruffian; and poor Heine is lectured by his English biographer for the "disquieting incidents and expressions" in some of his satirical poems. The fact is that there is no absolute standard of life, and though it may be judicious for the moralist to assume one, the historian mistakes

his function in referring every action to the commonplace standard of the mediocre majority.

The foregoing remarks have been suggested by reflection on the fate to which history has condemned one of the most light-hearted and amusing figures in the frivolous political world of the eighteenth century. Wilkes was regarded by many of his contemporaries as a noble and disinterested politician "fired with patriotic rage"; to the rest he appeared as a self-seeking adventurer eager for the notoriety which would bring him money to provide for his ignoble pleasures. A high-souled patriot or a venal libertine: of these alternative views held of his character in his lifetime, the latter has been generally adopted in the present century from Lord Brougham downwards. The object of the present paper is to attempt to show that he was neither, but rather, as Horace Walpole alone among his contemporaries seems to have suspected, an humorist who aimed at getting as much amusement out of this stupid world as he could, and who succeeded admirably by playing on this stupidity. "Wantonness," says Walpole, "rather than ambition guided his hand; and though he became the martyr to the best cause, there was nothing in his principles or morals that led him to care under what government he lived." To the spectator with a sense of humour there are few sights more truly ludicrous than that of fools lashing themselves into a state of impotent rage and exaggerating their folly in the presence of his own imperturbable cynicism; and this sight Wilkes enjoyed to the full. It is not perhaps relevant to the subject to inquire whether such an exhibition be cruel or not. It may be suggested, however, that its cruelty differs from that of an exhibition of bull-fighting inasmuch as it usually brings about beneficial results. For, after publicly exhibiting their folly, even fools are apt, on reflection, to recognise it as such, and are therefore the less likely to allow the particular example of it to occur again. Accordingly, we have to deal with the curious fact that some of the privileges most cherished by the freeborn Briton, and most valuable to him, according to the Constitutional histories, are due almost entirely to John Wilkes's appreciation of a joke.

Wilkes's early life does not appear to present more features of attraction than the early days of the majority of remarkable men. There is, however, a story told about him as a student in the University of Leyden, which is worth repeating, as it illustrates the power, for which he was distinguished throughout his life, of ingratiating himself with the most apparently uncongenial people by the charm and adaptability of his manner. Driven to desperation by the attempts of his tutor to convert him to Arian views, he declared in self-defence his disbelief in the Bible altogether, and took refuge in the conversation of the Scotch philosopher Baxter. This man, surnamed from his opinions "Immateriality" Baxter, was

chiefly concerned in proving the immortality of the soul, and, strange to say, found a most willing listener to his theories in Wilkes. In fact, Wilkes so convinced him of his earnest and serious disposition, that the two became inseparable, and Baxter subsequently dedicated one of his philosophical disquisitions in the most flattering terms to the embryo Medmenham brother, and author of the *Essay on Woman*.

His unfortunate marriage with a woman several years older than himself was forced upon him against his will : but his natural good humour would have probably restrained him from outraging her susceptibilities by the impropriety of his guests, if her acrid humour had not led him to temper the domestic dreariness by the licence of libertines. She obtained a separation from him, and continued to live at least twenty years longer without seeing him, in possession of his "esteem, though not his tenderness." About the same time he was initiated into the mysteries of Medmenham. In this society, even the obscenest parody must have lost its savour to the debauchees, who indulged therein, by the systematic solemnity with which it was practised. To remedy this defect, Wilkes once attempted to diversify the solemn fooling by the introduction of a real terror. Sandwich was one evening confirming an oath by the invocation of his patron the devil, whereupon Wilkes let loose an enormous baboon that he had previously secreted in a box. The baboon after leaping about the room finally fastened itself upon Sandwich, who, persuaded that Satan in person had come to claim his prey, began to disavow his blasphemies and pray to the God Whom he had insulted. The author of the joke was of course discovered, and Wilkes was never forgiven : he never therefore attained to the full dignity of Brother of the Order, nor is it to be wondered at that Charles Johnson, the contemporary who described the scene in "the Adventures of a Guinea," should have said of him that "he would sacrifice his best friend for a scurvy jest, and wound the heart of him whom he would at that very moment hazard his life and fortune to serve, only to raise a laugh."

Wilkes's first attempt to obtain a seat in Parliament was unsuccessful. He was unwise enough to choose Berwick without securing the co-operation of the local family, which had a dominating influence over the constituency. According to his own account, he abstained from the almost universal practice of bribery, a boast which may possibly be true, since he only secured 192 votes. This did not prevent him, however, from contriving a somewhat questionable, if ingenious, device for diminishing the number of votes recorded for his adversary. Some of the voters had to be brought round to the polling-place by sea : but the captain of the ship was persuaded by Wilkes to take a short cruise over to Norway on the way to Berwick ; and in consequence of this, these voters found on

arrival at their destination that the polling days were past. His next venture was more successful, for in 1757 some shuffling of seats gave him the membership for Aylesbury. Pitt wished to resign his pocket-borough of Okehampton for a more important constituency; so one of his supporters resigned the seat for Bath in his favour, Potter, the member of Aylesbury, succeeded to the representation of Okehampton, and Wilkes stepped into Potter's seat. Wilkes, however, had to pay the expenses of all three elections as the price of this arrangement. During the rest of the reign nothing noteworthy is recorded of him; his legislative functions, his colonelcy of militia and his pursuits at Medmenham attest his versatility.

It was not till the next reign that his opportunity came. The young king fitly inaugurated his career of pettifogging obstinacy and abortive attempts at absolutism by replacing the organiser of victory by a despicable Scotch *petit-maitre*. The Scotchman, harassed on all sides, attempted to maintain his precarious position by bribery and a reptile press. The cynical effrontery and recklessness of the first secured him a majority on one division, and probably gave the death-blow to a system on which the king had largely counted for the success of his King's Party; by the second he caused Smollett to prostitute his ability in vain, and raised up the most effective adversary whom the King ever encountered. It was an humorous idea of Wilkes's to advocate English interests in a *North Briton* as a counterblast to the *Briton*, the organ of a Scotch minister. He represents himself as a Scotchman jubilant at the triumph of his own country and at the downfall of England's glory, and in the first few numbers the ironical pretence is kept up pretty consistently. In the first number, for example, he says:

"Though I am a NORTH BRITON, I will endeavour to write *plain English*, and to avoid the numerous Scotticisms the BRITON abounds with; and then, as the world is apt to mistake, he may be taken for a *Scotsman*, and I shall pass for an *Englishman*.

"What I have to say of myself shall soon be dispatched. I thank my stars I am a *North Briton*, with this almost singular circumstance belonging to me that I am *unplaced and unpensioned*; but I hope that this reproach will soon be wiped away, and that I shall no longer be pointed at by my sneering countrymen." Here again is a scathing piece of sarcasm from the second number: "It is clearly then merit, superior to all the *English* nobility, which has raised the Earl of BUTE to the first dignities. . . . Another circumstance must make this event peculiarly grateful to us. The Earl of BUTE has no *hereditary* right to a seat in Parliament, nor is he elected by the free voice of the people; no, he is chosen by the *opulent and independent* nobility of Scotland; and when the Commons have such various marks of favour and affection shown to them, it must be a

satisfaction to so many *free* and *loyal* nobles to see the object of their choice thus honoured, trusted, and rewarded for all his public toils and *private services*. [This last insinuation refers, of course, to the supposed intimacy between Bute and the Princess of Wales.] Our ancient kingdom, therefore, cannot but be satisfied, and by every tie of gratitude, as well as duty, must *now* be sincerely attached to the Government. The most suspicious can have no doubt of us for the future, in case of a rebellion springing up in any other country, which to me seems *highly improbable*."

To appreciate the full significance of the bitter feeling here displayed against the Scotch, which probably represents, with but little exaggeration, the popular feeling in England on the subject, it must be recollected that, besides the natural dislike of the English for Scotch aggressiveness and the grievance of Lord Bute's Ministry, the disgrace of '45 was still a very sore point in the country.

However, this tone was not consistently kept up, as Wilkes warmed to his work and realised that a persistent course of abuse would soon suffice to drive Bute and his Scotchmen from office. In the later numbers of the *North Briton* denunciation takes the place of irony, so that a great change from the two examples quoted above is noticeable in the following passages taken from the beginning of the forty-fourth number :

"The restless disposition of the Scottish nation before the union, with their constant attachment to *France* and declared enmity to *England*, their repeated perfidies and rebellions since that period, with their servile behaviour in times of need, and overbearing insolence in power, have justly rendered the name of *Scot* hateful to every true *Englishman*. The mean arts by which the present Minister attained his power . . . have, if possible, rendered the name of *Stuart* more odious and contemptible than it was before."

In his collected edition of the *North Briton* Wilkes, by implication, attributes the fall of Bute, which occurred a week after the publication of No. 44, entirely to the influence of these papers, and there is little doubt that they contributed largely to that event. But that Wilkes was not in the first instance badly disposed towards the Minister may be concluded from his attendance at one of his levées, which was considered then as a mark of neutrality, if not of adhesion. The attacks in the *North Briton* seem to have originated from no more serious purpose than that of exposing the pretensions of the *Briton*; the energy of abuse subsequently developed by Wilkes was due partly to the necessity of answering the attacks which his earlier numbers aroused, and then to the natural keenness of the sportsman for the chase.

However, it is not in the *North Briton* that his most telling attack on Bute is to be found, but in a kind of *jeu d'esprit* which he published under the title of

"DEDICATION PREFIXED TO THE 'FALL OF MORTIMER.'—A TRAGEDY.

"*To the Right Hon. John 'Stuart,' Earl of Bute.*

This is an elaborate parallel between Edward III.'s First Minister and the present favourite subtly veiled under the guise of a contrast. A short extract will give the best idea of it: 'It is with the highest rapture, "my Lord," I now look back to that disgraceful era, "because I feel the striking contrast it makes," with the halcyon days of *George the Third*. This excellent prince is held in no kind of captivity. All his nobles have free access to him. The throne is not now besieged. Court favour, not confined to one partial stream, flows in a variety of different channels, enriching *this* whole country. There is now the most perfect union among all the branches of the royal family. No Court minion now finds it necessary for the preservation of his own omnipotence, by the vilest insinuations, to divide either the royal or any noble families. . . . No *favourite* now has trampled upon the most respectable of the *English* nobility, and driven them from their sovereign's councils. No discord now rages in the kingdom, but every tongue blesses the Minister who has in so many ways endeared himself no less to the nobility than to the whole body of the people. . . . To complete the contrast, we have now an *advantageous*, a *glorious* peace, fully adequate to all successes, to all the glories of the war.'"¹

It is hardly surprising that a Minister, subject to attacks of this character, should have found it difficult to maintain his position. The surprise is still further lessened when one considers the quality of the literary supporters who defended him from Wilkes's attacks. The *Briton* did not long survive the first onslaught of the *North Briton*; so that Bute's defence was left to writers of the calibre of "A gentleman of the Academy of Glasgow," who wrote the *Wilkiad*, a mock-heroic poem. The following lines are not an unfair specimen of its merits :

"How opposite to his [*sc.* Wilkes'] grew up the fame,
The rising fame of B——'s immortal name.
As when dull vapours hover on the sky,
Some fanning breeze dispels them all away;
As light dispels the gloomy shades of night,
So vice strikes horror, virtue gives delight.
Vile filth aside!—in B——te fair flowers arise;
And lovely landscapes open to our eyes.
Zeal for his country not disguised by art,
The ruling passion of a patriot's heart.

Sway'd by no servile view, nor sordid gain,
Oh, how he strives our int'rest to maintain !

¹ This was written in 1763, the year of the Treaty of Paris.

See where secure we spread our sails full-blown
To isles and lands, now, only now, our own !

Thou W—kes, thou tool of faction, hear thy doom !
In envy's spite, Bute's laurel fresh shall bloom ;
And ever honour'd by impartial fame,
Each grateful age shall bless the patriot name ;
While thine in endless infamy shall rot,
Or, with thy works and friends, for ever be forgot."

It may readily be conceived that abuse of this kind must, if he ever saw it, have pleased Wilkes almost as much as the downfall of Bute.

So far Wilkes's enemies had judiciously confined themselves to literary reprisals, but now the most foolish of them all was so ill-advised as to treat Wilkes's freedom as a serious offence, thereby raising him to a prominence which he does not appear to have sought, and which he certainly would not otherwise have obtained. Number 45 seems at the present day to be a very harmless piece of political writing, compared even to other numbers which had preceded it, and certainly to present Constitutional theories. But the airy assumption, as of a well-known fact, that the King's Speech represented, not the king's opinions, but his Ministers', was especially galling to George III., at the very time when he was attempting to assume in his own person the functions of First Minister. When the attack on the *North Briton* had been decided upon, all the parties concerned against Wilkes seem to have become the victims of a blind infatuation, which led them on from folly to folly as if they were the puppets of a malignant deity : in the words of a contemporary observer, "he could not commit a wanton imprudence without giving birth to some villainy or tyranny in others." He himself has left an amusing description of his interview with the two Secretaries of State, and if, as there is every reason to think, his account be correct, some disquieting doubts must have arisen even then in their minds as to the wisdom of interfering with such a self-possessed agitator strong in the consciousness of his legally unassailable position. Neither the suave officialism of Lord Halifax nor the insolent superciliousness of Lord Egremont was able to extract from him anything but polite denunciations of their arbitrary measures ; and the interview closed in this unsatisfactory manner : "The conversation dropped. Lord Halifax retired into another apartment. Lord Egremont continued sullen and silent about a quarter of an hour. I then made a few remarks on some capital pictures which were in the room, and his lordship left me alone."

Every succeeding event marks the increasing discomfiture of the Government and the growing popularity of Wilkes. His incarceration in the Tower, where he was visited by some of the greatest nobles of England as if he had been a crowned head, was declared illegal by

the Chief Justice Pratt. He immediately turned the tables on Ministers by instituting proceedings against them for false imprisonment, and by demanding a search-warrant to recover the goods, papers, &c., "stolen" from him in the execution of their search-warrant. As a result of these actions and of others connected with them, it was formally declared that general warrants and search-warrants, which before that seem to have been used without much protest, were absolutely illegal. The importance of this decision in English history becomes obvious when it is stated that thereby was swept away the last vestige of a right to arbitrary imprisonment by the Government. It is true that these warrants could never have become so effective an engine of tyranny as the *lettres de cachet* in France, since the Habeas Corpus Act ensured in the last resort an examination of the grounds of imprisonment before a properly constituted tribunal. Still in the hands of a king with George III.'s peculiar views of prerogative and of a Ministry subservient to him they might have become a powerful means of silencing the expression of unpleasant opinions and of temporarily removing obnoxious opponents. It is remarkable that the chief gratitude for the prevention of this possibility is due to a man who never evinced any particular affection for demagogues, and whose tastes lay with men of pleasure like Sandwich and Dashwood, who varied their amusements at Medmenham by a zealous attachment to the king's high-handed notions of government.

But events have been rather anticipated, for, before these trials had been concluded, Ministers, still under the instigation of the king, had brought further odium on their cause by their harsh proceedings in Parliament. Not content with allowing the House of Commons to stultify itself by renouncing its privilege of freedom from arrest in cases of libel, they went out of their way to attack him in the House of Lords. Though there is very little doubt that Wilkes was the author of the *Essay on Women*, it was never actually proved, and at any rate the pamphlet was not published, for no more than twelve copies were ever printed. One of these copies the Government obtained by the most infamous means, chiefly through the influence of one Kidgell, a parson, who was chaplain to the notorious Earl of March. The clergy of that time seem to have been singularly unfortunate in the number of black sheep included in their ranks; such names as those of Dr. Dodd, of Horne Tooke, Sterne and Churchill, will occur in confirmation of this statement: but it is certain that none of them displayed a more nauseous effrontery of hypocrisy than this "dainty priggish parson," as Walpole called him, this "dirty dog of a parson," as Wilkes more aptly named him. He relates in a pamphlet published at the time how shocked he and his pious master were at the discovery of the *Essay*, and proceeds to give an epitome of its contents. Without actually quoting the

worst passages he describes them with so much gusto as to add if possible to their indecency ; and he attacks Wilkes with an unctuous extravagance of abuse, compared to which Warburton was almost polite when he apologised to the devil for thinking even him capable of so infamous a production. The only plea on which the matter was brought before the House of Lords was on the score of a breach of privilege, as the notes were attributed to Bishop Warburton. The farcical nature of the whole proceedings became apparent when it was found that Sandwich, to whom was attributed with some probability a share in the composition of the parody, had constituted himself the mouthpiece of outraged decency, and when Warburton got up in his place and solemnly averred that he had not written the notes. The Essay was formally declared to be an obscene libel, and so the matter ended for the present.

In the other House the discussion on No. 45 was temporarily interrupted by the incident of Martin, "the target-man," an affair which, though it ended almost fatally for him, Wilkes managed as usual to turn into ridicule. Martin, an official of the Treasury, had been described eight months before in the *North Briton* as "a very apt tool of Ministerial persecution, [who] with a spirit worthy of a Portuguese inquisitor, is hourly looking for carrion in every office to feed the maw of the insatiable vulture"; he had, however, been content to put up with the insult for these eight months, during which he perfected himself at pistol-shooting by constant practice at a target. At this juncture, satisfied of his own skill as a marksman and finding Wilkes surrounded by enemies, he challenged him to a duel in Hyde Park, and inflicted on him a serious wound. But Wilkes in bed was quite as formidable as Wilkes abroad ; subscriptions were enthusiastically raised to pay his expenses ; his house became the meeting-place of those disaffected against the Government ; and there was no abatement in the force and irony with which he advocated his views by his writings. The House, thinking that his illness was a pretence to avoid appearing before it, commissioned two doctors to attend him and report upon his case. Here is Wilkes's reply to one of the doctors :

"Mr. Wilkes presents his compliments to Dr. Hebberden, and is duly sensible of the kind care and concern of the House of Commons, not only for his health, but his speedy recovery. He is attended by Dr. Brocklesby, of whose integrity and ability he has had the experience of many years, and on whose skill he has the most perfect reliance. Mr. Wilkes cannot but still be of opinion that there is a peculiar propriety in the choice he at first made of Dr. Brocklesby, for the cure of what is called a *gunshot wound*, from the circumstances of the doctor's having been many years physician to the army ; but at the same time entertains a real esteem for Dr. Hebberden's

great merit, and though he cannot say that he wishes to see the doctor at present, he hopes that he shall be well enough to beg that honour to eat a bit of mutton in Great George Street.

"Monday, Dec. 19."

However, in the Christmas recess he thought that his gunshot wound was not so bad as to prevent a journey to Paris to see his daughter Polly. Suddenly, without any warning, he started off thither, and found himself the object of an ovation on his way to Dover. This daughter was his only legitimate child, and seems to have been the only being he ever loved with undeviating affection. When he was engaged in the ridiculous affair with Lord Talbot, the only anxiety he felt was about Miss Wilkes, and he wrote a letter to Lord Temple especially asking him to look after her education in the event of his death. His relations with her are the most charming trait in his character; and happily a record of their mutual sympathy is preserved in the letters which they interchanged. There is no subject so trivial in their lives about which they do not correspond with one another, and, on his side especially, the duller matters are enlivened by the wit of description. Many of his best *bon mots*, for which he was famous, are retailed for her benefit, and he gossips about persons and things almost as if he were writing to a friend of his own age rather than to a daughter, "I wish," he writes in one of his letters, "to hear from you by every post; the half-line that you are well and love me, I prefer to everything else I can read. I give you a good example of a correspondent as punctual, though not so entertaining as you." Especially affectionate are his letters to her when she was staying at Paris: at one time he is full of a scheme for redecorating and adorning her room at home, at another of a present to be offered to her hostess the Duchesse de la Vallière, in acknowledgment of her care, or he is anxious about the best means of saving her fatigue and discomfort on the return journey to England. But perhaps the most striking proof of their mutual unreserve is that they dare to tell one another about what they eat. This is a test before which even the strongest affections sometimes succumb, but in their letters they have no hesitation in describing dainty dinners, and when absent from one another they frequently exchange presents of seasonable delicacies, such as prime legs of mutton or rare fish.

Once established at Paris, Wilkes was in no hurry to return to the vexations of a contest with Parliament. "England," as he expressed it to his daughter, "is a little *triste*. The Sundays especially (between you and me) are very dull." In the lively and witty society of Paris he found a welcome everywhere, except at the ambassador's (Lord Hertford), who actually took the trouble to consult Horace Walpole as to the conduct to be observed towards the "patriot." On the reassembling of the House, he made his wound

an excuse for staying where he was, and forwarded a certificate from two French physicians testifying to his inability to travel. But the House would not hear of any further delay and eagerly seized upon some technical defect in the certificate : then, without giving him time to remedy the error, they voted No. 45 of the *North Briton* a scandalous libel, and expelled its author. This vote, though legally justifiable, was really a most unjustifiable act of persecution, because the criminal action brought against Wilkes for the publication of No. 45 was still pending. Prejudiced as his case was by this vote of the House of Commons, the trial naturally went against him, and, as he did not appear to receive judgment, he was outlawed by Lord Mansfield. After this Wilkes disappears for some time from the public view. His friend Churchill, with whom he had intended to travel, died on landing in France, so he started for a tour in Italy, accompanied only by Conradini, an Italian prostitute. His journey and his stay in Naples are described in his letters, but they are of no general interest.

On the accession to power of the Rockingham Administration Wilkes hastened back to Paris ; thence he went over to England for ten weeks to negotiate with the Government about his reinstatement. His visit was nominally secret, as he was still under the ban of outlawry, but it must have been a fairly open secret, as Ministers seem to have made no difficulty about meeting him. However, he was unsuccessful in his demands, so he returned to Paris, only to resume negotiations by correspondence with the Duke of Grafton, the new Premier. The Duke, with whom he had been associated in many parties of pleasure, was at first not indisposed to listen to him, but, as nothing could be done without the king's sanction, the matter fell through. Finally, at the beginning of 1768, Wilkes determined to return to England even at the cost of serving his term of imprisonment. Considerations of consistency and of rational self-interest would have prompted the Ministry either to grant him a free pardon or to secure his immediate imprisonment as an outlaw ; but with the fatuity that invariably distinguished his enemies they allowed him nearly four months to mature his plans and regain his fast-waning popularity before taking any official notice of him. He utilised the time well in standing for two constituencies successively at the general election. Though rejected for the City, which was afterwards to become the stronghold of his power, by the exertions of the Court party, his chances of success were regarded as so favourable that the bets on it are said to have been turned into stock. Immediately afterwards an overwhelming majority returned him head of the poll for Middlesex. This election was famous even in those days of stormy elections for the unprecedented excitement which it aroused. Riots caused by the patriot's noisiest supporters were constantly occurring during the days of polling. It was not safe for unoffending citizens to go through Piccadilly ;

sedition cries of "No king, no regal government," were raised in London, No. 45 was chalked up on every house and carriage door within reach of the mob, and householders who refused to display illuminations on the announcement of Wilkes's victory had their windows broken. The unfortunate Duke of Northumberland was forced to show himself on his balcony and to give the mob liquor to celebrate the occasion, and the stately Imperial ambassador was dragged out of his carriage to have 45 chalked on his soles. A volume called *The Battle of the Quills*, in which many of the broadsheets issued by either side in the contest are reprinted, gives some idea of the height to which party passion rose. The following verses are taken from a poem directed against Wilkes :

"Come all ye brave boys who obey Wilkes's nod,
Who libel the king and blaspheme the great G—;
Who scoff at religion and tread down the laws,
Be faithful to his and to blasphemy's cause.

He will make it enacted that G— there is none,
That Satan's a joke and your business is done;
Thus freed from the terrors of heaven and hell,
You may riot at ease and bid conscience farewell,
Then support Squire Jack to prove virtue's a farce," &c.

There does not appear to have been anything quite so effective as this from Wilkes's side, though the letter signed *Hypocrisy* had probably some success at the moment. "Go on, my beloved sons," it says, "decry the man that openly dares to attack my influence in the human heart, that acknowledges itself to be frail, who has exerted himself in the ridiculous cause of liberty, and that has dared, even for his own ruin to stand up for the liberty of the press and the freedom of private thoughts, those two mortal and inveterate enemies to despotism, my best ally and myself."

At last, when Wilkes had secured his seat in Parliament, and there was nothing else for him to do, he voluntarily put in an appearance before the Court of King's Bench and demanded to be let out on bail. The Attorney-General made a counter-demand for his commitment. But all the judges declared that absolutely nothing could be done, as Wilkes was outlawed and therefore no judicial notice could be taken of him until he was brought before the Court on a sheriff's warrant of *Capias Utlagatum*. One of them pertinently observed: "I don't see why the Attorney-General should demand of the Court to commit the defendant upon this outlawry, when he himself has long suffered him to go at large without any attempt to take him up, or even issuing process against him." Moreover, sentence could not be passed on him for his previous conviction because, in the words, perhaps unconsciously humorous, of another of the judges, "it would be manifest oppression to set a

fine upon him when all his effects stand forfeited to the king already, and he is already liable to imprisonment upon the outlawry, from which he can never be freed while that stands in force." Finally, however, Wilkes was brought up in due form before the Court, after he had been the means of showing the Attorney-General what he had to do. After the discussion of some legal points Wilkes's outlawry was quashed, and he was condemned to pay a fine and suffer imprisonment for his offence in publishing No. 45. But though Wilkes was quite willing to serve his term of imprisonment, the Government experienced considerable difficulty in getting him incarcerated, owing to the determined efforts of the mob to rescue him on his way to the King's Bench Prison; in fact Wilkes had actually to slink off to prison in disguise to elude the attempts of his admirers. In prison he was in no danger of falling into oblivion. As before in the Tower, he received visits from some of the leading Whig nobles, and sympathising crowds assembled daily outside to do him honour. Proclamations signed by Wilkes, and dated from the King's Bench Prison, were not uncommonly to be seen posted in London; and these undoubtedly carried far more weight than proclamations issued in the king's name. For example, on the election of Glynn, a supporter of Wilkes, to fill up a vacancy in the representation of Middlesex, Walpole says: "Though the City and the Strand were illuminated on that occasion, Wilkes, to prevent complaints and to display his authority, issued such strict orders to his partisans that not a man appeared in the streets—such was his influence even from prison."* Frequently also his gaolers found themselves constrained to let him harangue the mobs from his window to urge on them moderation and quiet. Even in spite of these precautions, on May 10, the day of the meeting of Parliament, a riot took place which, owing to the action of the soldiers, proved fatal to several of Wilkes's supporters. Indeed it seems wonderful that a serious revolution did not break out when the hopeless state of confusion in the Government is remembered. A mere word from Wilkes would probably have made short work of king, Ministers, and House of Commons, if the following account by Horace Walpole of the state of the country is to be trusted: "What can one say," he writes in one of his letters, "of the Duke of Grafton but that his whole conduct is childish, insolent, inconstant, and absurd—nay, ruinous? Because we are not in confusion enough he makes everything as bad as possible, neglecting on one hand, and taking no precaution on the other. I neither see how it is possible for him to remain Minister, nor whom to put in his place. No Government, no police, Middlesex and London distracted, the colonies in rebellion, Ireland ready to be so, and France arrogant and on the point of being hostile. Lord Bute accused of all and

¹ *Memoirs of George III.* Vol. iii. p. 289.

dying of a panic ; George Grenville wanting to make rage desperate ; Lord Rockingham, the Duke of Portland, and the Cavendishes thinking we have no enemies but Lord Bute and Dyson, and that four mutes and an epigram can set all to rights ; the Duke of Grafton, like an apprentice, thinking the world should be postponed to a whore and a horse race ; and the Bedfords not caring what disgraces we undergo while each of them has £3000 a year and three thousand bottles of claret and champagne. Not but that I believe these last good folks are still not satisfied with the satisfaction of their wishes. They have the favour of the Duke of Grafton but neither his confidence nor his company ; so that they can neither sell the places in his gift nor his secrets."

It is hardly surprising that a people governed by such men as these should make a hero of one who, at any rate, knew his own mind, and had no fear of hurting the susceptibilities of those in power. Walpole's remark about him was true in 1763, when it was made, but is still truer now that "he is revered as a saint by the mob, and, if he dies, I suppose, the mob will squint themselves into convulsions at his tomb in honour of his memory." Nothing shows the place which Wilkes held in the public mind so much as the constant allusions to him in Walpole's letters. For, in spite of his Whig tendencies Walpole had an aristocratic horror of the democracy and of demagogues ; indeed, he frequently says that he is sick of hearing about Wilkes : but he could not help himself. Thus, he complains at the beginning of one letter that "it is a very barren season for all but cabalists, who can compound, divide, multiply No. 45, forty-five thousand different ways. I saw in the papers to-day that, somehow or other, this famous number and the number of the beast in the *Revelations* is the same—an observation from which different persons will draw various conclusions. For my part, who have no ill-wishes to Wilkes, I wish he was in Patmos or the New Jerusalem, for I am exceedingly tired of his name. The only good thing I have heard in all this controversy was of a man who began his letter thus : 'I take the Wilkes and liberty to assure you—'" while in another letter he mentions the following overheard in a conversation between "two women talking of Wilkes, one said he squinted, t'other replied, 'Squints ! well, if he does, 'tis not more than a man should squint.'" Such things may seem trivial matters, but coming from the source they do they illustrate the extraordinary share of public attention Wilkes enjoyed at this period of general incompetence and Pyrrhonism.

One reason for the duration of Wilkes's importance was that his enemies would never leave him alone ; as soon as the Government had settled one difficulty with him, they incontinently would rush into a fresh contest. Prudence and bitter experience might have counselled them not to interfere further with him when they had

him safely shut up in gaol; but they were not satisfied till they had also expelled him from Parliament.

After the "massacre" of May 10 Wilkes had at first contented himself with sending to the papers a caustic comment on the letter of thanks addressed from the War Office to the troops engaged. This letter was signed by Lord Barrington with his initial, but Wilkes pretended to doubt whether B. stood for Lord Barrington or Lord Bute, or whether the letter was a forgery of some Scotch Jacobite, finally deciding for the last theory. He, however, seized the opportunity for a characteristic attack on Lord Barrington:

"Let us but one moment consider his lordship's political character, and we shall see that he never could be the author of such an outrage on the civil power of his native country in compliment to the military. He is no military man. Prowess never made any part of his character. He is confessedly *sola libidine fortis*. He knows no campaign but in the field of love, and during the winter in the House of Commons, where no Minister ever found a *mutiny* and *desertion* Bill necessary with respect to him, any more than the other troops not in regimentals who are in the pay of the Treasury. *Pliability* alone has distinguished him. I know nowhere so slight and flimsy a man, such a mere panado lord. He was only remarkable in the late reign for being a kind of *make-weight* among the Ministers. There is scarcely a department of the State he has not filled for a few hours, or a few days, sometimes, till the great could agree, for a few weeks. If there was any little dirty job in the old king's time to be carried out with respect to Hanover, it was left to his management, but he was never employed in anything of real importance. He, therefore, never could be thought of for the boldest measure which ever Minister ventured upon, the thanking of officers and soldiers for an act which different counties and more than one jury had found to be *wilful murder*, and the desiring them to go on the same way with *alacrity*. In such a service it is not sufficient that a man has no principle; he must be a bold, daring, wicked man, of sterner stuff than Lord *Barrington*, and of better parts to varnish over the black deeds he has perpetrated himself, or commended and applauded in others. In the present case there is only a heart to approve, there is no tongue to justify such an atrocious villany."

No official notice seems to have been taken of this attack at the time, but in November Wilkes by some means obtained possession of the letter which Lord Weymouth, the Secretary of State, had sent to the justices telling them not to hesitate from resorting to bloodshed if necessary. He promptly published it in the newspaper, with a short explanatory note that spoke of "hellish projects," of "infernal spirits," and of the "horrid massacre in St. George's Fields," which was "planned and determined on before it was carried

into execution." The epithets were, perhaps, unduly vivid, but there was nothing of sufficient violence or importance in the paragraph to treat it as a breach of privilege. However, the Government, eager to seize an opportunity for expelling Wilkes, were of a different opinion. It was, nevertheless, unfortunate for them that they had laid themselves open to the taunt of George Grenville and of Burke, that they had patiently borne with all Wilkes's conduct in prison until he attacked a Minister, when it was immediately thought expedient to expel him. Another circumstance which made their action appear more vindictive was that, in the resolution about his expulsion, all the offences for which he was now suffering imprisonment were recited; and, above all, the "libel" on Lord Weymouth could not possibly have been a breach of the House of Commons' privileges, as he was a peer. During the debates which ensued on the motion for expulsion, Wilkes was on several occasions summoned to the bar of the House. Here he assumed the position of accuser rather than of accused. He almost plunged the House into a conflict with the House of Lords by demanding that Lords Sandwich and March should also be summoned to the bar to be cross-examined by him; and once he took the Speaker severely to task for allowing an error to appear in the Journals. The House voted his expulsion. In doing so, its action, though tyrannical and injudicious, was strictly within its legal rights; but it soon found itself constrained to act illegally to support its position. In the new election for Middlesex Wilkes was again returned, whereupon the House voted that he "was and is incapable of being returned to Parliament." Then, after two more elections in which Wilkes was returned, the House finally decided that Colonel Luttrell, his opponent, who had obtained about a quarter of the number of votes given to him, "ought to have been returned," and was "duly elected." The House would have been absolutely within its rights in expelling Wilkes as often as he was elected, but, in declaring that he could never sit, and in virtually co-opting a member to their own body, they arbitrarily established a form of incapacity not recognised by law, and unjustifiably arrogated to themselves the functions of the legislature.

But by merely expelling Wilkes Parliament by no means freed itself even of immediate trouble. Both Houses had to submit to continued discussions of the legality of these proceedings by the Opposition: Wilkes and Junius fulminated against them and stirred up a violent agitation in the country: and the Corporation of London took up Wilkes's cause most enthusiastically and made a practice of constantly assailing the king with remonstrances and addresses for a dissolution of the unconstitutional Parliament. Unfortunately for the king, the Corporation had the prescriptive right of addressing him in person, and, although he did not often answer them, he frequently found himself obliged to listen to long and outspoken

harangues from uncompromising Whigs like Beckford and Townshend. For there was now a party in the Corporation who were most apt disciples of Wilkes in taking full advantage of opponents' mistakes, and in the fine art of being supremely disagreeable without transgressing the law. To close the account of Wilkes's expulsion, in 1775 on the dissolution he was re-elected and allowed to sit for Middlesex without question, and finally in 1782, during Lord Rockingham's Administration, he carried a motion to expunge the obnoxious resolutions about his expulsion from the Journals of the House.

Indeed, long before this the House had become thoroughly afraid of him, as became evident in 1771 in the dispute with the City about the printers. Umbrage had been taken at some foolish satire directed against certain members in the newspaper reports of the speeches. Accordingly the Sergeant-at-Arms was ordered to have the printers arrested; but they took refuge in the City where no warrant was valid which had not been endorsed by a City magistrate. Now it so happened that Wilkes was at this time an Alderman, and he arranged that the first printer arrested should be brought before him. He not only discharged the prisoner, but bound him over to prosecute the messenger who had effected his arrest. He also wrote a letter to Lord Halifax, the Secretary of State, commenting on the illegality of the proceedings: "As I found," he says, "that there was no legal cause of complaint against Wheble I thought it clearly my duty to adjudge that he had been apprehended in the City illegally, in direct violation of the rights of an Englishman, and of the chartered privileges of a citizen of this Metropolis, and to discharge him." This aspect of affairs put the Commons into a pitiful state of perplexity. They could not now for very shame withdraw from maintaining the rights they had asserted, but on the other hand they had already suffered so much from Wilkes that they would have given almost anything to avoid a fresh struggle with him. The compromise they adopted did not enhance their dignity: they summoned the Lord Mayor Crosby and Alderman Oliver, who had been associated with Wilkes in defying their authority, to appear in their places in the House; and, after hearing their defence, they committed them to the Tower, with the effect of raising men, who had previously been of little account, to the rank of popular heroes. Wilkes they summoned to appear at the Bar, but on his refusal to attend except in his place, they felt so diffident of being able to enforce their order that they finally put off his appearance to a day on which they took care that the House was adjourned.

Such pusillanimity is the more remarkable because this particular House of Commons was especially arrogant in the enforcement of its privileges. Its numerous conflicts with the printers and the Lords

and its frequent exclusion of strangers attest this, though they all sink into the shade before an extraordinary action recorded of Onslow, one of the members. He once found a man posting up a notice which referred in eulogistic terms to Oliver Cromwell's summary dealings with a former Parliament. For this offence Onslow forthwith brought the man to the bar of the House, where he was reprimanded and sentenced to imprisonment. But the mere name of Wilkes was sufficient to silence all their pretensions. Thus in 1773, when the Speaker ordered a call of the House, the sheriffs of Middlesex sent the notification to Wilkes instead of to Luttrell. To this Wilkes answered by a letter of protest to the Speaker against his continued exclusion. "As soon as his letter was mentioned," says Walpole, "the House was struck with a panic, and the order of the day was called for to prevent any discussion on Wilkes. . . . Burke added that the climate of the House was changed as soon as the name of Wilkes was mentioned, the doors were barricaded and strangers were refused admission." Again, in 1774, on the proposal to call Parson Horne to the bar for a letter he had written to the papers, a plausible argument against the motion was found by a member who suggested to Lord North that "Wilkes might avow himself the author of Tooke's letter, and then what would his lordship do."

However, Wilkes gradually quieted down. The only incidents of much interest during the remaining years of this Parliament were his attempts to become Lord Mayor of London, which were twice thwarted by the Court party in the City, but were finally successful in 1774. On this event Walpole commented with his accustomed solemnity and justness of view: "He attained the highest office in so grave and important a city as the capital of England, always reviving the more opposed and oppressed, and unable to shock Fortune, or make her laugh at *him*, who laughed at everybody and everything. The duration of his influence was the most wonderful part of his history. Massaniello, a fisher-boy, attained the supreme power of Naples, but perished in three days. Rienzi governed Rome, but lost it by his folly. Sacheverel balanced the glory of Marlborough in the height of his victories, but never was heard of more. Wilkes was seen through, detected, yet gained ground; and all the power of the Crown, all the malice of the Scots, all the abilities of Lord Mansfield, all the violence of Alderman Townshend, all the want of policy and parts in the Opposition, all the treachery of his own friends, could not demolish him. He equally baffled the king and Parson Horne, though both neglected no latitude to compass his ruin. It is in this tenth year of his war with the Court that he gained so signal a victory."

It was almost immediately after his election to the mayoralty that he was again returned as senior member for Middlesex on the dissolution, and at last allowed to take his seat. In Parliament

he made no mark; it is said of him that "he spoke coldly and insipidly, though with impertinence; his manner was cold and his countenance horrid." But the comparative obscurity of the private member, in which he usually remained, was occasionally lighted up by flashes of his old spirit. Thus he must have made it difficult for consistent Whigs to answer him when he opposed the celebration of the 30th of January with the argument that it should be treated as a festival and not as a fast-day. On the annual renewal of his motion to expunge the resolutions about himself from the journals he used to inveigh against tyranny and talk of the resolutions as a violation of Magna Charta; but he took off the edge from these denunciations by once confiding in a whisper to Lord North that he only used such language because he was forced to do so, "to please the fellows who followed him." There are numberless stories told of similar candid outbursts of humorous cynicism. The king one day alluded to his *friend* Glynn; "Not my friend, Sire," was Wilkes's rejoinder, "for he was a Wilkite, and that I never was." He used often to relate against himself the remark he pretended to have overheard from an old lady who saw his portrait swinging as the sign of an inn, "Aye, there he swings, everywhere but where he ought." There is also the story of his conversation with Luttrell at the Middlesex election: as they surveyed the excited mob, Wilkes exclaimed, "I wonder whether there are more fools or knaves in this crowd?" Luttrell threatened to extinguish his chances by repeating this to the crowd, but Wilkes answered that if Luttrell did so the mob would hang him, as he should deny it, and the mob would not believe Luttrell's assertion against his. The story must be apocryphal in its details, as Wilkes was in prison during this election, but the remark may well have been made by him to some one else, and at any rate is highly characteristic of him.

His mayoralty was devoid of incident; the king is reported to have said, after receiving from him one of the City's eternal remonstrances, that Wilkes was the politest Lord Mayor he had met; it is said that in an exaggerated outburst of patriotism he refused to allow French wines to appear at the Mansion House during his year of office, and that his daughter Polly charmed all the Lord Mayor's guests as much as the Lord Mayor himself by her grace as the hostess of the Mansion House.

A few years later he was elected to the lucrative office of Chamberlain of London, a post which he held until his death in 1797. In consideration for the large income which he thus enjoyed he had very little official work except to turn neat compliments to distinguished men honoured with the freedom of the City. He bought himself a "villakin" at Sandown, and for the last years of his life the terrible demagogue devoted himself, like the first Lord Holland, to the amenities of a rural life as it was then understood. This

consisted chiefly in erecting Doric columns and busts all over his grounds. He was also bitten with the mania for printing, which seems not to have been uncommon with the men of learned leisure of the day; and he produced some professedly faultless editions of the classics. These were in some request among scholars and book-collectors; and among those to whom he presented a copy of his *Theophrastus* was his old enemy, Lord Mansfield, who wrote him a most polite letter in acknowledgment of the gift.

It seems hardly credible that Wilkes should after his twelve years of constant agitation and almost unbounded power have sunk so easily and readily into a life of obscurity and retirement. For his last twenty years he had practically nothing to do with public affairs, and was quite content with his ease. His work was then accomplished: he had secured all for which he had been fighting, and though he had used violent and bitter words against most of his adversaries he retained the lasting enmity of none. Even the king allowed that he had some merit, and the story of Dr. Johnson's sudden conversion to an appreciation of his good qualities is too well known to be repeated. As he said of himself, his ugliness usually bore the palm wherever he went, but such was the wit and charm of his conversation that he was never a quarter of an hour behind the prettiest fellow in the room.

It is a reproach often made against Wilkes, and not least by those most forward to blame him for his demagogic arts, that he allowed himself to sink into insignificance as soon as he had attained the objects for which he was almost forced to fight. Far from being made a reproach, this should be attributed to him as a sign of greatness and of self-restraint rarely found in a politician. When it is asserted that his want of sincerity is proved by the fact that he ceased to stand up as the tribune of the people, as soon as he had gained his points, such a criticism shows an entire misconception of his position. He did not assume the position of tribune of the people: he was simply forced into prominence by the interference of the Government with his liberty of action, and by the efficacy of his protest against this interference. He never professed himself an advocate of abstract rights or of widespread schemes of reform, nor was he one of those doctrinaires whose dissatisfaction with a detail of administration, or with an isolated point in the Constitution, leads them to meditate extensive programmes, and as it were to pull down the entire house in order to stop up a hole in the wall. On the contrary, he illustrates a tendency in English politicians, which has often proved the salvation of the country, to care little or nothing for the rigid political consistency of the theorist, but to agitate exclusively against the grievance which might happen to prove momentarily irksome without too carefully considering whether its abolition would be illogical, or act as a

precedent for worse measures. For when the worse measures are proposed, they can also be met by the arguments of expediency. Over and over again has it been demonstrated in English history, that it is wiser to act on particular instances than on general principles, and that inconsistency is a merit in a statesman. Wilkes cared nothing for consistency, but he cared much for his comfort and his joke. This characteristic of his was instrumental in the abolition of general warrants, in the publication of Parliamentary debates, and in the more accurate definition of the rights of electors and the prerogatives of the Lower House.

JOSEPH ZALMONAH.¹

AMONG the questions which have disturbed England's conscience of late years has been an evil that, although at first sight purely economic, was soon found to be mixed with race questions, and on the whole to be without cure by governmental means. The Report of the House of Lords Committee certainly points out no way to cure the "sweating" system as it obtains in the East End of London. Unfathomable miseries, incredible greed, patience so profound as to be almost exasperating, all stalk through the evidence collected. It is duly certified that men, women, and children work day and night in fetid dens for rapacious middlemen who dole out a few pence where shillings would not represent anything much above squalor. And there is no help for it. They are Polish and Russian Jews who have thus found a new Egypt under a Pharaoh whose sceptre is a tailor's shears. Had they been Englishmen, or even Irishmen, something might have been done or at least suggested; but the victims speak impossible languages, and really if they were saved from the sweaters they would come upon the parish—a conclusion so hateful to workhouse economics as to be revolting.

Here, in the shape of a slightly volume of 365 pages, comes a grain of comfort for the patriot who contemplates this "blot upon our civilisation" with a feeling of self-reproach. It is not in the shape of a Blue-book, with vague questions and dreary answers dissipating an enormity under a cuttle-fish flow of ink; but a story of the hell of the sweaters as it exists in New York, U.S.A. Well worthy of the patriot's attention is Mr. Edward King's novel. It will first of all relieve him of the painful thought that London's "sweating" evil has anything peculiarly and reproachfully English in its manifestation; but more than that, it will show what the "sweating" system really is, in a series of pictures at once absorbing and vivid. It will, in fine, bring a knotty labour problem within the domain of art, and we feel assured bring strongly before the public on both sides of the Atlantic a struggle going on in the social depths, a struggle whose groans and death-cries are drowned under the ceaseless whirr of the sewing machines.

¹ *Joseph Zalmonah*. By Edward King. London: Gay & Bird, King William Street; Boston, U.S.A.: Lee & Shepard. 1893.

Mr. King comes well equipped to his task. He is known here by his novels, *The Gentle Savage* and *The Golden Spike*, and by his graceful poem *The Venetian Lover*, rich with the colour and melody of lagoon and canal and time-worn palaces. His earlier novels disclose great conscientiousness of local tone and nice racial discrimination, so that we are nowise in dread of the exaggeration and error into which a less carefully governed enthusiasm or less keen observation might have drifted. These things are noted because of their importance in handling the career of Joseph Zalmonah, and drawing around him the curious microcosm peopled with the hopelessly toiling children of Poland and Little Russia, and situate in a densely peopled section of the metropolis of the New World—in the Whitechapel of New York. We will not say anything of Mr. King's purpose in his book, since he gives us no information on the point either by way of preface or by cunningly interwoven essay. He has simply dipped his pen in Exodus and written on the title-page: "And the children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God." That seems enough.

The note of Exodus is a fortunate one, for it brings us back by a stroke to the great Asian plateaux, the cradle of the white-skinned races, and puts us in touch with a remote migration of the very people whom our author examines with almost microscopic eye at one of their latest halting-places. But in suggestion it takes us farther back than the time of the Abrahamic lawgiver who served and led in the land of Rameses; back indeed to the pouring out of the Asian shophers and hunters over Europe, long before an arrow-head was made of aught but flint, long before the day when he who carried the copper hatchet was the king. Wave after wave of migration follows them, each successive tribe or horde further advanced in weapons and appliances; each more potential to kill and stronger equipped for the battle of life. On they go, crushing and marching over their predecessors, enslaving them or, as the centuries advanced, settling down to live and fatten among those they had conquered—so, till the shores of the great western sea are under the sandals of the latest comers and farthest farers. Amid all these successive advances, refluxes and intercrossing of the races and peoples, none has more peculiar interest than the filtration of the Jews through all the lands and all the people. Furtively, because of the Christians' hatred of them, always suspect, always marked as much by their strong race type as by their dress or manners, they pushed themselves forward with the march of the Cross which they in secret derided, and established themselves by the sheer force of intellect with a persistence without parallel and a patience that became a habit taking the place of a virtue.

This is no place to attempt the history of the Jew in Europe.

Fenced around in the cities, forbidden the trades, excluded from the guilds, persecuted and plundered, this once pastoral people adapted itself to its hard lot and wrought its existence with its wits, since it was for the most part denied the privilege of working with its hands. That its genius, from being always potentially mercantile—read the Proverbs—became almost wholly so under eighteen centuries of peculiar repression, was natural, and when the New World was opened up by the Cross, it was not wonderful that the Jew should, as soon as growing cities invited his particular talent, be found sitting down there. At the same time his chains were loosening and lengthening in the Old World, and there the richer fields still invited him; so the westward movement of the Jew was slow until the present century, when the great emigration movement among his Christian neighbours swept him along with them across the sea. From Germany, Austria, Russia, France, and England went the Jews as voluntary emigrants, and without more ado set up their trading signs all over the western lands. Their race feeling, their religion, and the old hunted feeling banded them closely together. One Jew needed no spoken word to find another Jew. As they were in Europe, they grew up in the United States. Free of all legal and servile distinction as they are in England, they prospered immeasurably. They erected splendid synagogues, built and sustained sumptuous clubs, exclusively Jewish, in the great cities. Scattered through the entire country even to the newest “cities” of the frontier, they traded, they speculated, they became money kings. A pauper Jew was unknown.

It is not astonishing, then, that to the poor Jew of Central and South-Eastern Europe, and to the myriad Jews of Russia, where their numbers made manual labour a necessity to some, this news of the transfiguration of the Jew of Europe should have been borne. Beyond the Atlantic was the Land of Promise, the Golden Land; but the way was long and it cost much to go, so the Jews of Russia and Poland kept at their tasks, desire gnawing at their hearts, longing to go, envying those who had found the means, and hoping for some new Moses who would provide manna, if not money, for them, and lead them on their journey.

Their dream is being realised; but as with all dreams, it is not “turning out” according to the vision. Not with Moses before them, but the Czar with a knout behind them, is the way of their going. They must pack and go, or go without their packs. They must sell at any sacrifice what they cannot carry; they must often go without being paid for what they have sold, this being the Christian way of recouping oneself for centuries of overcharge. All civilisation has shuddered a little at the crudity of this olden process revived. It has been applied on such a wholesale scale as to become another Exodus. The following of its fortunes is as

keenly interesting to-day as the going forth of the same people from Egypt after they had sent plagues to the land and the people, and had, with a fine touch of business and humour, borrowed the jewellery of the Egyptian women before they took to the Red Sea. To trace out one great branch of the latest Jewish outflow, and look over it with that mingling of science and art which means "realism" in its best sense, is Mr. King's task in *Joseph Zalmonah*.

It may be that the author would lift his brows a little at so much preface here to some account of his work; he might imagine we had set too wide and deep a scene for his drama, but that is our business, not his. He takes his poor hoping patient Jews landed in New York, and taking their first cold bath in extreme western civilisation—the first, in a literal way, for many of them. The stay of the new Exodus only comes out in reminiscence; he tells with great force their surprise, their first bitter disillusionment in the "Land of the Free," where they find a new and awful slavery awaiting them—the slavery of the "Sweater's" Hell. We see the poor Russian and Polish Jews of the Czar's crusade in the first awful process of being assimilated in the all-digesting maw of the United States, which has taken in and assimilated so many races and peoples. The Jews first established there lend no helping hand. To them they seem as foreign as any other new-comers. Indeed their poverty and their lack of refinement constitute a reproach which the wealthy, long-established American Jew cannot easily pardon.

A proof of how conscientiously the author has worked is found in the quality of the light and shade that the reader discovers in the book. These people have brought Poland and Little Russia, as well as Jerusalem, with them to New York. They have occupied an entire section of the city, giving it a cast at once Slav and Oriental. They talk their wonderful "jargon," compounded mainly of German, Russian, Polish, and Hebrew, but carrying in it words and phrases borrowed from every tongue that they have been cursed in for two thousand years. They cling to an orthodoxy, rhadamanthine in its exactions and multifarious in its observances. They adapt themselves painfully to the new conditions about them. While labouring in their horrible dens they preserve the amusements and festivals that are of mediæval when not of earlier origin. They have their playhouses, where historical—mainly biblical—dramas are performed in the "jargon" by Jewish actors and actresses, in alternation with modern comedies written by Jews in "jargon," and making fun of the Jew with a breadth of humour that would seem surprising to those who do not know anything of the humour of the Jew except through Christian caricature. As to the origin of these amusements, it may be safely set down that their plays are distinctly mediæval,

and such a custom as "jumping on Haman" tells of its extreme antiquity at once.

Through this quaint little world, whose corner-stone is suffering, we pass with the novelist, as much interested in his "finds" as if it were Mr. Stanley leading us through a new corner of Darkest Africa. One feels the reality of the transcription from life as if it were a series of photographs. Nowhere does the touch of exaggeration strike one, and the conviction of this fine realism suggests that Joseph Zalmonah is a portrait in some sense, as well as a character in a novel. A figure at once pathetic and noble is that of the young Jewish leader of his people in the struggle against their taskmasters, who are no longer Egyptians as of old, or fierce Russians as of later date, but Jews like themselves. His delicate nature, compounded of gentleness, clear-sightedness, and altruism, yet vertebrated with a fixity of lofty purpose, suggests some startling comparisons which it is not our place to follow out. Joseph Zalmonah has seen that in the New World the social conflict is not between the old forces on the old lines. That conflict which, in the despair of the underworld of Central and Eastern Europe, is massing the armies of Socialism, Nihilism and Anarchy against things that be, does not, he sees, exist in the United States. The toiler need not be hopeless, though it is not, in all respects, the toiler's Arcadia. The discontented toiler can bring his theories to another test beside the bomb and the barricade. But among the immigrants, Joseph has found those who brought their socialistic and anarchic theories with them from Europe. These Socialists taunt his flock with their subservience to a leader who is not "advanced"; they plot his ruin as they would that of a satrap of the Czar. They find him adamant. Joseph has chosen another foeman for his steel—the sweater. Not because he is a capitalist, but because he is an oppressor. He faces all risks to lift up his people—the poor creatures toiling sixteen or eighteen hours a day for scarcely enough to hold body and soul together. What a task it is! New hordes of Jews pouring in, cheapening the labour of those already toiling at starvation wages, add new problems to the weight of his burden day after day. Beset by the rich, vulgar contractors and middlemen on one side, attacked by the Socialists on the other, and sustaining the cause of his following of a hundred thousand suffering souls, he leads us to expect a Titan Prometheus in thew and brain; but it is shown how the meagre, bodily force of Joseph and the mildness of his counsel carry down great obstacles before them. It is a fruitful book, but its suggestions are all object lessons, nothing of preachment.

It will, therefore, be liked for its art sake, and valued for its rich sociological suggestion. This leads us to say that the story will be found as singularly simple as the subject is complex. Forceful picture after picture of the life of these transplanted people pass

before us. We see them at weddings, at the "jargon theatre," where Judith slays Holofernes, and the idolaters dance before Baal; we see them at Purim and at Passover; we distinguish type after type of Jewish men and women. We witness the extraordinary services of the "White Fast," where sinners confess their sins aloud; we meet "the poet of the people"; we encounter a Jewish Sancho Panza, with his plain, salt speech and his proverbs. The true Rabbi and the "Wonder Rabbi" are seen, and the whirr and shuttle-click of the sewing machine and the bent lines of men and women in the fetid tenements pervade it all. *

While the pictures in the book are clear and strong, it is by cumulation as much as by climax that the final powerful effect of the novel is reached. The women of the book are as strongly typical as the men, and Malcha and Shiphrah will be found as interesting almost as Bathsheba, an Oriental figure in sensuous substance, but tintured curiously with a spirit of occidental intrigue, and wholly human. It is not the brute force of Zola, or the mere pitilessness of Balzac, that we find here. Neither is it the formless force of Tolstoi driving in great lessons with a giant hammer smeared with blood and grime; but a story of real life in its depths and sufferings told realistically, but with a reserve for which the reader will thank the writer.

Joseph Zalmonah, it is announced, is to be the first of a series of novels by Mr. King, whose scenes will be laid in the great capitals of the world; and the work in this one, more than anything he has done before, gives promise that its successors will deserve the cordial reception this book must meet.

ANOTHER VIEW OF VILLAGE LIFE.

PERHAPS there is nothing more picturesque in the world than the English village with its cottages, thatched and ivy-clad, nestled in blossoming gardens, and sheltered by high, well-trimmed hedges-rows. The picture seems to speak of wholesome, peaceful life. But when it is brought home to us, as it was in Mr. Charles Booth's *Life and Labour of the People of London*, that the physique and ability of a people is given by its country-bred men and women, then we feel forced to go beneath the pretty exterior and ask if the village, as it is to-day, can adequately fulfil its mission to the nation? It was in order to gain real knowledge of the conditions of village life, that I began, in the spring, a study of a region which is playing a leading part in the great modern migration from country to town.

It now appears that my inquiry covered the same ground in some Unions, as that reported upon to the Royal Commission on Labour by Mr. William E. Bear.¹ But as the two sources of information were very different, a contrast of the results may be instructive. The Assistant Commissioner, in giving the authorities for his statements, mentions many landlords, agents, and farmers; but, while acknowledging that he questioned few labourers, admits that "the best way to get at the truth respecting the earnings of the labourers, and any grievances which they may have, is to talk to them *individually and privately*." This I did in a house-to-house inquiry in four typical parishes. The one limit I placed upon the inquiry was that minute details² should be given only of persons of fifty-five years of age or over. I felt if only the very old were included, there would be danger of getting too gloomy a view of the people as a whole, the sunny spots in the past would be clouded by the sombre hues of the present, wages would be represented as always low and health as constantly bad. But at fifty-five, though the life of every one is certainly fixed, yet the person of that age is not too old to show to the keen eye what past conditions and opportunities have been. If

¹ *Royal Commission on Labour. The Agricultural Labourer. Vol. I., Part. I., p. 75* (Published 1893).

² Schedules were made out giving the salient facts of the people's lives, such as age, civil condition, occupation, rate of wages, constancy of work, sources of maintenance, health, insurance and club membership, rental of cottage and allotment, drainage and water supply, number in family, occupations of children. Many budgets of family expenditure were also collected and carefully tabulated.

we study the lives of all those of fifty-five years of age and over, we can certainly gain a vivid and complete picture of the community to which they belong.

Of the four parishes given in the table on p. 320, H——d and B——y are purely agricultural villages, no other industry existing in them. B——g, on the other hand, sends a strong contingent of workers to the adjoining market town to earn its daily bread. The fourth village, T——y, is unique in the county, as many of its labouring population are freeholders and also carry on well-developed village industries. But T——y is not a cause of congratulation to believers in the blessings of peasant proprietorship; for, far from being in the satisfactory condition pictured by the Assistant Commissioner, even a superficial inquiry reveals that more than half the freeholds bear mortgages the interest on which usually equals, and in some cases surpasses, what would be a fair rental for the property. Again, one might conclude, from the fact shown in the table on p. 320, that in T——y only one person is in receipt of parish relief, that the people of this freehold village must be exceptionally self-reliant and thrifty. But the explanation is that many of the cottagers, being freeholders, are of course refused relief, unless they will sell their property; and besides, the workhouse test is strictly applied in the parish. T——y is also an exception in rural England in that it gradually increases in population instead of decreasing. But whether villages increase or, like the purely agricultural parishes, decrease, a comparison of the amount of the population under fifty-five years of age and those of over fifty-five, shows that this region has been more drained of its virile life than other parts of England and Wales. Of the entire rural population of England and Wales only a little more than nine per cent. are over fifty-five, while in B——g and B——y the percentage rises to ten, in H——d to eleven and six-tenths, and in the freehold villages of T——y reaches over twelve per cent. So it is not safe to conclude from the actual numbers of the population, as Mr. Bear does, that this particular region has suffered comparatively little from migration.

It is interesting to note, by a reference to the printed table, how much better is the position as to means taken by the inhabitants of B——g and T——y than by those living in the purely agricultural villages. If the people have some other outlet for their energies than the land, they seem to be able to lay by something for the future. In the table a classification of the cottages is given as to their condition, but it must not be understood that drainage and water supply are included; for these two items, upon which so much of the health and comfort of the people depend, are not in a single case both satisfactory. As little is done artificially, the law of compensation works itself out by giving a high-lying village

TABLE SHOWING INFORMATION IN BRIEF FOR THE FOUR SELECTED VILLAGES.

	H—D.	B—Y.	B—S.	T—Y.
Administration of Poor Law	Strict	Strict	Strict	Very strict
Character of cottages	Fair	Many very good; a few bad	Some good; some very bad	Few good; many bad; freehold usually very bad
Cottage accommodation in proportion to population	Insufficient.	Insufficient	Insufficient	Insufficient
Schoolhouse	1½ mile from some. Attendance about 69 per cent.	1 mile from some. Attendance about 90 per cent.	1½ mile from some. Attendance about 75 per cent.	1½ mile from some. Attendance about 75 per cent.
Shop	One general shop; prices high	Two general shops; prices moderate	Two general shops; prices moderate	Eight small shops; prices very high
Inns	One inn; very respectable	Three inns; all respectable	Three inns; fairly respectable	Six inns; too much drinking allowed
Postal arrangements	One post in and out a day	Two posts in and out a day	Two posts in and out a day	Two posts in and out a day
Carrier	Two a week, when roads are good	Several a week	Several a week	Several a week
Commons	None	About 5 acres	None	Several hundred acres, where cottagers may cut turfs or dig turf
Level of wages, Aget hey fall	11s. a week Sixty years No charities	11s. a week Sixty years No charities	12s. a week Sixty years Duke of Bolton's gift, 15s. a year; Friendly Society, 200 members; B—g Friendly Society, 69 members, funds 4370	Sixty years One small charity of £2 10s. to be divided among all the poor people annually; Ancient Order of Foresters, 68 members, funds 4350; National Deposit Friendly Society, 31 members
Charities and Benefit Societies	Ancient Order of Foresters, with 83 adults, funds £130; 15 juveniles, funds 480. Twenty members in Friendly Society	Ancient Order of Foresters, with 250 adults, funds £1500. Thirty members in Friendly Society		
Population: 1891	406	119	1120	1017
" 1891	367	421	1162	1115
Over 55 years, 1892	42	42	115	134
Over 55 years receiving parish relief	6	8	14	1
Of whom, have charity	None	None	13	None
Of whom, have help from relatives	2	2	9	1
From earnings	1	3	3	None
Labourers over 55: No parish relief	24	32	63	111
Of whom, support themselves	15	14	39	64
Of whom, supported by husband	1	4	11	14
Or wife	None	None	None	None.
Of whom, supported by relatives	3	2	7	9
Partly support themselves and partly supported	9	12	15	24
Above labouring classes over 55	8	2	29	26
Over 55 in workhouse	3	5	8	5
Labouring class over 55 having means	5	6	20	30
Cottage rent of lowest people over 55 (Highest)	£2 2s. 6d. yearly	£2 0s. 6d. a year	12s. a year	£2 10s. 0d. a year
Over 55: Health (food of labouring class)	£9 0s. 0d. yearly	£21 0s. 0d. "	£7 10s. 0d. a year	£10 0s. 0d. a year
of Fair	19	19	40	59
of Bad	8	9	7	4
Over 55: Labouring class in club	9	12	39	47
Insured	5	2	26	12
Constant work	24	24	39	34
Cottagers having allotment	14	13	26	22
	1	3	7	35
Occupations of people over 55 in village	Farmers . . . 5 Housewives . . 9 Shopkeeper . . 1 Wood merchant . 1 Gamekeeper . . 1 Landress . . . 1 Painter 1 Carpenter . . . 1 Bricklayer . . . 1 Charing 3 Road work . . . 1 Farm labourers 16	Farmers 1 Housewives . . 5 Carpenters . . . 2 Bootmaker . . . 1 Butcher 1 Painter 1 Blacksmith . . 1 Charing 3 Landresses . . 2 Field work (women) . 5 Farm labourers 10	Farmers 11 Housewives . . 15 Shopkeepers . . 2 Carpenter . . . 1 Miller 1 Bricklayers . . 3 Gardeners . . . 2 Thatcher 1 Charing 1 Housekeepers . 2 Platelayer . . . 1 Sewing women . 3 Farm labourers 20	Farmers 4 Housewives . . 13 Carpenters . . . 2 Linker 1 Bricklayer . . . 1 Tinman 1 Bootmaker . . . 1 Hawker 1 Shopkeepers . . 2 Wood dealers . . 4 Mole-catcher . . 1 Architect . . . 1 Charing 3 Gardeners . . . 3 Housekeeper . . 1 Nurse 1 Cope work . . . 6 Broom work . . 3 Broom makers . 30

natural drainage and an insufficient water supply. If, on the other hand, the village lies low, the inhabitants gain in an easy supply of water what they lose in drainage. H——d, situated on a high hill, has but two wells, one at the squire's house and one at a farm ; the rest of the 865 inhabitants depend entirely, even for drinking purposes, upon rain-water collected in tanks. Of course by the end of a warm summer this water would not bear analysis. The result of such conditions can be traced in the health record in the schedule. But the exceptionally unsatisfactory state of T——y must be largely laid at the door of poor and insufficient food¹ consequent upon the low wages prevailing in the parish. Less than half the working class get fresh meat even once a week, and some of them never, and the feeding of the children is especially bad. My schedule revealed the startling fact that, among the three thousand people of the labouring class who passed under my observation, there was but one family that had ever heard of putting a baby when weaned on a diet of cow's milk. Infants are fed on what the rest of the family eat, the food merely being softened by soaking in water. Now this custom is not entirely due to ignorance, but arises partly from the difficulty of procuring milk ; for the cottagers can keep no cows, and the farmers send off all their dairy produce direct to the large towns. That with such nourishment the children can thrive, only goes to prove of what value pure air, the freedom to roam over wide fields and through sheltered country lanes, and to enjoy the quiet and monotony of a village life, are to healthful development.

As to the conditions under which their elders live, the statements made by themselves differ materially from the report given by the Assistant-Commissioner. Mr. Bear, while admitting that work is inconstant in wet weather, concludes that the loss to the labourer is slight ; but common-sense leads one to agree with the labourer, that, in an ordinary English year, to lose wages on wet days must make a serious deficit in annual income. Again, upon the question of Michaelmas money, Mr. Bear's statements are misleading. It is not sufficient to state that carters, stockmen, and shepherds are hired by the year and get a fixed sum at Michaelmas, without adding that these labourers are the aristocrats of their profession, that only men

¹ The following was not an exceptional budget in T——y. It was furnished me by a family of broom-makers, a father, mother, and son of forty who had lost one arm and so could not earn much. The gross family income averaged eight shillings a week. The expenditure ran :—

	s.	d.
Rent	1	3
Coal	1	6
Bread	1	3
Bacon	0	4
Tea	0	4
Butter	0	7
Sugar	0	4
Currants	0	2
Flour	0	2½

	s.	d.
Suet	0	2
Soap, soda, etc., ...	0	2½
Milk	0	1
Lamp oil	0	2
Clothes, etc., ...	1	2
Insurance	0	3
	8	0

at the zenith of their powers get these positions, while the younger men and those past the meridian of life sink into the great body of farm labourers who receive their small weekly wage and nothing more. And surely the skilled labourers earn their perquisites, for stockmen in this region work in the calving season from 4 A.M. till 5 P.M., Sundays included, and are liable to be called from home in the night. A woodman earns 12s. a week, 1s. being for tools; and in the "stripping" season, when the work is paid by the piece, he cannot without help earn, in addition to his weekly wage, more than £2 12s. And for this paltry sum he must work from four in the morning till eight at night for two months or more. With unqualified dissent the labourers deny that a man, in this region, could make at Michaelmas, as stated by Mr. Bear, nearly £13, unless aided by "his wife and at least two or three sons." The prevalent custom of the farmer, rather than the landlord, letting the cottage to the labourer, is mentioned in the Report to the Royal Commission, but without comment. But this seemingly innocent system is one of the chief grievances of the labourer, for it means to him the loss of his home and migration usually to another village, if he offends the employing farmer. The tyranny under which the labourer lives is indicated by a fact which Mr. Bear notes, viz., the small number of allotments in this district. The explanation undoubtedly is that the farmers openly say they will not employ men who cultivate land of their own.¹ And is not the farmer right? For can a man who has hoed all day "for his master," be worth as much the next day, if he spends the late evening hours hoeing "for himself," until utter weariness overcomes him? And, indeed, is it not open to question whether such a man is benefiting himself; for can such an exhausted creature ever improve his condition? While undoubtedly the claim of the peasant is true, first, that the land in this region is "labour starved"; second, that the productiveness of small holdings, acre for acre, far surpasses that of large farms; and, third, that while the land cannot produce wheat to compete with foreign grain, it could support its cultivators in frugal comfort: still, the tiny allotment is no more a blessing to the agricultural labourer, than it would be a boon to the miner, when he returned to the light after the full time of work for his employers, to be plunged again into the bowels of the earth to work "for himself."

But apart from the question of the right of the rural population to better surroundings, there is, we must remember, a reason in national wellbeing for improving the conditions of village life.

¹ The reason that the proportion of allotment holders, as shown in the table, is greater for T—y than for the other villages is due to two causes. The land is very poor, and so the local landowner is perfectly willing to let it out in small patches, and the labourers, by reason of their freeholds and village industry of broom-making, are independent of the farmer.

The inquiries made by Mr. Charles Booth showed that the best positions in the capital fall to country-bred workers. And my schedules disclosed, that, of the many people¹ who have children in towns, not one reports a case of these young people occupying any but good positions. It might be thought that such a picture was rose-coloured, were it not known that the temptation to these people is to represent that they have no children out in the world, or, if admitting their existence, to refuse information concerning them. Parents do not wish to be a burden to their offspring, so they are chary of revealing facts, lest, if they ask for relief, the guardians should call on the children to support them. This inducement to forget relatives is one of the causes of the separation between the rural and urban populations, and is one of the chief blocks to a ready flow from town to country which it is of the first importance to encourage. This difficulty might be overcome by amending the Poor Law, so that children would not be held responsible for the support of their parents, and by securing to the people a competence in old age by a system of pensions. The present methods of thrift are worthless. I found that with few exceptions, where a little had been laid by, the money had been lost through the inefficient or dishonest use of club funds. And even in insurance companies which are sound, the labourer gets an inadequate return for self-denial. These companies teach the people no sounder use of money than the hiding it in a stocking; indeed, in the vast majority of cases, a man would at death leave more to his family, if he had buried his pence each week in a hole in the ground. Perhaps our thoughts upon the question of thrift need remodelling, and the truth may be that a family having the small income of the agricultural class should not be encouraged to save anything. And, at any rate, we should see that the poor are no longer battered on by rich private companies, nor robbed through the bankruptcy of village clubs.¹ Were the old age of every honest worker secured in comfort by a State system of pensions, whatever desire those in middle life had to return to their native village from the crowded city, would not be checked by the fear of having aged relatives thrown on them for support. And with this danger removed, the children born and bred in towns, many of whom are now, through the beneficent efforts of the various holiday societies, sent into the country among strangers, could go for a long, invigorating visit to their grandparents in the pretty country village.

The urgency of this matter is only fully brought home to us, when we comprehend that the leading problem of rural life is

¹ The bad odour in which these clubs now are is shown in the table by comparing the number of people in clubs with those insured. The B——g Village Club is the only one in the district which has continued sound through many years.

this :—To keep sufficient population in the village for ensuring that the nation shall have health and strength adequate for progress. We know that a people cannot advance in civilisation unless it starts with a store of bodily power ; we know that it is the village which gives the bone and sinew upon which all that is best in the English nation depends ; and yet agricultural life has been entirely discussed from the standpoint of direct financial gain. Statesmen of every shade of political opinion have pondered the problem of how to revive farming interests, how to escape the results of foreign competition, but so far always on the basis that the village is but a commercial enterprise. But the fundamental truth is that the village is the nursery of national power. Once let this fact be firmly grasped, and the question of how to make English agriculture win in its race with the foreign competitor becomes one of secondary importance, and the leading problem is seen to be how to keep up the numbers in the village to the point of giving the nation a sturdy people. This is a matter which concerns not agricultural prosperity, but national existence. England can live though its farm products are worthless in the market, but it cannot hold its place among nations if its rural population is blotted out. Agriculture may not pay in England when gauged by its wheat crop, but when measured by the bone and sinew it gives the people, its worth exactly equals the value we attach to national existence.

H. STANTON BLATCH.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

THE Monthly Weather Reviews, published by the Meteorological Department of the Government of India, still continue to appear with great regularity, the latest issue being the *Review for November 1892*.¹ It contains a very clear summary of the meteorological conditions of the month, showing that they are in many respects similar to those of October, November being part of the transition period during which the south-west monsoon is retreating from the Indian land and sea area. The variations of atmospheric pressure are also given, as well as summaries of the weather and snowfall of the mountain districts to the north and north-west of India, and of the weather in the Arabian Sea and Bay of Bengal. Then follow details of the temperature, winds, humidity, and cloud and rainfall, together with tables containing abstracts of observations taken at different times at the various stations during the month.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington have just issued a valuable series of *Meteorological Tables*,² which practical meteorologists will find of great utility. Historically the work is related to Dr. Guyot's tables originally published by the institution in 1852, and the fourth edition of which appeared in 1884. Experience has shown the desirability of recasting the work however, and the present volume is the first of three which are intended to take the place of Dr. Guyot's work. Compared with the latter work, the volume will be found to be substantially changed with respect to material, arrangement, and presentation, and is essentially a new publication. Among others, it includes thermometrical tables for the conversion of thermometric scales and the reduction of temperatures to the sea-level; tables for the reduction of barometrical observations to standard temperature and gravity at sea-level, and for the determination of heights by the barometer; tables showing the pressure of aqueous vapour at different temperatures, the weight of aqueous vapour in a cubic foot of saturated air, for the reduction of psychrometric observations, &c., as well as wind tables, geodetical tables,

¹ Government of India Meteorological Department: *Monthly Weather Review, November, 1892*. By John Elliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing. 1893.

² *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections* 844. Smithsonian Meteorological Tables. City of Washington. Published by the Smithsonian Institution. 1893.

tables for the conversion of lineal measures and others. In the preparation of the volume, the advantage of conformity with the recently issued *International Meteorological Tables* has been kept steadily in view, and so far as consistent with other decisions, the constants and methods there employed have been followed. The most important difference in constants is the relation of the yard to the metre, the value provisionally adopted by the Bureau of Weights and Measures of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey being used. This takes the metre as equal to 39·37 inches, and all the tables in which the conversion of English and French linear measures are involved are calculated on this basis. Many of the tables have been newly computed, some by Prof. Libbey, others by Mr. George E. Curtis, and others again by Prof. Cleveland Abbe, whose names are a guarantee for their accuracy and reliability.

We cannot speak very highly of Dr. Aveling's *Introduction to the Study of Geology*.¹ To us it appears to present a most interesting subject in a dull dry way, and we doubt whether any student would find in it much of the intellectual discipline which geological studies are calculated to give. Some of the elementary parts of the subject are put clearly and accurately enough, and the explanations of geological terms are on the whole such as may be relied on. But the style throughout is too much like that adopted by those who drill candidates for an examination, and which in many cases leads rather to the appearance of knowledge than to the reality. The stratigraphical part of the subject, which may be made most interesting to beginners, is dealt with in a way which seems far more likely to repel than to attract, and in other respects its treatment is far from being satisfactory. Far too much space, in our judgment, is occupied with the foreign localities where certain formations are met with, while the details respecting British representatives of the great systems are often too meagre. The sections devoted to palæontology are also open to grave objection, if regard be had to the class of students for whom the volume is intended. To begin with, the classification given of the vegetable kingdom is one which we think no botanist would accept, for it ignores the well-established fact that Gymnosperms hold an intermediate position between the vascular Cryptogams and Angiosperms and actually places them as a division of Dicotyledons! In the account of the palæobotany of the Devonian the student is told that "some remains of coniferous trees, and even, from Lake Erie, a fragment of angiospermous wood have also been found in the Old Red Sandstone." This statement is presumably based upon Professor Hall's fossil, named by Dawson *Syringocylon mirabile*. If so, the author should have warned the student that

¹ *An Introduction to the Study of Geology*, specially adapted for the Use of Candidates for the London B.Sc., and the Science and Art Department Examinations. By Edward Aveling, D.Sc. With 132 Illustrations in the text and a Coloured Map. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

Dawson himself has considerable doubts of its authenticity, and that in the judgment of the best authorities, Angiosperms do not appear until a much later geological period. A further and more serious objection, which applies both to the palæobotany and the palæozoology, is the complete absence of the specific names of the fossils given as characteristic of the different formations. The absence of these makes these parts of the volume almost useless to the student, and may be positively misleading, as, for example, in the case of the genus *Spirifera*. As is well known, *Spirifera disjuncta* is a characteristic fossil of the Old Red Sandstone, while other species are characteristic of the Carboniferous, the Permian, and the Lias. According to our author, however, it is the genus which is characteristic of the Old Red Sandstone, while no mention is made of its occurrence elsewhere. Perhaps the best thing in the volume is the glossary of geological terms, covering eighteen pages, in which the derivations and definitions are given, with references and examples of their use. There is also a geological map which will be of some service.

Under the appropriate title of *Fragments of Earth Lore*,¹ Professor James Geikie has brought together a number of articles, lectures, and addresses, which he has published at intervals during the last sixteen or seventeen years. Though placed under different headings they deal for the most part with the history of glacial times and the origin of the surface features of the earth's crust. That they are well worth preserving in a permanent form will be readily allowed by all who will give them a perusal, and though many years have elapsed since the earliest of them were written, not one of them has been put out of date or rendered valueless by later investigations. A striking characteristic of the articles, and that without exception, is their concrete nature and the absence of high and dry theoretical speculation. Every one is based upon the geological structure, the geological history, or some other aspect of a special portion of the earth's surface, or upon a wide range of actually observed facts drawn from various regions. The reader may therefore depend upon finding here the discussion of real geological problems, and whether he accepts the author's conclusions or not, he must admit that the discussion deals with tangible entities and closely adheres to *à posteriori* methods.

We do not propose to attempt anything in the shape of criticism of the numerous points raised, either as to matters of fact or the conclusions deduced from them. As to the former indeed criticism is scarcely possible, and as to the latter they seem to us justified in the present state of knowledge. On some of the problems that beset the glacial theory, it would be possible to join issue with the author's views, but we think the most hardened anti-glacialist

¹ *Fragments of Earth Lore: Sketches and Addresses.* By James Geikie, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S. &c. With Maps and Illustrations. Edinburgh: John Bartholomew & Co. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co. 1893.

would have a difficulty in contesting his main positions. At any rate, the articles which bear directly upon glacial questions may be equally commended to those who agree with and to those who differ from what is here set forth. To our thinking the article on "The Ice Age in Europe and North America" is the finest account of the facts and the best attempt at a solution of some of the difficulties they present that has yet been published in a semi-popular form. The author restricts himself to the discussion of three questions—the extent of glaciation, changes of climate during the Ice Age, and the results of fluvio-glacial action; but it is scarcely too much to say that they are questions that go to the root of the glacial theory. In the end, and on the detailed evidence adduced, he concludes that "the glacial phenomena of North America are a repetition of those of Europe, but on a much grander scale." He maintains that the facts prove the occurrence of interglacial beds under similar conditions in both continents, and that "the results arrived at by geologists are not vague dreams and speculations but a logical induction from well-ascertained facts." Hence he sees no need to appeal to volcanic eruptions, a general deluge, a palæocrystal sea, or any of the other agencies which are relied upon by those who reject the glacial theory.

Another series of glacial phenomena with which the author deals, and that with considerable success, are those connected with the "intercrossing of erratics," phenomena which the upholders of the iceberg theory have held to be inconsistent with the assumption that the transport of wandered blocks has been effected by land-ice. The article in which they are discussed is, perhaps, more controversial than most of the rest, but this is no disadvantage, as it tends rather to set in a stronger light the strength and weakness of the rival explanations. It hardly needs to be said that the author contends for the view that the case of "intercrossing erratics" is not antagonistic to the land-ice theory, but is in complete harmony with it, but those who wish for a full and clear statement of the arguments on both sides may be recommended to give it a perusal.

Equally deserving of the attention of geologists of all classes are the articles on the recent researches in the Glacial Geology of the Continent, the Glacial Period, the Earth-Movement Hypothesis, and the Glacial Succession in Europe, but the bare mention of these must suffice. In closing the volume, we do so with the conviction that it is one of the most valuable additions recently made to geological literature, and will do much to diffuse a knowledge of well-established facts and of the methods by which they should be applied to the solution of geological problems.

In this volume¹ M. Vuillot has given us a most graphic and

¹ *Des Zibans au Djérid par les Chotts Algériens.* Par P. Vuillot. Paris: Chez Challamel, Editeur. 1893.

entertaining narrative of a journey which he made in the region of the Chotts of Algeria, by a route rarely traversed, and then only at certain points and for geodetical purposes. Starting from Biskra, he went in an easterly direction through Zeribet el Oued, Zeribet Ahmed, Ferkane, and Negrine, to Tamerza, and then turning southwards passed along the eastern extremity of the Chott Rharsa, and through El Hamma, to Tozeur, on the northern shore of Chott Djerid. Turning westward from this point he passed between Chott Djerid on the south and Chott Rharsa on the north to Nefta, and then through a comparatively unknown country with many small chotts and other physical peculiarities to El Aouina. From this point his course followed a north-westerly trend past the Chotts Bedjaloud, Merouan, and Melrir to Bordj Chegga, and then on to Biskra the point of departure. The account of this journey is told in a vivacious, we had almost written, racy style, and is full of interest from beginning to end. The descriptions of the places visited, natural objects, &c., are brief but graphic, and one feels as the story advances that the author is a born traveller, combining the pluck and daring of the sportsman with the keenness of observation of the naturalist. Historical reminiscences and the characteristics of the people met with, their customs, &c., are touched lightly but effectively, so that altogether this "book of travel" is one of the most attractive we have ever met with. In addition to the narrative of the journey the volume contains a summary of the flora of the country traversed, a list of the shells, and a number of meteorological observations. The flora contains not only the plants collected by the author and his party but also those collected by the members of various official commissions which have visited the country, and may therefore be accepted as being fairly complete. The list of shells includes both terrestrial, fluviatile, and marine species, and in each case it is noted whether the species is sub-fossil or still actually living. Besides all this, it is copiously illustrated, containing over thirty beautiful plates prepared from photographs, and giving life-like views of the most interesting places and objects described in the narrative. Finally there are a few wood-cuts and two maps, one of the latter being on a large scale and showing in detail the route taken and the various places of encampment, and other details.

Some time ago we noticed a volume¹ by M. Falsan describing the mountains, glaciers, rivers, and other physical features of the French Alps. We have now before us a second volume² dealing with the organic productions, so to term them, of the same region—viz.,

¹ WESTMINSTER REVIEW, January, 1893.

² *Les Alpes Françaises : La Flore et la Faune, le rôle de l'Homme dans les Alpes, la Transhumance.* Par Albert Falsan, avec la collaboration de MM. G. de Saporta, Dr. A. Maguin, Cl. Rey, C. Chantre, et A. Locard. Avec 77 figures intercalées dans le texte. Paris: Libraire J.-B. Baillière et Fils. 1893.

with the flora and the fauna, and also the rôle of man, and the custom of "transhumance," as it is here called. Unable to undertake the whole task of writing such a work the author has secured the co-operation of eminent specialists, and the result is a volume which should be in the hands of all who are interested in natural science, and which will be an admirable *compagnon de voyage* of all who are making the tour of the Alps. It is not a large volume, but it is a solid one, and contains in all eight chapters. The author himself leads off with a general account of the ancient flora of the Alps, its relations with the extensions of the glaciers, and the modern flora of the higher regions. The Marquis de Saporta follows with an excellent description of the palæobotany, in which the floras of the successive geological periods from the Carboniferous to the Pliocene are described, after which the existing flora is dealt with by Dr. A. Maguin. Then the author again takes up the story, and deals with the palæozoology from the stratigraphical point of view and the recent fauna, being assisted in the latter by Messrs. Rey and Chantre, who take the *Coleoptera* and *Lepidoptera* respectively. In the seventh chapter the Marquis de Saporta discusses the appearance and origin of man in the Alps, and his characteristics in the stone, bronze, iron, and later ages, and in the eighth collaborates with M. de Ribbe in a sketch of the history and effects of the old practice of transferring flocks and herds to the high Alps or the valleys below according to the season.

The tasks assigned to the various writers have been so clearly marked out that there is no overlapping, and each has given us an independent treatment of his subject, which on the whole is adequate and satisfactory. We are not prepared, however, to accept the views put forward by M. Falsan on the origin of the recent flora of the French Alps, supported though they are by such authorities as the Marquis de Saporta, M. Marion, and others. At the same time, they are views which should be known, and their publication in this volume will do much to stimulate further inquiry into the subject. Of the accounts of the palæobotany of the French Alps and the existing flora we can speak unreservedly in the highest terms, as they embody principles which are of general application, besides supplying in full and at length the special details which one expects in such accounts. The stratigraphical palæontology is also carefully described, and with due regard to the present state of knowledge on the subject. In the multitude of details which are here necessary the author does not overlook the higher biological questions which the fossils of a country seldom fail to suggest. From time to time the reader's attention is drawn to the bearing of the facts upon the theory of evolution, and some interesting coincidences are suitably emphasised. Among the latter it is pointed out that both birds and true angiosperms, and especially

Dicotyledons, made their appearance before the end of the Cretaceous period, a fact the significance of which the author rightly insists upon.

Without following the volume further, enough has been said to show that it is one of no ordinary merit, and as such we have no fear of the future that awaits it.

In the June issue of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW we drew attention to an elaborate treatise on *Human Anatomy*, which is being published under the direction of Prof. Poirier, the accomplished head of the Paris School of Anatomy, and gave some account of the first fasciculus which had just appeared. We have now to notice that the first volume has been completed by the publication of the second fasciculus,¹ which deals with the joints and ligaments and Arthrology in general. Its preparation has been carried out on the excellent lines laid down in the first instance, and which we described in detail on the occasion referred to, and it sustains at all points the high standard reached in the first part. The sections on development and histology are written by Prof. Nicolas, and are so admirably done that we are more than ever convinced that the student will gain much by familiarising himself with these matters as a preliminary to the study of the adult condition. The main body of this fasciculus, however, is from the pen of Prof. Poirier, and is occupied with the anatomy of the articulations properly so-called. As in the Osteology of the first part, the author shows himself a complete master of descriptive anatomy as well as of a clear and impressive style. Without reference to details, which would be out of place here, it would be difficult to give tangible proof of the many excellences of this section of the work, but that they actually exist may be seen by comparing it with the best of those that are already in use. The arrangement too is unusually clear, and will greatly aid the student in fixing the details in his memory. Further and incalculable help in this direction will be afforded by the numerous well-drawn figures, nearly all of which are tinted to show up and distinguish the bones, ligaments, synovial membranes, muscles, and other parts. These are not copies of figures which have already done duty in other works, but have been specially designed for this treatise, and are the most effective figures of the kind that we have seen. It should be further mentioned that Prof. Poirier does not content himself with the detailed description of the articulations, but supplements it with a number of particulars respecting their muscular relations, the vessels and nerves distributed to them, their mechanical action, and other matters that would be out of place in the description proper. These are

¹ *Traité d'Anatomie Humaine*. Publié sous la direction de Paul Poirier. Tome Premier, Deuxième fascicule: "Arthrologie," Paul Poirier. "Développement et Histologie," A. Nicolas. 140 Dessins Originaux par MM. Ed. Cuyer, A. Leuba, &c. Paris: L. Battaille et Cie., Editeurs.

printed in smaller type, so that if it be thought desirable they may be omitted, at least on a first reading. The student would do well, however, to study these additional particulars with care, and especially those on the mechanical movements of the limbs, as they include a summary of the best and latest researches that have been made on these matters.

In conclusion then we may repeat and emphasise the high opinion expressed on this treatise when the first instalment was under notice, and shall not be surprised if it becomes the leading authority wherever advanced human anatomy is a subject of instruction.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

ALL students and admirers of Mr. Herbert Spencer will rejoice to find that he has been able to fulfil his purpose by completing and giving to the public the second volume of his *Principles of Ethics*.¹ A year ago we had the pleasure of noticing the first volume, and we now congratulate the author on the accomplishment of his task. The present volume is in three parts—the first being a reprint of *Justice* (1891), the second and third, which are new, being respectively *Negative Beneficence* and *Positive Beneficence*. Mr. Spencer has to confess in his preface that the satisfaction he feels in the completion of this work is somewhat dashed by the thought that the new parts do not come up to his expectations, that the doctrine of Evolution has not furnished him guidance to the extent he hoped, and that, after all, “most of the conclusions, drawn empirically, are such as right feeling, enlightened by cultivated intelligence, have already sufficed to establish.” Even this, however, is not a matter for regret, for if the most careful scientific study results in demonstrating that many things generally accepted as being right, are right, and cannot be improved upon, such a result in itself cannot be considered unsatisfactory. But in some cases the light thrown upon conduct by evolutionary principles does lead the author to conclusions which are sometimes additional to or different from those current. As *Justice* has been in the hands of readers for two years there is not much need that we should dwell upon it. It will be remembered that Mr. Spencer teaches that right conduct has for its end the wellbeing of the species, and, incidentally, as tending to that end, the satisfaction of the individual, but the latter is limited by the former. *Justice*, which in a “sub-human” form,

¹ *The Principles of Ethics*. By Herbert Spencer. Vol. ii. London: Williams & Norgate. 1893.

is equivalent to the survival of the fittest, is the law by which each individual ought to be subject to the effects of its own nature and conduct. In the sub-human world this justice is only imperfect, owing to the struggle between species of different kinds; but it becomes more decided as the organisation becomes higher. In the human world, this natural justice is affected by society, and if a man is to receive or suffer the good and evil results of his actions, he must be allowed to act, that is he must be free, but his freedom must be restrained by others having like claims. This leads Mr. Spencer to the formula of equal freedom. "That every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." As a matter of fact this equal freedom does not exist, and we have rather to assert that every man *ought* to be free, &c., than that he is free. This is the right of every man of which he is often deprived by other men; and this is recognised by Mr. Spencer in the chapters in which specific kinds of rights are discussed. The first demand of ethical justice is that this right of equal freedom should not be interfered with, but it has been and still is interfered with, and the main causes of interference have been militancy and ecclesiasticism. A third source of the often unjust restriction of individual freedom is the result of a gross misconception of political rights and the limits and duties of the State. The first duty of the State is to ensure to every member of it his right of equal freedom, but the end is often lost sight of in the means, and remote and widespread advantages are sacrificed to what appear to be immediate advantages. All this Mr. Spencer makes as clear as daylight; but the force of custom and prejudice will probably prevent any early practical application of the principles so vigorously advanced. The chapters on *Negative and Positive Beneficence* treat of the mitigations of natural justice which are ethically permissible. Mr. Spencer, in the preface to the first volume, said, "that in its full scope the moral system to be set forth unites sternness with kindness, and thus far attention has been drawn wholly to the sternness." Many readers may be struck with the fact that in the chapters on Beneficence the sternness is by no means eliminated even in this part of the author's system, though upon reflection they may be led to see, with Mr. Spencer, that severity is often the truest beneficence, and that frequently the right path is only to be attained by suffering, by letting men receive the evil results of their nature and conduct. Many practical questions, which unfortunately are not generally regarded from an ethical standpoint, such as the relief of the poor, and party politics, find a place in Mr. Spencer's chapters, and his discussion of the principles which should govern them are timely and wise, and all the more necessary as they frequently run counter to current theories and practice. That our present political methods are saturated with dishonesty is apparent to every unbiassed critic,

and that a higher ethical standard is emphatically demanded cannot be denied. "Social Beneficence" is concerned with the customs of society, which often provide food for the satirist; but even here Mr. Spencer contends that the rationalisation of social observances is not unimportant, indeed he doubts whether, as measured by the effects on happiness, it is not an end more important than any other. Mr. Spencer touches on a vast variety of topics, from those which seem the most trifling to those which are the most important, bearing in mind that all conduct which in an indirect if not in a direct way conduces to happiness or misery is therefore regarded as ethical. By happiness, it must be remembered that Mr. Spencer does not mean the immediate happiness or gratification of the individual, but rather his future and permanent happiness, or the happiness of others, or the happiness of posterity. This leads to a consideration of "Beneficence at large," in which we are brought face to face with some current schemes for the amelioration of the condition of society which find little favour with Mr. Spencer. "Old beliefs," he says, "in the wonders to be worked by a beneficent fairy were not more baseless than are those new beliefs in the wonders to be worked by a revolutionised social system."

It is impossible to believe that the persons who make the worst possible use of their present opportunities will suddenly undergo a moral change by the mere alteration of their social environment—that egoistic conduct will at once be changed into altruistic conduct. "Nothing but a prolonged discipline of social life—obtainment of good by submission to social requirements and suffering of evil from disregard of them—can effect the change." This may be regarded as an old doctrine, and certainly as a stern one; it is treated with contempt by many social prophets of the day, but we are heartily in agreement with Mr. Spencer. What is true of individuals is as true of societies, perhaps even more certain, that they must receive the good and evil results of their own course of conduct.

There is perhaps less of an ethical system in this volume than we might have expected; it is rather a collection of essays on the conduct of life, through which, however, there runs a connecting thread. It abounds, as do all Mr. Spencer's works, in a wealth of illustration and a penetration that is almost unique. If the writer lacks the fascination of style, he fixes the attention of his readers with his earnestness and truth. We cannot afford to take leave of this last volume by the founder of evolutionary philosophy without quoting his last paragraph, which not only portrays the modern moral ideal, but evidently reveals the motive which has sustained Mr. Spencer in his arduous labours: "Hereafter, the highest ambition of the beneficent will be to have a share, even though an utterly unappreciable and unknown share, in the 'making of man.' Experience occasionally shows that there may arise extreme interest in

pursuing entirely unselfish ends ; and as time goes on, there will be more and more of those whose unselfish end will be the further evolution of humanity. While contemplating from the heights of thought that far-off life of the race never to be enjoyed by them, but only by a remote posterity, they will feel a calm pleasure in the consciousness of having aided the advance towards it."

Mr. Watt, in *An Outline of Legal Philosophy*,¹ has undertaken a very useful piece of work in endeavouring to focus the various lights derived from historic and philosophic sources upon jurisprudence. It is, as he says, an imperative though a difficult task. Though his standpoint is "approximately Hegelian," he adopts the scientific "organic" notion of society, and many of his conclusions are in harmony with those of Mr. Spencer. His broad philosophic position is that there are natural rights and a substantial justice which "law" aims to secure to every member of the State ; if this were not so, there could not be any "unjust" laws. The conviction that laws may be unjust implies a general law to which all legal enactments ought to conform. This natural right is the right of every individual to permanent wellbeing as far as it is consistent with the wellbeing of others. Law, therefore, is only the means of defining and securing the wellbeing of individuals (individually or socially). The book is divided into three parts: "The Nature and External Development of Law," "The Contents of Modern Law," and "Fundamental Legal Notions and their Expression in a Code." The work, though not a large one, puts the subject in a clear light, and the author's criticisms of divergent opinions are generally just and always temperate.

Professor Minto's *Logic*² is his last contribution to literature. His widely lamented death has deprived Scottish philosophy of one of its most brilliant and popular exponents. His book on logic is one of Mr. Murray's series of "University Extension Manuals," and admirably illustrates the "combination of scientific treatment with popularity," and the "union of simplicity with thoroughness," which the editor says is characteristic of the "Extension" movement. Professor Minto, in writing this book, had two things in view. One of them was to put the study of logical formulæ on a historical basis, and the other was to increase the power of logic as a practical discipline. These objects are not incompatible, as logic is a practical science. In the Introduction we have given us an interesting sketch of the origin of logic as the instrument of ancient dialectic, which the author describes as a "temporarily fashionable intellectual game." It was an intellectual contest carried on according to certain rules ; its aim was not to discover truth, but to secure an intellectual

¹ *An Outline of Legal Philosophy.* By W. A. Watt, M.A., LL.B. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1893.

² *Logic, Inductive and Deductive.* By William Minto, M.A. London : John Murray. 1893.

or even verbal victory. In tracing the history of logic, we follow the development of the intellectual history of the civilised races. Professor Minto describes the characteristics of three great periods in the same number of striking sentences. The mandate of the spirit of the age of Plato and Aristotle was: "Bring your beliefs into harmony with one another"; in the Middle Ages the mandate was: "Bring your beliefs into harmony with dogma"; and the new spirit, in resisting the aggressions of authority, said, "Bring your beliefs into harmony with facts." This last is the logic of science. And on this Mr. Minto gives us an interesting bit of history. It was not Francis Bacon, but his namesake, Roger, the Franciscan friar, who was the real founder of inductive logic. For the grounds of this statement, and for a critical estimate of Lord Bacon's contributions to scientific logic, we must refer our readers to the book itself. Professor Minto has made a "dry" subject more than interesting by the vivacity of his style and the freshness of his illustrations and quotations. For example, take the following: "When poetic sentiment or superstition rejects a verdict of common-sense or science, it is because it imagines a causal connection to exist that is not open to observation, as in the case of the grandfather's clock, which stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died."

The Elements of Psychology,¹ by Professor James Mark Baldwin, is not simply a compressed edition of his larger work, a *Handbook of Psychology*, for while it differs from it mainly in its omissions, much of it has been re-cast and re-written. Mr. Baldwin's book is fitted to meet the wants of those students and readers who are not prepared to accept the extreme materialistic views of some psychologists. He maintains that psychology and physiology must be treated as two distinct sciences, though they are not independent of each other in point of fact; they are as related and yet as distinct as biology and chemistry. Amongst the points of distinction set forth by Mr. Baldwin we may notice the *Relation to Movement*: organic functions are simply movements of the organs of the body, that is movements in space. Thought and feeling cannot be thus described. Though thought has some of its conditions in the brain, we cannot say that thought is movement. Materialism can only say that thought is the result or effect of movement: whatever may be the mental fact and the movement, there is nothing in common between them. It is difficult to see this, for if there is no thought without movement, there must be something in common between them, though we are not able to say what that something is. A second distinction is in *Relation to Measurement*: mental facts, unlike physical facts, cannot be directly measured; but this does not

¹ *Elements of Psychology*. By James Mark Baldwin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

prove that they are not in some respects quantitative, though we have no exact means of measuring states of consciousness. A third distinction presented is that mental states cannot be detected by physical observation. These general remarks will show that Mr. Baldwin does not consider the physiological method of studying psychology as the ultimate one, but in concession to the critics he has given an account of the nervous system at the beginning of his work. Mr. Baldwin carries his elements of psychology further than most psychologists of the day.¹ His study of the "apperceptive" function leads him into logic, and his conception of volition ends in ethics. The book is none the less a very able one, and though it provokes some agreements it suggests as many criticisms; for instance, we think that he exaggerates the importance of "visual suggestion" as an element in feeling. A simple illustration of this is the opinion that "probably *desire takes its rise in visual suggestion and develops under its lead,*" though in the next paragraph the writer admits, what is indisputable, that the basis of desire, like that of appetite, is a functional need. If the object of the desire be *pictured* to consciousness, no doubt it intensifies and aggravates the desire, often transforming it into passion, but we doubt if it is correct to say that desire always takes its rise in a visual suggestion.

La Causalité Efficente,¹ by M. Fonsegreve, is a thoughtful essay in which the author undertakes to reconcile metaphysics with science. From his point of view cause and effect exist only in thought. In our own consciousness we have no conception of any cause but in thought. Thought produces effort, and effort produces effect, and the thought is the efficient cause. This idea he applies to cause and effect universally. The only efficient cause can be the will of a thinking being, and this is not distinguishable from the final cause. The end is the first thing conceived, and every intermediate effect is part of the final cause. Science attends to intermediary effects, but metaphysics supplies the idea of a final cause. "The order of realisation is the reverse of the order of representation. The final effect is a movement, the last result, which explains all its antecedents." This thesis is worked out at length with considerable ability, but the argumentation generally is of the scholastic type.

Mr. Bailey Saunders has presented English readers with a selection, consisting of more than one-half, of Goethe's *Prose Maxims*,² which in the original number more than a thousand. This is the largest selection that has been given in a translation, and will be welcomed by all admirers of Goethe. Mr. Saunders, in a very readable introduction, gives an account of the origin and discusses

¹ *La Causalité Efficente*. Par G. L. Fonsegreve. Paris: Felix Alcan. 1893.

² *The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe*. Translated by Bailey Saunders. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

the merits of these maxims in a very pleasant style, but with too unstinted admiration. Some of these reflections have the insight of genius, but many have a familiar sound. Perhaps the first reflection in the book will justify the author: "there is nothing worth thinking but it has been thought before, we must only try to think it again." The maxims, &c., are given in three divisions—"Life and Churches," "Literature and Art," and "Science." The first part is by far the fullest. The translation is admirably done and free from obscurity.

La Trace du Pessimisme dans la Société et les lettres Françaises Contemporaines,¹ by M. Bourchenin, is sufficiently explained by its title. The author displays an adequate acquaintance with modern French literature and a clear appreciation of some of the weaknesses of the age. The subject is treated from the philosophic as well as the literary point of view.

We regret that we have not space to do more than call attention to M. Guillaume Dall's highly interesting biography of Jacqueline Arnauld, better known as *La Mère Angélique*,² of Port Royal. The writer has based his account of the famous Abbess on her correspondence, and the portrait is no doubt faithful to nature. The utter self-devotion of the woman to her vocation is depicted on every page, and while in these days we may regard it as a strange moral perversion, we cannot refuse our admiration to such sanctity and heroism. The story of the Port Royalists has been told a good many times, and this life of her who was for so long the presiding genius of the famous convent should be read by all who take an interest in the religious history of France.

M. Faustin D'Autremont has written a somewhat alarmist pamphlet on the revival of Islamism and its territorial gains during the last few years.³ Its success, the author contends, is due to the fact that it is better adapted, in a religious sense, to uncivilised races than the complicated doctrines which are presented by Christian missionaries, and its rapid spread forms a striking contrast to that of Christianity in the East. That there is a great deal of vitality still amongst the followers of the prophet must be admitted, and M. D'Autremont's pamphlet deserves the attention of politicians and statesmen as well as of those who are interested especially in the propagation of the Christian religion.

Melito Von Sardes,⁴ a study in Church-history, by Carl Thomas, is a monograph on the Bishop of Sardis, who is best known as one of the opponents of the Montanist heresy towards the end of the

¹ *La Trace du Pessimisme.* Par Daniel Bourchenin. Paris: Grassart.

² *La Mère Angélique, Abbess of Port Royal.* Par Guillaume Dall. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1893.

³ *Etude sur La Renaissance Islamique et les Puissances Chrétiennes.* Par Faustin D'Autremont. Paris: Chevalier Murescquet Cie. 1893.

⁴ *Melito Von Sardes.* Von Carl Thomas. Osnabruck: Menders & Elsterman. 1893.

second century In the first chapter the author gives a fairly full account of the various sources upon which the historian must rely for his information. The second chapter is a good sketch of the life and times of Melito, especially with relation to the heresies of his day. A short chapter presents him in his character as a defender of the faith, and the latter part of the book contains a very full account of his contributions to theology. The work is not large, and contains nothing strikingly new, but it is a useful one.

The Ghost World,¹ by Mr. Thiselton Dyer, is not exactly either philosophy or theology, though both philosophers and theologians may find material for thought in it. The philosophers will probably trace in it widespread evidences of the proneness of humanity to superstition, and theologians with a turn for the "occult" may find support for their doctrines. Mr. Dyer appears to have no theory or purpose as far as we can detect, but has simply compiled a voluminous account of stories of ghosts of all kinds and all nationalities.

Unfortunately Mr. Dyer has taken such a wide range that he has had to be very brief, and none of the stories are told with sufficient detail to impress the reader. Those who expect sensation in the book will therefore be disappointed.

The Sling and the Stone (vol. x.)² is a selection of Mr. Voysey's sermons on well-known themes and in his well-known style. Mr. Voysey's force is unabated, and his criticisms of the Bible and the Church are generally well founded and fair.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

Is, then, Society dying? Are we merely the smouldering ashes of a burnt-out civilisation? The questions naturally arise as we read the title of M. Grave's book³ with the blood-red cover. Not quite, apparently. The wish is rather father to the thought in the choice of M. Grave's title: in the closing chapters of his book he at least admits that our society, if dying at all, is dying hard.

The book is worth attention. It is a dispassionate exposition of the scope and aims of "anarchism." By this nothing very dreadful is meant: the work is not really associated with bombs and death, and the destruction of Big Ben, which is now being pictured on the hoardings. We are to take *l'anarchie* in a more literal sense,

¹ *The Ghost World*. By T. F. Thiselton Dyer. London: Ward & Downey. 1893.

² *The Sling and the Stone*. By the Rev. Charles Voysey, B.A. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1893.

³ *La Société Mourante et l'Anarchie*. Jean Grave. Preface par Octave Mirbeau. Paris: Tresse et Stock. 1893.

according to its derivation:—practically in this book it means the absence of restraint over the individual. And it is only fair to introduce at once the words in which M. Grave anticipates objections:

“Ce n'est, généralement, que lorsqu'ils sont à bout d'arguments que nos contradicteurs nous objectent l'impracticabilité de nos idées, et nous devons avouer que cette objection est toujours embarrassante, non au fond, mais dans la forme; car, dans la société actuelle, nos idées paraissent, en effet, une utopie.”

Very good: we will not content ourselves with the allegation of impracticability. We are willing to admit that a state of society in which each man is a law to himself, yet so perfectly limited by himself that he neither injures nor interferes with the happiness of another, is an ideal to which all might work up. This is “anarchy” as M. Grave would have it. As a matter of fact, it is not anarchy at all, but the perfect distribution of law or rule. But history is against the easy attainment of this perfect distribution. The sense of self-limitation is defective in a large part of society; unless the other and greater portion of the people corrects the distribution by enforcing a sense of law on the minority we get “anarchy” in the familiar sense of the word, all M. Grave's assertions notwithstanding.

It is somewhat curious that “anarchy,” which is the emancipation of the individual, marches to some extent in its immediate scope with socialism, which aims at the suppression of the individual. Property, for instance, could stand before neither; both strike at the constitution of the modern family. Both alike ignore the intricacies of human nature. It is all very well to say that each man and woman should be free to form and renounce a sexual connection at any moment, and that they will be the purer for it. We are quite conscious of the difficult questions which can be raised upon modern marriage laws. But we are quite certain that the promiscuous concubinage which must result from M. Grave's idea would bring back the fighting and jealousy of the dark ages, and make the healthy education of children an impossibility.

In fact M. Grave's book may be viewed in two lights—either as an intensely unpractical essay, or as a stupidly destructive attack on the present basis of society. It can be recommended to the reader in so far as its general tone is philosophic and its treatment of its subject fairly complete.

* *Back to the Land* is a cry with so partisan a ring, that we are agreeably surprised to find Mr. Moore's¹ book a very careful, straightforward treatise on the possibility of re-attracting labour from the great towns to agricultural districts. Mr. Moore has had actual experience of agricultural life and of existing attempts to restore the

¹ *Back to the Land*. By Harold E. Moore, F.S.I. Methuen & Co. London: 1893.

labourer to the land, and we can strongly recommend his book as a practical piece of argument. He just shows how the small capitalist can live off the land, and in what circumstances a man will be likely to succeed. His results are extremely modest, and we find no over-painting.

All the efforts which have hitherto been made to settle labourers in a body on the land are noticed and described—the Frederiksoord settlement in Holland, Farm Labour Colonies in Germany, the Hadleigh Colony of the Salvation Army are all sketched in some detail. The results given by allotments and small farms are described with care. The prospects of work on land at home are compared with the prospects in the Colonies. The great merit of the book is that it avoids vague generalities and does not shirk working out figures—see the chapters on “finance of the scheme,” and “aid to those with capital.”

The general lesson which Mr. Moore enforces will possibly be a disillusionment to some people. It comes to this: the land will not provide too easy and bountiful a living for any one. By proper management, the result of intelligent training, small holdings can be made the source of a hard-working, frugal and healthy livelihood. In the Colonies there will be a better chance of affluence than in this country. But wealth and luxury hardly go hand in hand with the life. It is not indeed, in our opinion, desirable that wealth and luxury as we know them should survive at all, but that has little to do with the question. There is this to remember, if Mr. Moore be correct—such a life as he suggests is a wholesome life for the individual and for the community, and the sooner his ideas are tested by practical application in this country, the better it will be for every one.

At first sight Mr. Hole's¹ book on *Railways and their Ownership* may be taken by many to be technical and adapted only for a limited section of the public. This is not so: it should be read by every one, for it exhibits the railway as a matter of living and intimate interest to each member of the community, and it discusses the question of the State ownership of railways as one of vital importance to the industrial future of England.

There are two points which are practically articles of faith with the mass of the thinking public, on both of which Mr. Hole strikes out a new line diametrically opposed to the past faith. The first is the belief that the great private companies can work a railway line far better than the State can ever do it. We do not profess to be convinced of the opposite by Mr. Hole, but we shall for our own satisfaction examine his arguments more at leisure, and we recommend others to do the same. The second point is even more opposed

¹ *National Railways: a Plea for State Purchase.* By James Hole. London: Cassell & Co. 1893.

to current belief : it is in fact a paradox, and consequently needs the most careful scrutiny. Mr. Hole holds that competition of different lines between great centres of traffic has not been good for the public, and has not conduced to the lowering of rates, but on the contrary has been the means of consolidating a great monopoly.

The examination of railway systems and railway methods in different parts of the world is carried out with care. We hardly think that enough stress is laid on the results of American mismanagement, but some of the leading features are brought out. A comparison of the two chapters dealing respectively with the English and the American systems would prove in many respects valuable.

We may do a service to some readers by mentioning in this connection Mr. Baker's¹ bibliography of railway literature, by which we do not mean "yellowbacks."

L'Année politique, 1891,² which, though dated 1892, has only just reached us, belongs rather to history than politics. It is a sort of annual register, which appears to have started in 1871. The series will be useful hereafter to the writer or student of French history. For the moment we are held chiefly by the opening words of the preface : "*L'année 1891 n'a point vu tomber de cabinet. . . . De longtemps on n'avait connu, en France, une période plus fortunée pour les ministres en possession d'état.*" There is one point, however, in which the book has a special interest : *la question tout entière du "socialisme"*—the discussion of questions affecting hours of labour, the protection of labourers, and so forth, was peculiarly prominent in 1891. The *exposé des motifs* of the bill to deal with retiring allowances to labourers—old age pensions—is to be found in Appendix C, and exactly illustrates the remark just made. But it appears hardly necessary to follow the point up in detail.

We have a good deal yet to learn about Albania and the neighbouring subject tribes of Turkey. M. Bérard, by observations during his travels in those countries, has acquired a considerable knowledge of Turkish ways and the political development of the dependent countries, and has embodied it in a readable and accurate work.³ His object, as he tells us, is not to run down things Turkish, but to narrate his experiences in an unvarnished manner, so that they may suggest their own inferences. And these appear to us to be that the Turk is a being negative rather than positive ; Turkish rule is stupid and obstructive, rather than oppressive or dangerous. The love of a free Greece has only a partial hold amongst the tributary states : it is not therefrom that salvation will come. The Bulgarians, for instance,

¹ *A Handbook to various Publications, &c., of the Railway System, &c.* Compiled by S. Cotterell. Baker : Birmingham. 1893.

² *L'Année politique*, 1891, avec un Index, &c. Par André Daniel. Paris : Bibliothèque Charpentier. 1892.

³ *La Turquie et l'Hellenisme contemporaine.* Par Victor Bérard. Paris : Felix Alcan. 1893.

hate the Greek and the Greek idea; divergent nationalised forces are working out their freedom and their development in quite opposite directions. The book is a pleasant record of travel and observation. There is something that is new, and much that will bear recalling to our mind. We think it certainly deserves a more careful reading than we have been able to bestow on it.

Algiers and Tunis make a book¹ that will probably be welcomed by all Frenchmen. The preface contains a concise sketch of the history of that interesting country where the Moors and the Barbs had their home in the Middle Ages. The book itself is divided into three parts: the first describes Algeria itself; the second, the route from Constantine to Biskra; the third, Tunis and Kairouan. Full of interesting detail, and interspersed with pleasing disquisitions on the manners of the natives, the book is one which will attract many readers; and M. Baraudon has a strong common-sense of his own, as the following passages will show:

“Après l'internationalisme des idées que nous devons à la vapeur et à l'électricité, nous aurons l'internationalisme des habitations, des costume et des habitudes. Le résultat est horrible et le deviendra plus encore; figurez-vous l'oreille percevant indéfiniment le même son. Dès qu'un individu a trouvé quelque chose de parfait, il prétend l'imposer aux autres; cela fait ainsi le tour du monde, et nul ne peut plus s'en écarter. Au fond, cette théorie de l'unification intellectuelle, du nivellement cosmopolite, se dresse au bout de toutes les routes du progrès . . . sous ce joug égalitaire l'esprit humain s'étiole et meurt.”

And again another wise remark:

“Allez—pénétrez dans ces intérieurs clos; délivrez ces femmes qui ne sont pas faites pour vivre au grand air de la liberté. Arrachez, avec la positivisme moderne, la foi du cœur de ces croyants. Faites-en une race policée et sans caractère, qui aura perdu ses vertus, mais, en revanche, aura pris tous vos vices.”

But to this last we may reply that time and wisdom may do something, though impulsive modern bumpiousness would probably only lead to mischief.

BELLES LETTRES.

*The Princess's Private Secretary*² gives an excellent delineation of Italian manners, and is much above the average in refinement of

¹ *Algérie et Tunisie*. Alfred Baraudon. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1893.

² *The Princess's Private Secretary*. Translated from the Italian of A. G. Barrill by His Honour Judge Stephen. London: Digby Long & Co.

handling and knowledge of the world. Lucio Gualandi is an admirable study of a delicate, shrinking nature, exquisite in tact and courtesy, and lovable for his simplicity and keen sense of honour, although a somewhat shiftless creature from a practical point of view. Politics are, of course, constantly referred to—how could it be otherwise in a modern Italian novel!—and a Prince of the Church is called in to help to unravel the rather feebly imagined complications, for the plot is allowed to turn on the somewhat childish invention of the restoration of a lost pocket-book and the consequent fancy of a rich man for the hero. Barrili's manner is excellent, and he has, on occasion, a delicately ironic pen, but he is too diffuse and discursive, and is a pleasing rather than a powerful writer. Judge Stephen's translation has clearly been a labour of love, and renders the point of the graceful reflections and the finish of the courteous Italian dialogue in simple and unaffected English.

The translator of *The Two Countesses*¹ tells us that the Baroness von Ebner Eschenbach is looked upon in Austrian literary circles much as Mrs. Craik is over here. There is much in her manner to bear out this assertion, and of the two stories now in question, that of the Countess Muschi is charmingly bright and vivacious.

*The Emu's Head*² deals with life on an Australian gold-field, where the author (a little exuberantly) has thrown in the excitement of a search for buried treasure to enhance the more legitimate interest of delving for gold nuggets. Mr. Dawe can be graphic and even dramatic, but he shows an unpleasant strain of vulgarity, more particularly in the treatment of his female characters, one of whom must further have been a strangely indefinite sort of person, since we are told that "her figure wore a *nameless grace*, which was, some thought, her *most distinguishing feature*."

*Faneswood*³ is an entirely unconvincing novel, if, indeed, we may be pardoned for using this overworked word. It is felt throughout that nothing would have happened as it is given here, and nothing would have been done or said in the manner in which it is here set forth. Miss Sybil Faunce is happily an impossible young woman, and all we can say to recommend the book is that the type is so clear, and so liberally spaced out, that, to be Irish, it reads itself, and thus inspires us with infinite gratitude towards the publishers.

• In *La Nuit du Crime*⁴ we have an account of the adventures of an

¹ *The Two Countesses*. By Marie Ebner von Eschenbach. "Pseudonym Library." Translated by Mrs. Waugh.

² *The Emu's Head*. A Chronicle of Dead Man's Flat. By W. Carlton Dawe. London: Ward & Downey.

³ *Faneswood*. By Henry Seton Wheler. London: Digby Long & Co.

⁴ *La Nuit du Crime*. Par Maxime Juillet. Paris: Victor Retaux et Fils.

escaped convict, his subsequent crimes, and their detection through the *culte* of a murdered father's memory. M. Juillet supplies plenty of incident, and some good descriptive work, but his plot is not sufficiently ingenious, and we have from the beginning a strong presentiment of all that is to come. M. Juillet must study his Gaboriau a little more closely if he wishes to catch the master's secret of cunning surprises and thrilling suspense.

The criticisms* contained in Mr. Tainsh's *Study of Tennyson*¹ are in general such as no one would care to contradict. The book is of the dull-praiseworthy order, and the poems are discussed chiefly with reference to the lessons they convey, though it is not assumed that the strength of Tennyson lies only in his moral passion. The view taken of what the author calls "our poet" is thus summarised: "Tennyson," we are told, "is an artist-moralist, vivifying and intensifying what is known of good." A curious point is the anxiety excited in Mr. Tainsh's mind by such passages as the dream of Enoch Arden's wife, the presentiments in *Maud*, or others suggesting a belief in "things occult, apocryphal," and we are repeatedly cautioned, with all the warmth of one who has burnt his own fingers, of the danger we run in allowing ourselves to become in any way entangled in over-curious inquiry into the phenomena of spiritualism.

Mr. James Barr, in a volume recently added to the "Humour Series,"² gives us samples of the quality of some two hundred American and Canadian "funny" men. "The job," he remarks, "is, even now, a big one," and he appears disposed to congratulate himself that he was born no later. Almost all the American authors whose names we know are here represented, as well as a large class of less familiar newspaper humorists, such as M. Quad of the *Detroit Free Press*, the inventor of the fictitious *Arizona Kicker*, whose editor was reluctantly compelled to keep a private graveyard. Without being able to subscribe to Mr. Barr's conclusion that "Mark Twain" "has earned the right to be considered the greatest humorous writer of the century;" and without pretending to have read the complete works of even a fraction of these numerous "jesters," we venture modestly to put forward an opinion that Mr. Barr has worried through his big job with credit to himself, while the illustrations of his colleague, Mr. C. E. Brock, are often excellently humorous.

When a scholar in English like Mr. C. H. Herford, and a com-

¹ *A Study of the Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson.* By Edward Campbell Tainsh. New Edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

² *The Humour of America.* Selected, with an Index of American Humorists, by James Barr. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. International Humour Series. London: Walter Scott.

petent critic of texts like Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, take things in hand, the shade of Ben Jonson may rest content that his literary remains will be properly handled. The "Mermaid Series"¹ of the "best plays of old dramatists" has been taken over by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and a volume of selected plays of Ben Jonson (the first of three) now appears, after, we believe, a considerable interval. This series has already been found so useful, and is so urgently needed, that we are relieved to find it is to be vigorously continued.

¹ *Ben Jonson*. Edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D. With an Introduction by C. H. Herford. "Mermaid Series." London; T. Fisher Unwin.

ART.

WE are really rather sorry for Mr. Moore¹ that he has fallen into the hands of one of the ordinary-educated public and not into those of the doctrinaire or artist. It is the fortune of war, and we must hope that he will accept our criticism of his delightful essays with a good grace. For we differ essentially from him in the conception of the picture, just as we differ from all our artist friends. We are not frightened by the bell, book, and candle of the orthodox dogmatist. With a whoop we rise in our stirrups and go for an idea which we believe to be faulty. We hesitate the less because Mr. Moore spares not others. He tilts full at the Royal Academicians of the day; he scorns the exhibitions of the Royal Academy; he hates the successful painter of our age with a bitter hatred.

To him Art is an end in itself—he is indignant because she seems to have become the handmaid of Literature. This is the “trade opinion” of the artist—of the man who cannot look beyond the palette and the canvas. Art by herself is lame and deaf and blind. Doubtless there is the joy of doing a certain thing cunningly and successfully, but what of that if humanity is not the gainer; and on Mr. Moore’s principle only the very few could profit.

Again, he falls foul of the modern school because the subject is everything and the Art is made subordinate. This is really a rider of the former proposition. But on this matter we must claim that the well-educated and generally refined mind is a better judge than the specialist. A picture, like a great hymn or a poem, should appeal to the soul. If it stirs the pulse or awakens latent sympathies, it has in part at least performed its function. It is not likely to do that without being fairly true. Whether Mr. Moore is satisfied with its execution is no great matter.

Nevertheless, these essays form a delightful series, which we commend to every educated reader. They are worthy of a better binding and get-up.

M. Edouard Estannic is an enthusiastic critic, and appears to have the merit of not being an unkindly one. His *Petits Maîtres*,² which means, we presume, the “Minor Masters” of Flemish Art, is a study of certain Dutch painters who are not well known to the general public of England, and of some of their best pictures. In the way in which M. Estannic dwells on a picture we are reminded

¹ *Modern Paintings*. By George Moore. London: Walter Scott. 1893.

² *Petits Maîtres—impressions Hollandaises*. Par Edouard Estannic. Paris. 1893.

of some casual descriptions of Kingsley's. That living acquaintance with a portrait we do not ourselves understand ; yet we can appreciate the spirit of love and enthusiasm which inspires it. Time does not serve us for inserting a specimen of the lively and attractive method which the writer employs, but we will ask to be taken on trust when we state that the book is a light and pleasant piece of reading, containing a good deal of instruction about pictures.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.¹

LOVE and marriage are seldom treated in English literature with the seriousness they deserve. Love is regarded as the fitting theme for any amount of milk-and-water sentiment, and marriage is looked upon as the appropriate subject for an inexhaustible number of sorry jests. If treated with a little kindness, marriage is considered in the light of the wedding ceremony: bridesmaids, flowers, dresses, presents, speeches form the staple material, the happy couple are dismissed upon their honeymoon with an abundance of good wishes, which no one expects to be realised, and then the curtain falls.

Henceforth the sometime lovers fall into the commonplace ranks of "married people," from whom all illusions have fled, and the rest of their days are spent in the fruitless endeavour to hide from themselves and others the melancholy fact that marriage is a failure.

Love before marriage is a compound of moonlight and kisses, forget-me-nots and tears—the sweet illusion of a single summer, the brief regret of half a year.

It is open to us to believe that this persistent trifling with these subjects is only an example of the habit of Englishmen to hide their most serious feelings. It is a sign of weakness to wear one's heart upon one's sleeve and to confess to any deep feeling either in love, religion, or grief. Death alone is treated with seriousness, and for that reason out of all due proportion; marriage is a more serious business than death, for death is but the termination of one life, while marriage may be the beginning of many lives. We lament the death of a friend as though it were avoidable, we submit to the consequences of marriage as though they were inevitable. We look upon human life as a miserable mistake, yet perpetuate it without compunction; we describe the world as a "vale of tears," yet increase the number of its inhabitants with a light heart. If, as evolutionist ethics instruct us, the end of life is well-being, the well-being of individuals and the well-being of the species, there are no experiences which more directly or profoundly affect this well-being than love and marriage, and there are none that deserve more serious consideration. Whether we regard them from the personal and individual point of view, or from the

¹ *L'Amour, Étude Psycho-Philosophique.* Par O. K. Notovitch. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.

Tolstoy et la Philosophie de l'Amour. Par G. Dumas. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

point of view of the future welfare of humanity, there are no circumstances which so deeply concern the physiologist, the psychologist, and the moralist; yet how little they are regarded. In Mr. Spencer's *Principles of Ethics*, the very latest epitome of the latest philosophy, out of one thousand pages only about twenty are devoted to marriage and the marriage relations. From Mr. Spencer we learn that the ethical sanction of marriage consists in the fact that without marriage we should not have been born, and therefore we ought to marry that others may enjoy the same existence.

"The truth which it chiefly concerns us to note is that, assuming the preservation of the race to be a *desideratum*, there results a certain kind of obligation to pay this tax and submit to this sacrifice. Moreover, something like natural equity requires that as each individual is indebted to past individuals for the cost of producing and rearing him, he shall be at some equivalent cost for the benefit of future individuals."¹

It is very doubtful if persons about to marry are ever influenced by such a cold-blooded ethical consideration. Those who marry for love are carried away by an unreasoning impulse, and ethical considerations have little to do with marriages of convenience.

The author of the volume which we have placed first at the head of this paper gives another explanation of the cause of marriage, which is antecedent to ethics:

"Deux choses sont seules nécessaires à la nature : notre existence même éphémère et la durée de l'espèce. C'est là évidemment son unique souci. Par quelles voies elle atteint ce but, tout le monde sait ; par l'attraction sexuelle innée chez l'homme.

"Toutes les études psycho-physiologiques de la nature humaine s'arrêtent sur cette vérité, indiscutable."²

It is indisputable. Love and marriage, whatever else they may be, are Nature's means of securing what appears at present to be her chief care, the perpetuation of the species, and man, including woman, has very little liberty in the matter. It is a strange thing then that this, which is primarily important to the human race, should be treated as a trifle, a minor incident in life, a subject for sentiment or satire : while any reference to the real underlying fact is regarded as immoral or indecent. M. Notoitch is not to be hindered by any such considerations, and has the hardihood to investigate the subject in all its bearings, and makes an attempt to penetrate beneath the surface :

• "L'attraction physiologique que nous éprouvons pour la femme est elle réellement si grossière et si animale qu'on doive considérer avec tant de mépris le rapprochement des sexes ? Etant donné son résultat, elle ne peut, en effet, se présenter différemment à notre esprit. De deux êtres de sexe différent en naît un troisième ; et cet acte est accompagné, d'une part, de volupté physique, et d'autre part de souffrances également physiques. Tels sont

¹ *Principles of Ethics*, i., p. 533.

² *L'Amour*, p. 11.

les résultats tangibles, et en somme, la nature ne demande pas autre chose. Mais au point de vue de son accomplissement, cette attraction n'est pas si simple. Nul ne peut nier cette force intangible qui donne à l'attraction sexuelle une intensité particulière. Ce quelque chose d'invisible qui rend si envivant, si puissant notre entraînement est comme un parcelle de cette attraction puissante répandue dans tout l'univers, de ce ciment magique à l'aide duquel la nature réunit, attache tous les atomes de la matière; c'est une variété de ces forces primordiales sans lesquelles l'existence même de l'univers serait impossible, à savoir l'attraction et la pesanteur.¹

Starting from this point of view, it is not remarkable that M. Notovitch traces the influence of love as a primal power in ancient mythologies and religions, and much that appears puerile and sensual in them is only an attempt to symbolise the fact, apparently more impressive to early man than to us, that the union of two individuals produces a third.

It will perhaps surprise many people to be reminded that sexual love plays a very important part in the Bible. The story of the fall, according to M. Notovich, is only an attempt to explain the fact that love is so closely allied to pain. Man, the legend tells us, would cross the limits of happiness which had been assigned him; he desired to penetrate the secrets of life, and he has been cruelly punished. Man was condemned to incessant labour, and woman was condemned to subjection and the sufferings of maternity.

"Then all through the Biblical epoch, in spite of the poverty of the documents and the laconism of its unique chronicle, we see the same love predominate and reign: the immortal soul of Eros, which governs every human destiny. Like torches or pharos projecting their shining lights on an ocean without limits, pass before as the luminous images of our amorous grandmothers—Sarah, Hagar, Rebecca, Rachel, &c. Their aureole is not dimmed even by the narratives of a lively crudity which the Bible transmits to us, such as the romance of Abraham with Hagar, the Bacchic adventure of Lot with his daughters, the episode of Joseph pursued by Potiphar's wife. But it is above all in the poetic Song of Songs of King Solomon that the cult of love is revealed."²

It is our lack of imagination that renders us incapable of understanding the ideal love which was symbolised in ancient mythologies and religions, and our archaeological methods are incapable of penetrating beneath the surface.

"Pour un pédagogue peu perspicace ou un savant profond que déchiffre l'écriture cunéiforme, tout cela n'est autre chose que futilités érotiques et sans importance, stupidement mêlé d'imaginaires enfantines."³

These erotic futilities repeat themselves with an astonishing constancy everywhere, and are everywhere under the protection of special gods; woman appears not only as the emblem of love, but of a moral world.

"Finally, we know the amorous orgies which, according to the established ritual, took place in the temples of Egypt and Babylon. These only

¹ *L'Amour*, p. 14-15.

² *Ibid.* 21.

³ *Ibid.* p. 31.

constitute, according to our narrow *savants*, a shameless worship of debauchery. For a man not biassed, they are only an exaggeration of the *Culte de l'amour*, snatched from heaven by impure hands and dragged in the mire."¹

According to M. Notovitch the development of society led to the decay of the cult of love. In primitive and patriarchal times man had no cares beyond himself and to-day. He lived and worked on his own account, and his thoughts, his imagination, his sentiments met with hardly any obstacle either physical or moral. This conception of happiness did not go beyond the limits of personal satisfaction, of entire liberty, and absolute independence of action. His spirit and his sentiments ranged in the highest regions, they were not belittled or limited by a political ideal or scientific official. "Primitive man was a sort of independent philosopher." The State was established. Slavery was its base. Then the greater part of humanity was, so to speak, torn with violence from its meditation and driven from the source of light and good. The ideal of love as the base of fraternity had no place in this new society. The monopoly of riches and of power in some hands on the one part, and on the other part the slavery of the majority, could only give birth to a legislation full of injustice and of violence, inciting the development of ambition, prodigality, and debauchery. We need not be astonished then, says M. Notovitch, that the literature of this epoch no longer reflects the nobler sentiments which many centuries before were the objective of human activity and the end of every destiny. The literature of Greece and Rome takes principally the character of protestation, and the principal mission of the great poets was to stigmatise the prevailing vices. This writer's theory is that the cult of love, like a periodic star, develops freely in fabulous times and vanishes immediately at the first attempt at the formation of a State. So the decline of the Roman Empire gave love a new opportunity, and curiously M. Notovitch finds his illustration where we should the least expect it.

"In the midst of the general disintegration was heard anew the voice of Aphrodite, the forgotten enchantress. The cult of love, after having accomplished the cycle of its evolution, returned to the point of its departure. This was precisely the marvellous star which conducted the Magi to Bethlehem towards the cradle of the Divine Child. The celestial call of love, absolute and constant, of the love which extends over all our thoughts and our actions, of the love of our neighbour, profoundly devoted and disinterested, of love faithful and indissoluble for woman, in a word the call of love veritable, entire and eternal, which the first Christian word proclaimed, appeared as the veritable *culte de l'amour* and replaced the Epicurism of decadent Rome."²

A kind of new idyllic era opened, but the new idea had to struggle for centuries against the pagan world which it was destined to overthrow and against the inroads of barbarism. That is why it

¹ *L'Amour*, p. 34.

² *Ibid.* pp. 49-50.

is not till the middle ages we find the *culte de l'amour* completely flourishing, in the chants of troubadours and minstrels, and in the romantic statutes of chivalry. But even then love took refuge on the mountains in the isolated castle, from whence at the same time issued the troubles which mankind endured during the feudal age. But in the castle security and gaiety reigned.

"There woman, given over to meditation on the serene beauties of nature, and to the joys of happy quietude, cultivated freely this divine flame of love which set her imagination to work, and which, under the form of ravishing and fantastic images, awoke in her soul under the inspired songs of poets and musicians. Man also in the bosom of this poetic atmosphere, arraying himself in his heavy armour for the tournament, felt lifted above the brutal reality and incited to the loftiest exploits by the soft hand of the Holy Virgin herself."¹

But here, according to M. Notovitch, a curious development took place. How could the real be harmonised with the ideal? How was it possible in this restricted sphere, while observing conjugal duty to find a satisfaction in the ideal sentiment? The answer to this question was a strange departure in the relations of the two sexes. The woman, in delivering her body to her husband, reserved for him also the time necessary for work, for her household cares, and for the education of her children, but she reserved for herself the full independence of the spirit and imagination, the full liberty to love in the most ideal sense. In remaining absolutely faithful to her husband, she loved *another* with all the strength of her soul. That which appears so dreadful to us to-day is that the love for *another* very rarely exists without physical infidelity. But the woman of the middle ages had her cavalier to whom belonged her love, but an immaterial love, without any mixture of sensuality, and which expressed itself only by friendly pressure of the hands, by amiable salutes, visits on the occasion of tourneys and other solemnities, some kisses and even platonic embraces. The rights of the husband and lover were distinctly defined and rigidly observed. Truly, says M. Notovitch, we cannot understand this original conception, and we may be excused if we doubt if this ideal love was always so purely platonic as it is represented.

Love, contends the author of *L'Amour*, is the only and real motive of our life.

"Quel est le but de notre vie?"

"Telle est la question, que nous nous posons sans cesse."

"C'est pour aimer, jouir du bonheur de l'amour, accomplir ses ordres, répond la nature. Ce bonheur est précisément le but de notre vie. Ce n'est ma faute s'il ne trouve pas de place dans vos cœurs remplis d'ambition, de vénéralité et des soucis du lendemain, toutes choses que vous avez artificiellement créées."²

As to the psychology of love. Love is a state of the soul, but it

¹ *L'Amour*, p. 53.

² *Ibid.* p. 73.

differs from all other states in its intensity and duration. If we experience curiosity, anger, weariness, grief, we can divert ourselves and change our mental state; but nothing of the kind can be said about love. Not only does it completely absorb the man, his senses and his thoughts, but it remains constantly with him, and if it is not satisfied, it is transformed into an eternal suffering which absorbs all other states of the soul.

It has another effect upon him—"His spirit expands to the beyond and would embrace all space, all the universe. He feels vaguely or instinctively that the passion which consumes him is only the feeble echo of some gigantic and sovereign power, that at this moment he is only one of the smallest atoms of the infinite, the passive expression of the universal divine harmony." Thus it is that pure sexual love transforms men into poets and philanthropists. Love is such a joyous enlargement of the being, that the individual aspires to embrace all nature and fold all humanity in his arms. Doubtless the ecstasy diminishes and the generous feelings it begot subside, but for a time at least, sometimes for the rest of life, the individual has wider sympathies and a larger heart. Many however become the prey of ambition, of sordid desires, of unavoidable and carking care, and the light of love is for ever extinguished.

"Love wakes men, once a lifetime, each,
They lift their heavy eyes and look;
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then close the book.
And some give thanks and some blaspheme,
And most forget, but either way,
That, and the child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day."¹

Two individuals of the opposite sex, who mutually experience this state of the soul in each other's presence, feel the absolute necessity of finding satisfaction in a union, physical as well as ideal. Hence comes marriage, and hence the difficulty and the tears. Marriage is a permanent union; but who can guarantee the permanency of love? Is it not beyond the power of the will; and if so, how can its decay be prevented? Cannot the state of the soul, which demanded the union, be maintained, and the real be kept under the mastery of the ideal to the end? Are we to regard it as impossible physiologically? Satisfaction produces satiety, satiety weariness and disgust, and then the curtain had better fall. Is it that nature, having attained her end, is careless what becomes of her instruments, and herself tears the veil which hid the coarse reality? Are we not ourselves most to blame if marriage is the executioner of love? Two individuals, who before marriage would give all for love, after marriage will give very little indeed for it, and let some

¹ Patmore.

other "state of the soul" usurp its place. Pleasure, social distinction, riches, are pursued with unremitting energy, and love is thrust out. For love is a jealous god, and will have no competitor. The truth of this may be demonstrated by the fact that those who lead quiet, unassuming, unambitious, unavaricious lives are generally the happiest in the married state. It is not marriage but the world, in the old religious sense, that is the destroyer of love. Give it hospitality and it will remain as a permanent guest at your hearth. M. Notovitch suggests that free love most nearly fulfills the ideal—the understanding that the union shall last only as long as the love lasts—but here are complications. Who can guarantee that love will be synchronous on both sides? and if not, what remedy is there? And how many couples could be perfectly happy in the enjoyment of each other in these days when such a union involves social ostracism? And what future is there for the illegitimate offspring of an irregular union? and if the parents separate, upon whom shall devolve the responsibility of the support and education of the children? A free love union is all very well at the beginning, but the cases are few and exceptional when the end is not worse than marriage.

At present, then, marriage holds its own, and appears to be the best arrangement for allowing nature free play under conditions which shall at least prevent disorder in the human world; and marriage is only a failure where it is not secured from disappointment by the continued presence of disinterested affection. Both parties in marriage must cheerfully submit to sacrifices; the man must consent to some curtailment of his liberty and the woman must accept at least temporarily a certain amount of pain: it is the price nature claims in return for her greatest gift. To accept the gift and quarrel with the terms is irrational; to pay the tribute cheerfully is to ensure the permanence of love.

Here we might in an ordinary way leave the subject, though with the consciousness that we have but repeated an oft-told tale. But we are invited by M. G. Dumas, in his study of Tolstoi, to pursue the subject further, and the great novelist is set before us as a new apostle of ideal love. We soon find that we are upon another level—a level that appears to be so far above nature that we have doubts about the possibility of its realisation. Love, with Tolstoi, is a different emotion from that of M. Notovitch—or, at least, it is a more ethereal development. The sexual love which finds its complete satisfaction in marriage is not, to the Russian neo-Christian, love at all—it is still egoism, self-love.

"When the man who does not conceive the true life says that he loves his wife, his child, or his friend, he only means that the presence of his wife, of his child, of his friend, augments the good of his individual life."¹

¹ *De La Vie.*

He only considers himself and his own interest—he does not love. Love, with Tolstoi, is the effacement of the self in the individual, the giving up of oneself for each and all, without personal object or after-thought.

“Man has only to reason once for the sentiment to carry him away; he has only to overturn the barrier erected by egoism between himself and eternity to be happy with true happiness. Love is truly the enlargement of the being, the taking possession, by one soul, of the universe. Whoever has felt it has been as great as the world; he has realised for himself the maximum of life: he has been humanity.”¹

According to Tolstoi, that which commonly passes for love is not love at all; it has its preferences, our actions in its name are never totally without some regard for self, they are not absolutely disinterested. What place then is left for sexual love and its satisfaction in marriage, which in the earlier part of this article we have seen to be a primal force in human nature? Evidently Tolstoi traverses the thesis of M. Notovitch and the supposition of Mr. Spencer. “Nature’s only care is the perpetuation of the species,” says the author of *L’Amour*. “Assuming the preservation of the race to be a *desideratum*,” says the author of the *Principles of Ethics*. “Est il si nécessaire de la perpétuer!” says the author of the *Kreutzer Sonata*.

Sexual love and marriage appear to him to be permitted to us, like the Mosaic law of divorce was to the Jews, for the hardness of our hearts, but when we are capable of realising the perfect love, then these inferior forms will cease to exist. But then the race will come to an end?

“Without doubt,” replies Tolstoi, “but humanity come to this pitch of perfection will no longer have any reason to continue. Its law is union, love; the passions, the desires of the body, forbid it to submit to it; while the sexual instinct remains, absolute happiness recedes in the future and new generations will be called into existence; but “when we shall have repressed the passions, and with all others, the strongest, sexual love, the union will be perfect, and humanity, having accomplished its law, will have no further *raison d’être*.”

One can hardly help coming to the conclusion that there is more truth in M. Notovitch than in Tolstoi; the one deals with humanity as we find it, the other, in our opinion, deals with an impossible humanity. We confess ourselves incapable of conceiving human nature minus the desire for preservation and reproduction. The first may become attenuated and the second better regulated, brought more under control, but we cannot imagine their total universal elimination. At present, and Tolstoi supplies the examples, the only cases in which we find this total abolition of egoism a necessary

¹ Tolstoy, p. 98.

factor in the struggle for existence, are old age and the prospect of death. For a man who has reached the passionless condition of old age, after having enjoyed the full satisfaction of all his desires during maturity, to imagine that others in the heyday of existence can attain the same indifference is only chimerical; and that the earthly passions are subdued in the near prospect of death is a well-known phenomenon from which no other general conclusion can be drawn. Yet the perfect union for Tolstoi is the moral marriage of André and Natacha.¹ The Prince André, betrayed by Natacha, repents of having loved her; he isolates himself and dryly refuses the pardon which Pierre asks of him. "Be generous, it is very noble certainly, but I feel myself incapable of walking in the footsteps of M. Kouraguine. If you wish to remain my friend, do not speak of her again." It is necessary that this closed heart should be opened and understand before dying the secret of life. Wounded by Borodino, he has only a few days before him, time to recognise the vanity of his past existence. By his side, also dying, is this same Kouraguine whom he has so detested, and here all at once he feels for him an affectionate compassion in his soul inundated with joy; in the measure that his body becomes weak, all his thoughts become void of that which had made him suffer, desire, or rejoice; love appears of itself, and invades the noble nature which had not yet lived.

"Yes, yes, love, not egoistic love, but love such as I have felt for the first time in my life when I see my enemy dying and that I love him as myself; it is the very essence of the soul which does not cling to a single object of affection; it is that which I feel to-day. Human love degenerates into hate, but divine love is eternal."²

These sentiments, however fascinating, hardly seem consistent with perfect health and vigour and an energetic nature. They are one-sided, and something more is required. They do not seem far removed from the sentiments which produced hermits and monks, and though in exceptional cases they may have met with their justification in the exalted lives of a few rare examples, as a rule they were followed by a deplorable reaction and intensified the very evils they were expected to cure. You may drive out nature with a pitchfork, but she will come back with a rush.

¹ See *La Guerre et la Paix*.

² Tolstoy, p. 104.

HOW THE GAME LAWS WORK.

It is a common thing to hear townsfolk talk about the ameliorated condition of agricultural labourers. They say they have the privileges of the franchise; their wages have increased, and they are recognised as an important factor in political and national life. By degrees town and village are drawing closer together in sympathy and in purpose, and it is extremely gratifying to find evidences of all this without much difficulty. Yet the squire despotism and clerical intolerance which too often characterise our village life are not half realised by those who live in commercial centres, where government is representative and democratic. Certain it is that if in our northern towns a tithe of the gross injustice and despotism which characterise the game-law administration, say in Norfolk, prevailed, the sturdy artisans would be in revolt, and would make their vehement denunciations ring in the ears of those concerned.

There seems to be a notion abroad that agricultural labourers and negroes are to be treated differently to the rest of folk, and that servility and imprisonment are naturally to be expected therewith. One might grow eloquent concerning the wretched robbery of the common lands from the labourer; the way in which attempts have been made to prevent him from catching rabbits thereon; the closing and monopoly of the Broads, in which, as far back as the memory of the oldest villagers goes, the right of fishing was recognised. The history of Norfolk during the last twenty years, since Hodge's eyes were opened and leaders arose who organised his strength, is one long revelation of contested rights—the pulling down of fences wrongfully erected; the imprisonments suffered through collision with authorities who, from prejudice, took from the first the side of wealth against poverty, of wrong against right; ostracism and exile of the labourer from his native village by an offended despot.

However, it is my intention to confine myself to that side of village life which reveals the intolerance and cruelty appertaining to the administration of the Game Laws. It is monstrous that a labourer charged with poaching should be tried by magistrates who oftentimes, without exception, are interested in the preservation of game and the terrifying of the rustic into the belief that it is a sacred and all-important institution. Nay, sometimes the prosecutor

himself sits upon the bench and passes judgment upon the wretched culprit. The policeman is regarded by the squire as an 'auxiliary gamekeeper'; he spends his nights watching the game, in the daytime he is occupied in looking up clues which may lead to the identification of poachers, and when there are shooting parties he walks with the keepers, hunts for game, and opens the gates with a "bow and a scrape" for the sportsmen. Every labourer is regarded as a possible poacher whose word is not to be relied upon; no policeman and no gamekeeper can tell a lie; and so there are very few charged with "pursuit of game" who are not summarily convicted. As far as percentages go policemen and gamekeepers are not so honest as the labourers, and I know what I am talking about in this connection. Many a policeman picks up a hare or a pheasant and conveys it to his own home, but if he observes a labourer doing a similar thing he pounces upon him like a hawk, and revels in haling him before a bench of game-preserving magistrates, who, regarding his offence as heinous, sentence him to six months' imprisonment.

The gamekeepers too, to my own knowledge, despatch "extras" to the game-dealer, and get remuneration for the same. They also steal eggs out of well-stocked preserves, and sell them for their own benefit. Not long ago one of them laughingly confessed to me that a neighbouring keeper came into his wood and deliberately cut off the heads and tails of the dead vermin nailed up there, because his master paid him so much a head for killing vermin and he was dishonest enough to impose upon him and take payment for stoats and weasels which he himself never shot. "It made no difference to me," said my informant, "because I don't get paid per head, but receive an extra weekly wage."

Gamekeepers are largely recruited from the ranks of poachers, which perhaps accounts for their bitterness when in the night-watches they meet their former associates in unlawful search for game. Stretching along the coast and away into the heart of the country are large plantations of fir trees with thick undergrowth for cover. In these, "Old Sally," the local name for the hare, ranged, and starts with a rush from the fence, almost frightening the wayfarer. The pheasant crosses his path as he walks between the woods in early morning, and if he is too near it rockets up with a noise that sounds far and wide. The whole country seems a gigantic preserve over which policemen and gamekeepers maintain strict watch; and sometimes the poacher is more generous to the policeman than the squire is. Said one of them once to me: "You *may* get an old hare now and then, but you must be very active and civil, and your bows low and frequent. A poacher is far more generous, and if you have done him a turn which you may have forgotten, some morning as you come off your beat you nearly step upon a brace of birds or rabbits

left by an unknown hand, and you know by the look of them that they are most likely the pick of his night's work."

Of late years agriculture has been in so bad a condition that the smartest of the labourers have emigrated, or removed into the towns and manufacturing centres, and those left behind are sometimes far from being representative of the true average rustic. One of these, a man of weak mind and obstinate will, who was lately sentenced to hard labour for a year and eight months for an assault, had been simply harried into his crime. A year or so previously he was suspected of poaching rabbits, and one day the gamekeeper and his sons espied him in a field, on the edge of a marl-pit, and rushing up to him, they demanded his spoil. He had none, and refused to allow them to search his pockets. They began to threaten, and as they approached him for the purpose of using force, he showed fight. They made a sudden onslaught and rained upon him their thick sticks. He tumbled, bleeding, head foremost into the rank growth on the slope of the pit, his head broken and all his bones aching—and for what? Is it surprising that he hated the keepers and yearned for revenge and bore them a desperate grudge?

Shortly after this he removed some traps they had set, and being discovered, he was sent to gaol. Then, for loitering and trespassing in supposed pursuit of game, though nothing was proved, he was sent to gaol again several times, often after suffering violent treatment at the hands of the keepers. At last he told people that he carried a stone tied up in the corner of his handkerchief, and that he would use it if again attacked.

One day, however, in the autumn some lads picked up a dead hare in a field, and being frightened as to its disposal, they carried it to this man, who was working hard by. The gamekeeper hearing of it, went to him, and with much passion declared he would have it, and bragged about what he would do to the d——d thief. They struggled, the gamekeeper fell beneath and broke his leg. The so-called poacher served nine months in gaol; and thus he was driven to utter recklessness. Now he wanders about the lanes, a dazed, brooding, half-crazed wretch, not at all responsible for his actions; while I am happy to say that the gamekeeper has since been sent to gaol too, without the option of a fine, for the downright brutal and unprovoked treatment of some boys whom he wrongfully declared to be poachers; but, being a little better off, their friends employed an able lawyer to test the case in Court, with the result mentioned.

For five years I have kept a record of those cases of alleged poaching in one county which have come under my notice, and most of them had some feature which made the law ridiculous in my eyes, and brought county magistracy down to the level of a cruel farce.

A man observed in the act of poaching and not surrendering

himself was shot twice, and being crippled with shot was captured. Notwithstanding his condition, and the fact that he himself had hurt nobody, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

An old woman, sixty-one years of age, together with her son, were charged with trespassing and killing two rabbits on a certain heath, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, although they produced *written permission* from the occupier of the land, who, however, appeared to have no authority for giving it. But they could not have known that, and they were not morally guilty. A parson and two sporting squires tried them; and one of the latter, the proprietor of the land, retired from the bench and gave evidence against the prisoners. Would any Stipendiary or Judge have convicted in such a case? It proves the utter incapacity of county and game-preserving magistrates to administer justice.

In order to substantiate my accusation, let me revert to illustration; and bear in mind that these are only samples of scores of cases which are within the sphere of ready investigation. A boy, having carted a cauldron of lime to a customer, was returning home, followed by an old stock-dog. The dog ran into a beet field without either catching anything or even starting anything. It also looked over the fence of a plantation a little further on the road. All this was observed by the gamekeeper, who summoned the boy for trespassing in search of game. The boy had never been in trouble before; but the county magistrates fined him £2 11s. 6d., or two months' imprisonment.

Three labourers out of work and partially starving went fishing in private waters with the view of catching something for dinner. They caught three fish, and then were themselves caught. The magistrates fined them each 12s. 8d., and in default sent them to prison.

A labourer was charged by a gamekeeper with shooting a partridge on the highway. The accuser admitted he was not nearer than 100 yards to the man, and that the time was very early morning. Moreover, another man swore in court that it was he who fired the gun, and that he shot a rabbit and not a partridge, and, though the magistrates fined the defendant £2 14s., this witness paid the money. But to make matters worse, following on this, they fined the poor fellow another £10 for carrying a gun without a licence. Even supposing the witness was untruthful (though personally I think his word was at least as good as the gamekeeper's) the fine was monstrously disproportionate in face of the fact that in the same week a noble marquis (!) was fined only 1s. *without* costs for exactly the same offence. It is almost incredible that such prosecutions are possible on the bare word of a keeper who has an interest in getting up cases now and again, and who, having a grudge against some poor labourer, can vent his spleen in such an effective manner. Even if the verdict goes for the defendant the

magistrates go out of their way to shield the keeper. A man shot a rabbit in the pit on the common ; a gamekeeper saw him, and summoned him on a trumped-up charge of searching for game. It was so flagrantly absurd, that the magistrates were bound to dismiss it ; but they would not allow the man costs. Why ?

A young fellow, while on his own father's farm, was set upon by two gamekeepers, who suspected him of unlawfully catching game. They maltreated him while rifling his pockets, and, in their passion at finding no game tore his rabbit to pieces and threw it about the ground. They were summoned by the lad's father, and tried before a sporting colonel, who fined them only 20s. and 12s. respectively, including costs. What would have been the punishment inflicted had it been the other way about ?

I have known gamekeepers to steal rabbits out of the farmer's traps ; and, when I was a boy, with others, we used to snap our fingers in the keeper's face, because if he grumbled at any *lâche* of ours we could threaten to prove that it was his wont frequently to poach in search of rabbits himself.

A farmer was seen by the village policeman to fire his gun on his own land. The officer, while admitting he was two hundred yards away, nevertheless swore it was a hare fired at, while the farmer swore it was a rabbit. Whatever it was, it was not shot, and got away, so that there was no proof. Yet the magistrates believed the policeman in preference, and fined the farmer £1, including costs.

Another man was summoned, on the charge of a policeman, for being in pursuit of game. The policeman admitted he did not get nearer the man than one hundred yards, nor did he see him shoot at anything, and it was not until six hours afterwards that he charged the man with the offence. Four witnesses came forward and swore that defendant was at his brother's house at the time when the policeman alleged he saw him ; but in face of the evidence the game-preserving magistrates fined him £2 including costs.

Here is another extraordinary case which makes one realise that the lot of country folk is about on a par with that of Russian peasants, the only difference being that there is no Siberia to which they can be exiled. Two young men were driving along the road homewards after paying a visit to their sweethearts, when a policeman stopped the horse, and with a good bit of bombast demanded to search both the cart and its occupants, on the ground that he had heard the report of a gun some minutes previously. The men were indignant and they resisted, and in the scuffle that followed the policeman got hurt. He discovered neither gun nor game, and before the magistrates it was confessed that there was nothing whatever previously against them, and yet they were each sentenced to three months' imprisonment ! These cases are perfectly genuine, and not invented for the sake of lending force to this article. I could give the place

and date in connection with each of them, but refrain for a reason which should be obvious.

What respectable man, residing in our cities, would calmly suffer the indignity of being stopped at the crazy or spiteful whim of a policeman in broad daylight, and compelled to submit to having his pockets searched or his bag overhauled? Yet in the country such treatment is frequent. A poor old blind fiddler was tramping towards the city, carrying a bundle which contained his scant clothing. He was stopped by an inquisitive policeman, and as the poor man could not see, he was not prepared to part with his bundle and allow himself to be searched simply because some one chose to stop him and say he was a policeman; and so, because he resisted, his bundle was kicked about the dirty road, and he was kept locked up all night and discharged without apology in the morning.

Now let me give a few more illustrations of a different character. A youth went down to the stream which ran through his father's meadow, with two companions, in the month of June, and there washed his feet. The gamekeeper, and his brother, who was a watcher, came up to him and charged him with catching trout. He denied the accusation; but they insisted on searching him for fish and hooks, none of which they could find. They asked him where his gun was. He told them, and they went towards it. He put on his stockings and boots, and quickly followed. They had seized his gun, and would not give it to him. He got hold of it, however, and then they belaboured him with sticks until he fell unconscious to the ground. On regaining consciousness he managed to walk home, and thence to the doctor's house. The two keepers were summoned for assault, and in evidence the doctor said he had found a wound on the top of the youth's head an inch and a half long, and his hair matted with blood. There were three distinct bruises on his arm from five to six inches long, together with a bruise and an abrasion on his cheek. There was a cross-summons against the youth for taking fish in private waters; but after hearing the evidence it was dismissed. The magistrates, however, found the keepers guilty, sentencing one of them to fourteen days' imprisonment without the option of a fine, and fining the other £1 and costs. The sporting squire who employed these men afterwards moved heaven and earth to get the sentence of imprisonment annulled—fortunately without success. Would he have stirred a finger had the result been reversed? Not he, forsooth!

If the county magistrates really desired to adopt the surest methods of manufacturing criminals, they could not discover any more efficacious than their unfeeling, unjust, and revengeful sentences. They are morally responsible for much of the crime upon which they sit in judgment. A youth was found in possession of a partridge by a constable. He had never been in trouble before; but he was

fined by the game-preserving magistrates the full penalty of £5, or, in default, one month's imprisonment with hard labour. The unfortunate youth not being able to pay the money, begged piteously for mercy, and the magistrates magnanimously condescended to reduce the term of imprisonment to twenty-one days! Their severity has hardened another heart, and made another confirmed poacher, most probably.

If a man only looks at a hare, he is suspected of having sinister designs. Within the space of two, or three months the Home Secretary released from durance vile no less than six innocent men, whom game-preserving justices (!) had, on the oaths of lying witnesses, sentenced to heavy terms of imprisonment for alleged offences against our barbarous game laws! Is it surprising that the rustic conscience should harden with contempt for law? There is no conscience on the bench when poaching cases are tried; there are only prejudice and selfish personal interest.

A gamekeeper walking along the road heard the report of a gun, and saw a lad, whom he knew well, with a gun in his hand. When the lad observed the keeper he walked away in an opposite direction. Upon approaching the spot where the lad had been, the keeper found a pheasant which died a few minutes afterwards. Of course, the lad was prosecuted. He declared he did not shoot the pheasant, and that he only fired at some sparrows. It was well known that the keeper bore a grudge against the lad's father; witnesses came forward to swear that the pheasant had been noticed in the locality, badly maimed, for months past, and moreover two respectable persons avowed that they saw it in the possession of the keeper, and could find no shot-wounds or blood on it. Yet the lad was fined £1 2s. 6d. including costs.

There is some of the most bare-faced impudence on our county benches at times that can be found anywhere. Again I say it is scarcely credible. The following is a specimen of it. A labourer was summoned by his employer's landlord for killing a hare in his employer's harvest-field. His dog caught it as it ran out of the wheat, brought it to him, and he killed it. The gam-keeper, who was sneaking round the field, saw what happened, and attempted to take the hare away from the man, asking him at the same time for his authority. The man held up his fist, and coolly informed the "flunkey in velveteens" that "that was his authority." Of course, the man was brought before a bench of game-preserving magistrates, the chairman of which was the brother of the prosecutor, and also his agent, and as agent had actually given the man's employer notice to quit his farm. A nice disinterested magistrate to balance evenly the scales of justice in a game case, forsooth! Further, he actually had the impudence to volunteer evidence against the prisoner. Proof, however, was given that the

man had authority from his employer to kill hares under the Ground Game Act, and although, even after the cases for the prosecution and defence were closed, an attempt was made to wriggle in further evidence on behalf of the prosecution, thanks to the integrity of one of the magistrates, the effort was frustrated, and the case was dismissed.

Here is another case which is in some respects worse. Irish tyranny outrivalled! If a man organises his fellow-labourers for the purpose of maintaining reasonable harvest wages he is marked, and at the earliest opportunity expelled from his cottage and rendered workless. The following is an example of tyrannical landlordism as it is to be found in the district to which I have referred. A man twenty-seven years of age, married and having two little children, had worked for his employer six years, had resided in the parish twenty-three years, and no gamekeeper or policeman or any one else had ever been able to impugn his character. One morning he was ploughing in a field, and observing some pheasants at a little distance from him, he thoughtlessly picked up a stone, but dropped it again immediately, neither stopping his horses nor leaving hold of the plough. Up came the keeper who had been watching behind the fence, and straightway he accused the man of having tried to kill the birds, which had, however, actually flown before he had got the stone in his hand. The keeper at once proceeded to the estate agent, who went to the man's employer and requested him to discharge his six-years servant summarily. This he refused to do, and insisted upon giving him at least a week's notice. Not satisfied with this, the agent gave the labourer notice to quit his cottage in a fortnight, although he held it on a yearly tenancy; and, further, he served upon him one of the most bombastical and tyrannical notices ever heard of since the Middle Ages. It ostracised him from six parishes, and forbade him to put foot upon any land therein possessed by the reigning lord, the employer of the gamekeeper, on any pretence whatever, and on pain of imprisonment. And so this poor fellow, whose character had been irreproachable, was deprived of the means of earning a livelihood for himself, his wife and little children, and was driven from the home of his boyhood and hounded down as if he had committed the grossest sin on earth. I have seen this cruel document myself, and declare it to be a disgracefully inhuman impertinence.

I have in my mind at this moment a village policeman whose high-handed tyranny is becoming proverbial. Not long ago he ill-used a poor old tramp, and having knocked him silly ran him in on the charge of drunkenness, much to the disgust of two city gentlemen who followed the policeman to the station and there reported his misconduct. Shortly afterwards he behaved in a rough manner to a butcher whom he accused of poaching, and searched him with-

out finding anything. Then he ran another man in on a charge of drunkenness, but the magistrates were compelled to discredit his sworn statement owing to the evidence for the defence, and they dismissed the case. One evening this truculent officer stopped a labourer on his way home, and found in his possession a few rabbits and a brace of pigeons. "Where did you get these?" he asked masterfully. He told him he had been employed by a gamekeeper two miles away to help him to kill rabbits that day, and the rabbits and pigeons had been given him as remuneration. There was no concealment; he gave the gamekeeper's full name and address, and he himself was known to the policeman. The officer wanted him to walk back the two miles with him, in order to prove the truth of his statement; this he refused to do, being dog-tired. "Then," said the policeman, "I'll have your rabbits." The man declined to give them up. The policeman seized hold of him and threw him down in so merciless a fashion that his leg was injured, and for some time afterwards he was an out-patient of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. The next morning the policeman drove over to the address given and found that the man's statement was perfectly correct. Then he took the rabbits and pigeons to the man's house without any sort of apology, but maintaining a haughty and overweening attitude, and adding insult to injury by "mobbing" him through his window as he was leaving. Yet the uninitiated wonder why there is not a better feeling prevailing between labourers and policemen. Can they any longer wonder in the face of such facts as these?

This delightfully sympathetic policeman was mixed up in another shady affair; but as the four magistrates on the bench were good game-preserving squires he just missed a punishment which he richly deserved. He was charged by a labourer with committing wilful and corrupt perjury. He had previously summoned this man for trespass in pursuit of game, swearing that he saw him early one morning shooting at some partridges; but the man established an *alibi* by two distinct sets of evidence, and the case was dismissed. Then the man brought forward the charge of perjury against his false accuser, with the following result. He proved clearly that he was at work two miles away at the time when he was said to be firing a gun; and, moreover, the farmer occupying the land swore he was walking about on it at that time, and never heard the report of a gun or saw any trespasser. It was clear that the policeman was either under a delusion or had trumped up the charge in the spirit of revenge; but notwithstanding, the magistrates dismissed the case on the grounds of "insufficient evidence." He was too valuable an auxiliary gamekeeper, to whom they paid no wage, to send to gaol just when the birds were beginning to lay their eggs. Justice is no longer properly blindfolded, but she looks out of one eye and manipulates her balance.

There are just two more cases I should like to mention before drawing my impeachment to a close. Two brothers were tried at Quarter Sessions, on separate indictments, for night poaching. The magistrates were known as positive game-preserving landlords. In the first case, which even had the charge been true was not a serious one, the only witness who swore to the poaching was a keeper, while for the defence two witnesses swore positively that the man was in bed at the time mentioned. He was found guilty nevertheless, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour. He had hurt nobody, there had been no conflict, and the offence was comparatively venial—but was he guilty? I think not, for on the next day, when his brother was tried by a different jury for exactly the same offence at the same time and place, and in support of which precisely the same evidence was adduced, the jury brought in a verdict of “not guilty,” much to the manifest chagrin of the presiding magistrate, who no doubt had another twelve months' sentence up his sleeve. If one was guilty so were both, and if one was innocent so were both; but these anomalies are thought nothing of in Arcadia: the object being to awe the labourer into fear and trembling at any cost of lying and injustice.

One of the most pathetic things I ever heard of occurred a few years ago. A young fellow, the son of a respectable farmer, whose steps had been long dogged by paid spies in the shape of game-keepers, who suspected him of poaching, was in his father's orchard one day with his gun. A pheasant went whirring up, and on the impulse he shot at it and killed it. The keeper popped his head over the fence, and in vulgar language threatened him with prosecution. The accused was a steady, respectable young fellow, having money in the bank saved out of his earnings as assistant to his father. He felt his mistake keenly, and, like a man, waited upon the squire at the hall to ask his forgiveness. On his return he told his father that the squire had treated him “as a rogue and a thief.” The squire's agent in the meantime waited upon a tradesman in the village, saying he had heard that the young man had habitually killed game, and that the tradesman had disposed of it for him. This he indignantly denied as being grossly untrue. These false statements, together with the dread of a threatened prosecution, so preyed upon the young man's mind that he deliberately committed suicide by shooting himself, in order to avoid the disgrace of conviction. Then the squire's minions circulated cowardly rumours to the effect that he had had a love affair, and was not quite right in his head; and their authority was that a keeper, forsooth, had heard him talking to himself about some young woman. These rumours were traced to their source and found to be false; they were scandalous efforts to blacken the memory of this unfortunate victim of the Game Laws. The overbearing, bullying threats of the keeper, and

the ungentlemanly obduracy of the squire were responsible for that horrible and lamentable suicide ; and the parson, who was a relative of the squire, and whose church the young man and his relatives had attended over thirteen years, never came near the house to offer a word of sympathy to father and mother in their awful bereavement. There is no love lost between the villagers and their "betters" in that locality ; and this sad event has embittered the hearts of the rustics a hundred times against the despotic dictators who rule over them body and soul.

I have in the foregoing illustrated only one aspect of a great question which is coming prominently to the front, and which Parliament will soon be called upon to consider seriously. If Ireland needs Home Rule so also do the counties need a measure of self-government. It is no doubt possible for those whose sympathies are with the land-owning class rather than with the labourers, to draw conclusions from this record contrary to my own ; but it is very easy for those who have really moved amongst the rustics of our villages, their hearts aglow with the enthusiasm of acknowledged brotherhood, to multiply instances of oppression and of inhuman tyranny, revolting in the extreme. Anyhow, it may be well to accentuate some of the existing evils just at a time when we are expecting to hear from our legislators something concerning the establishment of Parish Councils, and also, let us hope, of a reformed County Magistracy. The rising generation of rustics must be reckoned with, and the first thing to do is to wipe out the old *régime* of vindictive, tyrannous law, and in its place institute an absolutely impartial justice.

CHARLES ROPER.

THE FUTURE OF WALES.

AMONG her peaceful hills, standing up, deep-valleyed, wind-beaten, fir-clad, heather-crowned, like grim, faithful giants, guarding with dumb and steadfast love the old homesteads that lie upon their bosoms ; among her lonely larch woods, sweeping up past wild spurs, mountain torrents, bleak ridges, and precipitous rocks, until they stand out grand, towering, majestic in their wildness, against the sky ; among her silent farm-lands, stretching away by meadow and cornfield and sturdy dwarf-oaks from bleak sea-shore into the very heart of the mountains ; among the rhythmic pulsations of her great colliery engines, stealing faintly upwards into the quiet copses like far-away breathing of muffled music, or the deep long-drawn sigh of the wind in the woods ; amidst her silence and her solitariness—bound up within her mountain fastnesses—there throbs the great, strong, rugged, passionate heart of Wales.

That stream which runs stillest is ever the deepest. That man who can pass, silent and unmoved, through ineffable joy, through heartrending grief, through every emotion of life, is assuredly the strongest. That country which, sensitive to an almost morbid degree, to whom a slight or insult is as a hot iron to an open wound, feeling herself an alien in the land, finding herself scorned, neglected, misunderstood, unappreciated, under-estimated, regarded with a kindly contempt, can proudly wrap herself up within the shadowed folds of her mountain recesses, withdraw from the Babel and Babylon of the world's struggle, and exist in silence upon herself, and in herself, and with herself—that country, mark you, is heating for the future a very furnace of concentrated, pent-up vitality, and gathering together, silently and surely, even as the great forces of Nature gather themselves together for the storm, a store of rich life-blood, of precious energy, of passionate yearnings, that multiply upon themselves, and add fire to fire, until one day they will burst all bounds and flare forth with a great force and fury that shall bid the world stand still and wonder. Silent in her proud reserve, reticent in her brooding melancholy, hiding her passions, her hopes, her yearnings, and her tears deep within her teeming heart, Wales has silently lived her life far away from the world's fierce hubbub. She has held peaceful commune with Nature while the world has spent itself in wrestle and tumult. From the wild storm-beaten shores of

Carmarvon to the gentle sunny slopes of the Bristol Channel—from the beetling, wind-buffeted crags of Cardigan Bay to the clear flow of the silvery Severn among its peaceful country scenes—from the sough of the Pembrokeshire dales to the murmur of Merioneth's hills—all has been silent, save for the hum of a few industries, the noises of trade in two or three ports, the chant of birds on wooded hill-sides, the barking of shepherds' dogs on lonely mountain-tops, and the rush of the wind through the valleys. From year to year the farmers have tilled their little farms on the breezy uplands, and have jolted to market along the narrow high-banked lanes, and have sat regularly on a Sunday in the high pews of the little dissenting chapel, and have lived contentedly their humble, simple lives until the time came for them to lie in the flower-bedecked graveyard of the weather-beaten little sanctuary. All in silence. From year to year thereafter their sons have taken their place, and have jolted to market, and tilled their fields, and sat in their pew, in the same faithful, steady manner, until for them, too, the ways of life were done. All in silence. From year to year the shepherds on the heights of the Black Mountains, the woodmen in the crooning woods of Carmarthen, the colliers in the bare, grimy valleys of Rhondda and Rhymney, have tended their sheep, and wielded their axes, and dug out their coal. All in silence, as far as the outer world has been concerned. Father, son, and grandson have been gathered among those that sleep. The old order has changed, giving place to new. The blackbirds have whistled to fresh woodmen, munching their bread and cheese in hawthorn glades; the hills have sung together on summer mornings while new shepherds and other sheep wandered amid their yellow gorse; the colliery fans of the deep pits, the machinery of the ironworks, have whirled and whizzed and rattled to fresh generations of workmen. And that has been all. Wales has been dumb, save for these things. All those emotions and yearnings which throb in every country's heart, and which every country must find a vent for sooner or later, in one way or another, in art, in music, in oratory, or in war—all these Wales has repressed, compressed, held down as with firm grip, all within her borders. But they have been there nevertheless, under the surface, like a strong impetuous under-current, which, finding no outlet, has gathered strength, gathered tide, gathered fury, turned upon itself, concentrated itself into a very whirlpool of fiery emotion which some day must burst forth with a great flood.

Wales has been dumb. She has drawn aside for the world to pass by. And the world in turn has passed her by. She has lulled herself into a lotus sleep to the tune of whispering hills; and the world, in turn, has let her sleep. She has dropped out of the race, and has been left far behind. Jogtrot of market-going farmer, mechanical coal-digging of humble collier, peaceful chapel-going on

Sunday—this has been the sum and story of her life. She has never spoken forth as she can and will speak forth on the great wrestling-ground of the intellectual and artistic world. Rich gifts of oratory, of poesy, of music, of imagination, of creative art—all these have been allowed to grow and multiply in wild waste, uneducated, uncultivated, untrained. Wales has been dumb—dumb not with the silence of the afflicted but of a strong, deep, self-contained heart. Her silence has placed her, as far as the busy world is concerned, in the abyss of oblivion. She has been overlooked and forgotten and, as a result, neglected. Her education, what has it been! Her sons, what opportunities have they had! Her pride and reserve for so many years, her abstention from favour-seeking at the hands of England, these have put her in the background; and England, overlooking her, has failed in that duty which should be the first, unsought and unasked, on the part of any country towards any dependency—the duty of caring for her, fostering her, training her, and bringing out her best capabilities for the commonweal.

When Pygmalion of the olden days sculptured him a woman's statue, we are told that he became possessed with a wild desire to see the cold clay quicken and glow with the warm breath of life. It is a pretty fable, and one which is constantly repeating itself in the history of humanity. Everywhere the sculptured ideal, with the wistful, long-abiding hope that it may one day become a beautiful reality. Welshmen are to-day playing Pygmalion to Wales's Galatea. They have sculptured in their hearts a fond image of what Wales might be, and can be, and ought to be; and their one hope and desire is to see the ideal start and pulsate with the breath of life. Love of nativeland is a peculiarly intense feature of the Welshman's nature. There is pathos in it, there is compassion, there is yearning. All these qualities are in more marked degree than in the case of the Englishman, the Scotchman, or even the Irishman. The unique position which the Principality occupies in respect to herself and to other portions of the United Kingdom calls forth unique and peculiar conditions and emotions in her sons. A Welshman loves his country with unwonted intensity and emotionalism, which render his patriotism doubly passionate, and cause it to entwine about the very tendrils of his being. It is a strange and interesting psychological problem, this passionate pathos and sadness that are the very first elements of the Welsh nature. You hear it in the Welsh preachers. You hear it in the wild hymns and airs which have rung for so many years among those old hills of the west. It is the sadness of a conquered people, still living on through the centuries. This highly strung nervous and emotional tendency, this quickening of the soul to a sad air or a pathetic poem, is the *sine qua non* of a Welshman's personality. It is his inherited nature. He hears echoes of plaintive music where other men see

only a few empty words. He has been moulded in the minor key. He is more sensitively and impressionably constituted than he cares to confess. He is as the most delicate instrument, which one rough touch will put out of tune, and set all a-jarring and discordant—a weakness which he shudders at the thought of the world knowing, and hides away with an inward blush. The infinite capabilities for sadness and intense feeling are characteristics which are plainly to be seen in the lines of a typical Welshman's face. All his emotions become tinged with melancholy. Even in his pleasures he will see the pathetic side of it. That old taunt about taking our amusements sadly would be much truer, we take it, of the typical Welshman than of the Englishman. That this melancholy tendency is subdued and compressed by its own sensitiveness does not tend to make the breast wherein it exists one whit less intense in its loves and hates, its sorrows and joys, and all those passions with which our poor hearts have worn themselves away since the days of Adam. When a Welshman loves, it is with all the fire of his nature. When he preaches, it is with all the fervour of his splendid enthusiasm. When he sings, it is with his very soul. All his feelings are in the superlative degree. And love of country, I think, lives in him more ardently, more tenderly, than aught else. England is fatherland to the English. Wales is motherland to the Welsh. Added to all the pride with which the Englishman thinks of his country, there is a halo of sacredness, a tenderness of love, deep as the sea—down-rooted in the very depths of his being—about the thought of nativeland to the Welshman. It is intense yearning and compassion towards the country, who has so silently built up her barriers against the conquering alien, and has so silently suffered in consequence; who has so proudly gathered in her skirts, and within their folds endeavoured to keep the echoes of the past still lingering; who has clung with all the fierceness of her nature to her grand old language, and has become fossilised amidst her hills, and has fallen out of the ruck, and has been outdistanced in the international fight for place and honour. And so sympathy, which the Englishman, the Scotchman, and even the Irishman, need not in such a degree, is called forth in the case of the Welshman. He knows that the cold and critical eye of the world will judge only from results; and he waits in an ardency of expectation for the time when Wales will make up for what she has lost in the race; when she will come out from her solitude, and claim equal favours with the rest of the land; when she will prove her great capabilities, and take her place—not the lowest—among the other countries of the British Empire.

Such a time is not yet. Wales has not found her level in the arena of British art, literature, and science. One may even go further and state that, save in one department—that of the pulpit

—she has made a miserably poor show in all public matters. She has been silent, inert, listlessly apathetic. She might, to all intents and purposes, be the valley of dry bones which Ezekiel beheld in his vision. While Scotland and Ireland have with brawny will and aggressive front pressed forward to a share in the honours of success on every hand, Wales has made but a feeble, intermittent, and utterly insignificant display. With all her wealth of fire and enthusiasm, with all her nervous and passionate impulsiveness, she has sung small in the race of the nations. Let us, so to speak, place her in the pillory, and shake our finger at her shortcomings. Let us take, first of all, the art of music. Now it must be premised that Wales is an essentially musical nation. She is the land of song and melody. She has, as a natural and inherent gift, the musical ear. Her humblest sons take to music as the duck to the water. Her Eisteddfod—that strange and unique institution which is so great a wonder and curiosity to the English mind—is chiefly devoted to music. The study of the art is, without doubt, the chief occupation of her leisure hours. To be considered a musician is one of the great ambitions in every town and hamlet throughout her length and breadth. The roughest workman will labour out with zest and interest a crude knowledge of the staff or sol-fa notation, and will sing in his chapel choir, spending evening after evening at the “singing school” for simple love of it. Every church and chapel in every village and town has its choir, often numbering sixty, seventy, or a hundred voices; and every choir has its musical prodigies, leaders of parts, mayhap, who have never had a lesson in music in their lives, or some uncouth colliers or tip-girls, with voices which, had they been trained and developed, might have made of them Edward Lloyds or Antoinette Sterlings. District after district has its “united choral union,” which will take up the study of some work of the great masters, and deliver it at an annual concert or Christmas festival; not in the pale, flickering, dispassionate style which is so characteristic of some English choirs, but with rugged fire and intensity. I have had the good fortune to hear the greatest oratorios rendered under the most brilliant conditions that talent and culture could produce in this the most talented and cultured of all métropoles, but I have never heard the majestic roll of the Hallelujah Chorus, or the matchless melodies of the *Elijah*, rendered with such soul and *verve* and eloquence as by an obscure “United Choir,” led by a working man in a mining village among the hills of Glamorganshire. Rough, if you will; ruggedly vehement and impetuous; but rough with the roughness of unpolished genius, impetuous with the impetuosity of mountain torrents. The force of it, the emotional fervour, the richness of volume, the tone and *timbre* in it: these are things not to be forgotten. The same qualities in a lesser degree may be observed in the singing of any

small chapel choir inside the boundaries of Wales. You shall never hear such singing as you may hear on quiet Sunday evenings from some Welsh hill-side sanctuary, by a choir of working lads and lasses, conducted by some rough-and-ready, unkempt, self-taught musician.

Music, then, we assert, is the very soul and kernel of the Welsh nature. A musical ear is the national birthright. Every Welsh preacher who migrates to an English church finds the greatest difficulty in abstaining from that weird, peculiar intonation of his sermon which is known as the *hwyl*, and which is often strange and objectionable to English ears. And another remarkable and subtle fact which will be interesting to English readers, and at the same time significant of the sensitiveness of the Welsh musical ear, is that it is positive discord to many amongst Welsh congregations if the minister, in "giving out" the first verse of the hymn, does not so pitch his voice that it shall be in harmony with the key in which the tune has preliminarily been played by the instrumentalist.

Surely, then, bearing these facts in mind, it must be admitted that Wales ought to have done something great in the musical world. And yet she has done practically nothing. In music she is silent, save for a few vocalists and two or three very minor composers, who can hardly be said to have made themselves felt outside their own country. We may fairly contend that, bearing in mind her natural gifts in this direction, it is Wales who should make herself felt in England in the art of creative music, and not England in Wales. I cannot think of even one ballad, apart from such old-time national airs as "The Men of Harlech," and excepting one or two compositions by the late Brinsley Richards, that has won success or recognition among English musical critics. In music, then, Wales has failed to assert herself; and we must, perforce, in this connection, write over against her *Desunt cætera*.

Or take the art of literature. What has Wales's record been? Again her hills are silent, save in her own language. On English ground, with English competition to contend against and English audiences to weigh and criticise, she has simply been dumb. There is no proud niche in the history of English literature to which one may point with pride and say: "Here are the contributions of Wales." Take alone the art of the novelist. We look at the list which Scotland has furnished, and we see the names of Scott, MacDonald, Black, and Barrie. Ireland has given us Lover, Lever, McCarthy. England has supplied us with a whole host. Wales has given us not one. Or turn to poetry. The land of bards, the country of song, with a proud history in poesy, possessing in her own language epics which, in their grace of diction and wild charm

of imagery, are surpassingly beautiful, ought not Wales to have done something notable in the richly dight garden of English poetry? We turn to the current publishing lists, we turn to books past and present, and we find one name, and one name only, which has created respect among English reviewers. Wales may be justly proud of Lewis Morris. But he is her one man, her solitary figure; and with his name we perforce come to a full period. Or take science. England can boast of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Dallinger, Spencer. Scotland can point to Henry Drummond. Wales has given us not one.

Is it not possible that through her silence in the great arena of the arts, Wales is just a little looked down upon by her sister countries? It is not only possible, but it is a fact—a fact which causes the blood to mantle to the cheek of the educated Welshman. It were useless to deny that, given an intelligent Scotchman and Welshman together, the latter would be placed second in point of ability—not only in point of education, for that goes without saying, but in point of general ability. So true is it that the world judges you, not by what you can do, but by what you have done. It is but natural. But that a Welshman should be placed second, in point of general or natural ability, to Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Irishmen, is a matter of amusement to the Welshman who knows his country. It is so utterly farcical, nonsensical, and unfair. There is, given due advantages, enough fire and enthusiasm in the Welsh nature to set the world ablaze in all the arts and sciences. This is no mere figure of speech. The proofs, all convincing and trumpet-tongued, lie ready to hand. We have stated that in one department—that of the pulpit—Wales has made her mark. And in this fact you have the one significant saving clause which proves the power of the little Principality to mount high on the ladder of fame in every region of the higher callings. For mark this: the power of bringing forth eloquent preachers is in itself a guarantee of the possession of such qualifications as would burst open the door to success in every path of the artistic world, in painting, in literature, in music, and in song. I venture to submit this proposition: *That the land which can give us great preachers can give us great novelists, great artists, great composers, great poets.*

For what are the qualifications with which a preacher of the Gospel of Christ must go forth armed before he can hope to sway and move at will the human beings who shall listen to him? “In this congregation,” says that great humanitarian, Charles Dickens—meditating upon a dense crowd of people gathered together on a dull Sunday afternoon in a London theatre to hear a religious discourse—“there is indubitably one pulse; but I doubt if any power short of genius can touch it as one, and make it answer as one.” And there you have the truth—not only of that audience in a dingy

theatre on a dull Sunday afternoon, but of every audience that ever drew together in church or chapel, to the music of peeling bells or soft voluntary of great organ. We dwellers in these stormy isles are first and foremost and essentially a church and chapel-going people. Sunday, and the suit of solemn black, and the Prayer-book or denominational hymnal under the arm, and the seat in the rented pew, are mechanical matters of course. "Mechanical," that is the word. Even Heine got hold of it, and vigorously twitted us. When a man, and especially an Englishman, gets into a mechanical rut, nothing short of a mental Hercules can rouse him out of it. We have listened to sermons in our mechanical, easy-going way since the days when we first toddled by our parents' side to our corner in the high-backed pew. We have, as a nation, as tough and capacious a swallow for sermons as we have for the proverbial roast beef. We are sermon-sodden, sermon-impregnated, sermon-salted, and, in consequence, sermon-proof. What, then, will move us? Lolling in our cushioned pews with an equanimity truly rhinoceros-hided in its imperviousness, thinking upon the cut of Brown-Jones's coat, we absently bawl "Thy kingdom come" as we ponder upon some business scheme for the morrow, and mentally hug our knees in cosy self-satisfaction while the bullets of denunciation, warning, declamation, indignation, pleadings, threatenings, are hurled at us only to glance off as though they were pellets of wool. We have been acclimatised to regard this as the Sunday sponge-bath. We enjoy it as we would a small snowstorm. It gives us an appetite for dinner. We all, as sermon-tasters, partake more or less of the capacity of Robert Louis Stevenson's Scotchman, who exclaimed with enthusiastic approval anent the evening sermon at the kirk: "We were a' damned, and that was clear."

What, then, can move us? Certainly not the ordinary, harmless cut-and-dried little homily that issues weekly from half the pulpits in the land, with its smug, cut-and-dried little arrangement of very bald heads, with its firstly and its secondly and its thirdly and its tame little wind-up. And as certainly not the noisome thunderings, furies, and gesticulations of some mighty-voiced vociferator, who stamps and howls and shrieks, and metaphorically tears his hair, as though he would shout salvation into us. Alas for you, my stentorian brother! Noise cannot do it. We are utterly *blasé* and case-hardened. Trumpet-blasts may have brought down the Jericho of stone, but they will not move the Jericho of human apathy. What, then, are the qualifications necessary to the truly great preacher? What can move us? For we can be moved! Underneath all the phlegmatic stolidity, underneath all the stony indifference, there beat human hearts, with all the human capacities for delight, passion, pain, and tears—hearts that, be they ever so humble, will give forth music to the touch of the master-hand—

hearts that can surge and yearn and sigh with the purest and deepest aspirations when kindled into warmth and moved to emotion by the electric thrill of sympathy and noble enthusiasm. What, I ask, must be the qualifications of the preacher who can in this fashion break down the adamant barrier of the conventional Sunday and touch the hidden and secret chords in the hearts of his hearers?

He must, to begin with, have a veritable wealth of soul, of emotion, of fervid and fiery-hearted enthusiasm, such as would carve a way for themselves in any art or calling. He must have the imagery, the grace, the lofty ideals, the charm of diction, the subtlety of thought, that are the essentials of the poet. He must have the deep understanding of human character, the intense compassion for human frailties, the passionate admiration for all that is best and truest in human nature, the gift of glowing and nervous word-painting, the keenness of vision, the power of moving to alternate tears and delight by pathos and rapturous exultation, which go to the making of the great novelist. He must have the fire, the virility, the logical sequence, the terse, convincing argumentative faculty, the brilliant turns, the sudden sallies, the flashing perorations, of the great orator. He must have the gentle refinement, the discriminating taste in the selection of his subjects and illustrations, the delicacy and deftness of touch in limning human life, human woes, human joys on his canvas, which are the attributes of the painter. And what is more than all these, he must be a man of pure heart, of clean life, untainted from the world, pulsating and glowing with noble, generous, loving thoughts towards his fellow-men.

Take such a man, and you have the great preacher. May it not, then, in truth be said that the country which, despite lack of the higher education, despite want of culture, despite the disadvantages of an alien tongue, can send forth such men to charm and sway critical and refined English audiences—may it not be said that this country has within her powers far above the ordinary run?

That Wales is recruiting the ranks of the Christian ministry with such men in large numbers is a matter of common knowledge. A Welshman is the heart and soul and fire of the remarkable Wesleyan West End Mission. A minister who is known as "the Spurgeon of Wales," who is a Welshman *totis viribus*, in every nerve and fibre and heart-beat, and who stands towering in his time a grand, strong, rugged figure, was last year the Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. A young son of the Principality, cradled in a humble home, taught in a small and obscure ministerial training college, has been invited and has elected to succeed one of the most scholarly preachers of our day as pastor of one of the finest Scotch churches in the north of London to-day; from a pulpit formerly

occupied by a man whose intellectual powers have raised him to the position of Principal of one of the denominational colleges, a Welshman is preaching with such charm, such passionate eloquence, that sittings in his beautiful and commodious church cannot be obtained for love or money. In the north-east of London, in the east, in the south, in the south-west, Welshmen are ministering with the same remarkable success. It is the same story throughout the length and breadth of the land. Wherever men congregate together, Welshmen are found to the fore as preachers. Even America is knocking at the door of Wales for her ministers, and a sturdy typical Celt, who for years drew dense crowds of hearers at a large church in Highbury, is now filling an important sphere in Australia.

If a few spare sparks of her fervid nature, sent out by Wales now and again to foreign ground, can create such an effect on the minds of men, what shall we say of the latent and fierce heat which glows red-hot within the heart of the Principality? The preaching of Welshmen in England, powerful though it is, is no more to be compared with the preaching of Welshmen in Wales unto Welsh audiences, whether in the vernacular or in the English language, than are the sparks to be compared with the furnace which sends them forth. For there, in Wales, the preacher finds the magnetic thrill of sympathy, the electric current of fire unto fire and music unto music, between his audience and himself; he becomes veritably inspired; he sways his hearers at will; he soars into an ecstasy of emotional eloquence. Such meetings as have been held in many a little Welsh chapel in dusty mining town or remote country-side could never be conceived by an English mind. Such passion, such depth of feeling, such swift responsiveness on the part of the audience, such fervid "Amen," such contagiousness of religious emotion, have never been seen and heard in England. The story is told of a remarkable Welsh preacher who so moved his hearers to frenzied despair and excitement that scores of them stood up in the body of the church, and holding out their hands to him piteously, called upon his name again and again, as though imploring him to desist, or seeking his compassion in their distress. Although I have never seen anything so intensely dramatic as this, I remember scenes at Welsh open-air "association-meetings" which for fervour and ecstatic emotion almost approach it; and it is undoubtedly a fact that there are hundreds of rugged, eloquent village pastors in the Principality to-day, with doctrinal backbones like oak-trees, and the flash of genius in their eyes, who had they but been educated to make the most of their talents, or to seek contact with the busy world, might have shaken cities with the thunder of their eloquence.

One has only to peer back at random into the shady glades of

memory to call forth, one after the other in quick succession, characteristic passages from the sermons of Welshmen, one and all serving to show the poetical charm and pathos of their preaching. Here, for instance, is an illustration used by the late Rev. Dr. Rees of Swansea, one of the best-known figures of his day in the sturdy religious life of the Principality. I forget what the sermon was about; I forget the text; I forget even the application of the passage I am about to recall; but that passage I shall never forget. It is one of those things that sink indelibly into the memory, and lives there perfumed, like the lavender in an old-time chest of drawers. "They tell me," said the old Doctor, his deep voice tremulous with emotion, "they tell me that I am growing old; that my beard has grown white with the march of the years; and when they tell me this, I always think of the snowdrop. Do you know what the message of the snowdrop is? When that little flower raises its pure head above the snows of winter, it is a presage and a sign of the summer that is coming; it is to say: 'Be glad, for the time of the singing of birds will soon be here.' And so, you see, my white beard is only the snowdrop come to tell me that for me the summer-time is drawing nigh; that the winter of life is nearly over: that the Light of God's smile and the Everlasting Rest are close at hand."

Or here is another which I heard from well-known lips in a little country chapel, round whose sacred calm there will always be a tender halo in my memory. It is one of the most beautiful illustrations I ever heard from a pulpit. The grace of it, the imagery of it, could not be surpassed in Ripon Cathedral or the City Temple. "I was troubled the other day," said the preacher, "to see that they were cutting down the larch wood on the mountain-side. That larch wood, with its melody of birds and its shady paths, had been one of my favourite walks. But lo and behold! one morning, when all the trees were down, I found that a new prospect had been opened up by their removal—a prospect sweet and beautiful to the eye. I could see what, from that point, I had never been able to see before—miles upon miles of undulating landscape stretching away to the south, and bounded on the horizon by the silver gleam of the Bristol Channel. And I thought, as I looked, 'How true it is that, through God's divine mercy, loss may turn to blessing, and tribulation to joy, in exactly the same way!' The trials and bereavements of life, the loss of all that is most dear to us, will only reveal to us something more beautiful beyond if we will look for it in faith and hope."

These men, sirs, are of no account in the eyes of the world. They are, to the world, only poor, obscure, ill-dressed parsons. But I put it to you whether there is not more manhood, more glory, more grandeur in their lives than in all the fanfare and trumpet-blare of a Napoleon's career! Going about like the benison of God among

their flocks, spending their days in ministering to the poor and humble—scorning all the seductions, the prizes, and the ambitions of the world—content, through poverty, through adversity, through good repute and through evil repute, to “bear the burden of weary days” for the sake of the Cross of Christ; I put it to you whether these men are not heroes who tower above all the warriors that the world has ever seen. I have known some of these men, and especially do I know one of them. The friendship and regard of that man are the honour and blessing of my life. I never think of him but I mentally uncover my head. I never look on him but I feel how small and pitiful a thing I am. He is only a poor country minister, but he is the grandest man I have ever been privileged to meet.

Oh, you of the world and the society drawing-room, may it not be that humble, simple Wales, looked down upon by you as a land of uncouth boors, scorned as antediluvian, primitive, untutored, ignorant—may it not be that even Wales can teach you a lesson in some things which it would be well for you to learn? By its simple, upright religious life, by its healthy, clear-minded content in the routine of daily duty; by its dignified rest and satisfaction in its jogtrot life between the farm and the chapel, and the chapel and the farm; by its simplicity, its honesty, its pure, sturdy loyalty to its God and its home, may it not teach you that the world is only a sham and a delusion, that the happiness and peace of heart which you are trying vainly to find therein are but tinsel, false gewgaws, will-o'-the-wisps, leading you towards the quagmire—may it not show you where is to be found the magical charm for the dispelling of the unrest and *ennui* which are eating into and rotting the very core of your hearts!

This is the Wales of fact, the Wales for which I claim depths of possibilities yet unsounded in the history of the British Empire. It is at once a sad and hopeful picture; sad because of great powers allowed to lie waste and inert; hopeful, because of the Principality's signal success in the field which I hold to be at once the highest and the most significant of undoubted genius. Why is it that Wales, if she have these great abilities, has failed to keep abreast of the other countries of the United Kingdom? And why is it, if success in the pulpit be indicative of the power to succeed in other callings, that Wales's contributions to those other callings are so conspicuous by their inconsequence and often by their utter absence? These are fair and reasonable questions, and are all the more acceptable because easy to answer. That Wales should succeed in the pulpit is but a natural consequence of a natural gift. To preach is her second nature. She does not need any training for it other than she can herself supply. In becoming a nation of preachers, Welshmen have simply followed their bent, not as the result of advantages provided for them by the Legis-

lature, but in spite of the want of them. The genius of preaching is inborn within them, it is in their blood, it is engendered by their early training, by their inherited nature, and by that religious atmosphere which casts a warm glow upon the whole life of the Principality. It was in their forefathers before them. The instinct of exhortation, of moving the emotions, has permeated the generations of Welshmen from the earliest and most barbaric times. Time was when the fiery bards, like ancient prophets, stood on the heights with their long hair streaming in the wind, and burst forth into fervid, inspiriting appeal, or wild, weird, minor war-song, moving the hot blood of their hearers, and stirring them to a very frenzy of bravery. Now the same wild, impulsive nature finds its vent in the pulpit for a higher, nobler purpose. But it is the same instinct and impulse as that which moved the bards centuries ago. That Wales should shine in the pulpit is but natural, let the Legislature neglect her as it may. But, on the other hand, it is quite as impossible that she should be able to succeed in or even enter the world of high art without special educational facilities of the highest quality. For all the arts—painting, poetry, oratory, music, and even the art of the novelist to a great extent—need in their votaries, not only that refinement which comes of culture and superior education, but that technical training which every country should place within the reach of the meanest of her sons. Otherwise are her powers like the mighty colliery machinery that lies motionless, rusty, and useless; or like the diamond in the rough, untrimmed, unset, devoid of beauty or grace.

Herewith, then, we come to the specific causes of Wales's puerile show in the public arena. Those causes I judge—and, I think, correctly—to be as follows :

(1) The neglect of the State, and, in consequence, a defective system of education.

(2) The national prejudice and exclusiveness of Wales; her stubborn and suicidal resistance to the adoption of the English language; and the consequent awkwardness and inefficiency of Welshmen in that tongue when they go forth to combat with the world.

These are the stumbling-blocks to Wales's success, and they must be removed ere she can assert herself. The first-mentioned cause brings us back to the point wherefrom we started. Wales has shut England out with all her might and main, and in turn has been herself shut out. I charge England with having failed in her duty towards Wales—that duty which, I repeat, should be the first on the part of any country towards her dependent States; the duty of fostering them, educating them liberally, and bringing out their best capabilities for the commonweal. What sort of educational system is it that has been in vogue in Wales? If England had

been avowedly playing a farce on the subject she could not have been more successful in her wholesale neglect and indifference. What chance, I ask, have a humble, rural population, in a remote hill-bound country, of securing education for themselves unless special facilities are placed at their doors by the State? All the life of Wales has been a continual turning of the wheel upon herself. Her young men, what have they done? They have been brought up among their hills to speak the Welsh language, and perhaps to stutter a smattering of English. They have attended a school where they have learned the rule of three and the rudiments of geography. And then they have gone to work on the farm or in the coal-pit. If they are above the ordinary, they have aspired to the pulpit, the shop, or the office. But it is a notorious fact that in cases where they have afterwards won good positions for themselves on the common fighting-ground of England, it has been their own energy and enthusiasm to which they have been indebted, and not to those advantages with which they have been equipped at the start. A Welshman, apart from his natural ability and his integrity and sobriety of life—engendered by a religious training—has not in the past been fitted to cope with the competition which rages out in the world. He has, to begin with, but an imperfect knowledge of English. His school has given him but the bare bones of an education—just something to lift him above the ploughman. French and German were never thought of. Commercial book-keeping was an unknown quantity. He has had no social education, one of the greatest sins of all. Going out into the English social world has been like entering on a strange and foreign shore. The schools of a better class than the common every-day one which he has attended have been few and far between. Even those that have existed have been, most of them, established as private ventures on the part of, say, some country ministers, for the avowed purpose of preparing for college candidates for the ministry, and giving them a start in the dead languages. Unhappy and suggestive omen this, that the first steps towards being a minister should be to learn something dead. Every Welshman could not be a minister. And, moreover, these schools, started spasmodically here and there, as accident would have it, without any regularity or system, can well be believed to have proved of no benefit to the country at large.

But it may be asked: What about the University Colleges of Aberystwith, Cardiff, and Bangor? The two latter have not long been established. The first-named has indeed existed solitarily at one extreme end of Wales. But from such common every-day schools as Wales has possessed to the University College is, in the light of common sense, an impossible leap. Intermediate schools, such as the sons of the people would be able to attend, have until recently been quite foreign to the Principality. And, mark

you, the evil has been so self-evident, the want has been so palpably great, that the Cardiff and Bangor Colleges were for a long time, and very likely are still, in a great measure *simply filling the functions and doing the work of ordinary intermediate schools.*

Even allowing for the slightly improved state of affairs which after long agitation England has in listless manner brought about, the system of education cannot be described as aught else than grotesquely defective and half-hearted. It is ridiculous, when you come to think of it, that there should not be in the whole Principality a single degree-granting University or incorporation, save the little College of Lampeter, devoted exclusively to the training of students for the Church of England ministry. The three University Colleges must, forsooth, send their papers up to London for examination, but a small sectarian training seminary is thought capable of granting its own degrees! Space, unfortunately, forbids a detailed criticism of the Welsh educational system—such a fruitful subject would require a separate article—but one thing is certain. The system must be amended and extended ere any really good results can accrue; and one duty of the Welsh members of the House of Commons is to give their earnest attention to this subject without delay. Time is ever swiftly on the wing. It takes generations to produce a cultivated nation. Oh, the pity of it! precious years and precious careers are being wasted while Wales is shut up in her shell.

What has she heard and felt within that shell? Many a noble song of the future. Many a lofty aspiration and heart-thrilling impulse. Many a warm, passionate soul has yearned and surged within those mountain fastnesses as the north wind has swept down the valley with a moan—many a soul that had it but known what it was yearning for, would have made its owner a Dante, or a Dickens, or an Arthur Sullivan. Within the shelter of those hills many a Walter Besant, many a Robert Louis Stevenson, is living his humble life—down the coal-pit mayhap, or considering his social problems, weaving his graceful fancies as he trims the wayside hedges. It is all within the shell. The Dante or the Dickens lives his little life, and lies, at last, in the graveyard of the dissenting chapel on the hill, and the world is none the wiser. All within the shell. And that is the pity of it.

All the responsibility, as I have pointed out, does not rest on the shoulders of England. Wales is also to blame, although not in so great a measure. Her prejudice against the English language has fossilised her, stultified her progress, and handicapped her young men. Let her preserve her vernacular by all means—it is beautiful and grand and sonorous—but it is suicidal to attempt to preserve it at the expense of the language of the consolidated Empire, the language which, whether she will it or not, must be the future language

of Wales. Only recently have I come across an instance—one amongst many—of the paralysing results of the indifferent acquaintance of many young Welshmen with the English tongue. I know a young Cardiganshire Welshman, a veritable genius. He is only the son of a poor country carpenter. He has an insatiable thirst for knowledge. He plodded and laboured his way, despite all disadvantages, to the University College of Aberystwith. He won an exhibition which enabled him to maintain himself. He sat at London for his matriculation and came out in honours. He is reading—practically in a garret—for his B.A. He will get it easily. He is the kind of man who would carve a brilliant way for himself, but—and it is a fatal but—his English, both as to manner and matter, is simply ludicrous, despite the fact that he has acquired a perfect knowledge of the language on paper. He is lamentably slow and *gauche* and halting in his sentences: his sensitive nervousness sits like a malignant sprite on his tongue, and causes him to splutter and stumble and blush and twitch over every sentence. He will never get over that lack of early training which alone leads to perfect facility in a language. With all his splendid gifts, this man's life will be a failure. No first-class English schoolmaster will ever take him as an assistant. He has no profession. He is manifestly unfitted for the pulpit. He has no business experience. I expect to hear ere long that he has gone back to the carpenter's shop.

And so the days have been going by, and the young men of Wales have for the most part gone from their rule of three to their plough and their coal-pit. And that has for the most part been the end of it. But the unerring scroll of the years shall tell a different story ere many generations have gone by. The hope of Wales lies in the future. Her past is a lotos-garden of memories. Her present is a dead letter. Her future is her only hope, and thitherward should her eyes be strained. There is for her, if she will but arise and strive towards it, a great and a glowing future lying over the mystical horizon of possibilities—that horizon which in the history of every nation and every human being is at once so dark with might-have-beens and so bright with the rose-colour of hope and promise. Rugged hills and steep paths may be in the way, but the golden light is there and may be reached at last. Even as the sleeping land wots not of the glorious shimmering dawn that lies out beyond the dark and distant mountains—a dawn and a daylight that can be reached only by the steady striving towards them of the spinning globe—so Wales will never realise the possibilities that exist for her until she rises in all her strength and presses forward towards them. All the requisite qualities for success, apart from purely natural abilities, are within her borders: the power of endurance which comes of homely, hardy regular habits of life; the moral fibre, the simple integrity, which are born of stern Puritanism; the cleanliness of

life, the healthiness of mind, which spring from the devoutly religious atmosphere in which the life has been nurtured; the wiriness and vitality of physique which are engendered by the fresh bracing air of the breezy hills. Surely, apart from every other consideration, these can do for Wales what they have done for Scotland, if only the motive power, the magic key of a generous education, is put within her reach. What has placed Scotchmen in the front rank of so many professions and arts? What has gained them their reputation for soundness of understanding, powers of endurance, and general capacity for work? Is it not the strong stamina, mental, moral and physical, which has resulted from the simple, hardy, religious life of the northern country? I claim for Wales that the merits of her national life are second neither to Scotland nor to any other country; that she is one of the most distinctly God-fearing and right-living nations under the face of the sun, and that therefore, on this ground also, her qualifications for success are undeniable.

That the day of awakening is coming there is not a shadow of doubt. Already the breath of life is singing a new song down those valleys that have so long been dead and voiceless. Already the people are quickening to the knowledge of what they want. Already there have arisen up, here and there, leaders of men who will not rest content until they have seen their country start to her feet and stand on an equal platform with the other portions of the British Empire. Large ports have sprung up—Cardiff, Swansea, Barry, Llanelly—and trade has been vivified. The people have become alive to new desires, fresh needs, higher aims. Ere long Wales will awake. She will realise that it is not well—hard though it may be to admit it—that she should any longer close with lock and key the door against the English language. She will learn that her self-fossilised condition has left her far behind, that it behoves her without delay to place her children in the possession of equal facilities and advantages with the children of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

And the day will come when that fire of soul which has hitherto burned untrimmed and uncultivated amongst our Welsh hills will do something great. Wales, too, will have her novelists, her artists, her composers, on that proud list that has made Great Britain what it is amongst the nations of the world.

And the yellowhammers that whistle to-day their rhythmic chant amongst those deep and peaceful valleys are, mayhap, even now singing the birth-song of a future Tennyson, or Thackeray, or William Ewart Gladstone.

HARRY DAVIES.

JOHN GAY.

THE name of John Gay is one of those which occur most readily to the minds of all who think of the literary celebrities of the last century; but to many persons he is known chiefly by the letters published in the works of his friends Pope and Swift. A century has passed since the appearance of anything pretending to be a complete edition of his writings, and, though his poems, and especially his fables, have been reprinted from time to time, it has fallen to Mr. Underhill to publish the first critical edition of Gay's poetry, with all the modern apparatus of various readings and bibliographical details. The work fills two volumes of Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen's dainty "Muses' Library," and Mr. Underhill has supplied an interesting introduction—the result of long study of the subject—which will be found to be very useful to the reader. The notes, too, are of service, and to the point, but there might with advantage have been more of them, especially in the case of a poem like *Trivia*. With the exception of a few coarse and doggerel lines, everything that has been printed of Gay's verses is given, including the songs, prologues, and epilogues from the plays. Certain "Tales" are placed at the end of the second volume, after the index, and can easily be dispensed with.

In spite of the multiplication of books about books, Gay has not found a place in any of the popular series—English Men of Letters, Great Writers, English Worthies, and the like—and Mr. Austin Dobson's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* has been the best account of the facts of the poet's life that we have had. In the present paper an effort will be made to give some account of Gay and of his work, part of which does not come within the scope of Mr. Underhill's book, and to add some details that have not been known to former writers.

The Gays were a very old Devonshire family, and their pedigree has been set forth at great length by the aid of investigations by Mr. Hiern and other county antiquarians. There was a John Gay of Goldsworthy, Parkham, a little to the south of Portledge, Bideford Bay, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and his descendants settled at various places in the neighbourhood; some at Barnstaple, where one was Mayor in 1533 and 1542, and others at Frithelstock, near Torrington. A John Gay, baptized at Barnstaple in 1613, was buried at Frithelstock in 1678, and his fourth son,

William, was the poet's father. William Gay married, in 1673, Katherine, daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Hanmer, of Barnstaple, a well-known Nonconformist, and they had five children, of whom John, the youngest, was born on the 30th of June, and baptized on the 16th of September, 1685, at Barnstaple.¹ Gay's mother died in 1694, and his father a year later, but the children were not left without means. Gay's brother Jonathan became a captain in the army, and the two sisters who grew up married into families of respectable position. There is still in existence the manuscript of the funeral sermon upon Gay's mother, preached by the Rev. John Hanmer, her brother, from Coloss. i. 27, and with the sermon is a dedicatory letter to the widower:—"Dear Brother,— Oh let the remembrance of her holy conversation be ever powerful to quicken you and yours to be followers of her as she was of Christ Jesus, that it may be seen that you have not forgotten that you were once favoured with such a wife, nor your children that they were once blessed with such a mother."

John Gay was sent to the Grammar School at Barnstaple, where he studied, not without good result, first under Mr. Rayner, and afterwards Mr. Luck, who published verses in later years, and spoke of himself as one "who taught your Gay to sing."² In due course the lad was apprenticed to a mercer in London, but the life was uncongenial, and his depression of spirits led to illness, which necessitated his return to the country. This is the version given by Gay's nephew; Johnson says that the lad was tired of restraint and easily persuaded his master to discharge him. However this may be, he returned to Barnstaple, where he stayed with his uncle, the Rev. John Hanmer, for a time, and then went back to London, we know not exactly when. In May, 1708, however, he published anonymously his first piece, *Wine, a Poem*, with the motto, "*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt, Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*" A copy of the scarce folio pamphlet of eight leaves (which Mr. Underhill appears not to have seen), roughly printed "for William Keble, at the Black-Spread-Eagle in Westminster Hall," lies before us, but the piece is of little intrinsic worth, though it contains some allusions of interest. It is in blank verse, and like John Philips's *Cyder*, which had been published earlier in the same year, it is written in imitation of Milton's style:

¹ There was considerable discussion some seven or eight years ago about the supposed discovery that Gay was born and baptized in 1685, and not in 1688, as all his biographers had stated. But Lysons, so long ago as 1822, gave, in his *Magna Britannia*, the correct date and place of baptism from the Barnstaple registers.

² It seems hardly necessary to conclude, with Mr. Underhill, that because Luck makes no other allusion to his famous pupil, and Gay has left no reference to his teacher, that there was an estrangement between them, even though Luck was a thoroughgoing Churchman, and Gay's grandfather and uncle were dissenting ministers. It is to be remembered that Luck's volume was not published until after Gay's death, and that Gay never visited Barnstaple after his second departure for London in or before 1706, when he was twenty-three or less.

" Bacchus divine, and my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Inspired, sublime on Pegasean wing
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air."

We know nothing of how Gay spent the next three years, but in May, 1711, he printed a valuable pamphlet, *The Present State of Wit*, containing an account of the periodical literature of the day, and more especially a very appreciative notice of the work of Steele and Addison. The Tories are called "the better part of the nation," yet Swift thought the tract was written by a Whig. In the following year (April 15, 1712) Gay published a "tragi-comical farce" called *The Mohocks*, and in May he printed lines addressed to Lintot, with portions of Pope's "harmonious Muse," in the volume of Lintot's *Miscellany* which contained Pope's *Essay on Criticism*. He seems to have made Pope's acquaintance about 1711, and to him he dedicated, in January, 1713, his poem, *Rural Sports*.¹ On the 12th of May the *Wife of Bath*, in which Chaucer appears, was acted without success at Drury Lane; it is a feeble piece, and is often not included in the old editions of Gay's dramatic works.

In 1712 Gay had become secretary to the imperious and eccentric Duchess of Monmouth, widow of the Duke who had been beheaded in the reign of James II., but by June 1714 he was "quite off" with her, as he told Swift, or, as Arbuthnot put it, "the Duchess has turned him off, which I am afraid will make the poor man's condition worse instead of better." But Gay had now many friends. He wrote some excellent papers for Steele's *Guardian* in 1713; in December of that year he contributed verses to Steele's *Poetical Miscellanies*, and published *The Fan*, an artificial poem, not without interest, however, to the student of eighteenth-century manners. The more important *Shepherd's Work*, written at Pope's wish, to ridicule Ambrose Philips' *Pastorals*, appeared in April 1714, and is now of interest because of the genuine love of the country which is shown in it, and because of its many curious allusions to the superstitions and customs of the rural folk of the day. The poem is dedicated to Bolingbroke, and Gay does not omit to celebrate Arbuthnot and Oxford, and, among the ladies of the Court, of whom he would in future sing,

" Lansdowne fresh as flower of May,
And Berkley lady blithe and gay,
And Anglesey whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare."

¹ Many years afterwards Swift inquired of Gay, "Have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree?" and again, "You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest."

Gay was a member of the famous Scriblers Club, which was established in 1713, and he helped Pope in writing the *Memoirs of a Parish Priest*. Pope calls Gay the secretary of the Club. There he was in frequent intercourse with Swift, Arbuthnot, Parnell, and others, and "greatness itself," in the person of Lord Oxford, "condescended to look in at the door." In June he obtained the "place" for which he had been waiting, partly through Swift's influence. He was made Secretary to Lord Clarendon, Ambassador at Hanover, in 1714; but he found it necessary, as Arbuthnot says, to dance attendance on Lord Oxford for money to buy shoes, stockings, and linen. He got £100 from the Treasury for his outfit, and Swift wrote to Arbuthnot, "I thank you for your kindness to poor Gay. Was the money paid, or put off till the day after he went?" To Gay Swift said, "Pray learn to be a manager, and pick up language as fast as you can, and get Aristotle upon Politics, and read other books upon Government; Grotius de jure belli et pacis, and accounts of negotiations and treaties, &c., and be a perfect master of the Latin, and be able to write everything of the court where you go; and keep correspondence with Mr. Lewis, who, if you write letters worth showing, will make them serviceable to you with Lord Treasurer; and take Mr. Lewis's advice in all things, and do not despise mine, and so God bless you, and make you able to make my fortunes." On the 16th of August, Gay wrote, "My Lord Clarendon is very much approved of at Court, and I believe is not dissatisfied with his reception. We have not much variety of diversions; what we did yesterday and to-day we shall do to-morrow; which is to go to court, and walk in the gardens at Herenhausen." This pleasant if somewhat monotonous life was, however, not to last; Queen Anne had died on the 1st of the month, and Lord Clarendon was recalled; and of course the secretary has to return also.

Gay had, while at Hanover, made the acquaintance of the future Queen Caroline,¹ and, now that the Hanoverians were in power, he published, in November, by the advice of Pope and Arbuthnot, a "Letter to a lady, occasioned by the arrival of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales."

"Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mentioned Gay."

Friends, he said, gave him various advice; all told him that he must write, but his mind was so occupied that he could scarce produce a strain. He wrote lines, however, on the Princess and on the King, which, he says, boasted of more truth than wit, and

¹ On the 12th of August Arbuthnot wrote to Swift: "I have a letter from Gay, just before the Queen's death. Is he not a true poet, who had not one of his own books to give to the Princess, that asked for one?"

then dressed in haste, and pressed through the crowd of needy courtiers :

"Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see
Those eyes that glad a nation, shine on me."

Such compliments were not entirely without effect, for the Prince and Princess went to see his piece, "*The What d'ye call it*," which was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on the 23rd of February 1715. This trifle is full of parodies of Otway, Dryden, Philips, Rowe, Addison, and other writers of tragedies, and was not readily understood by the ordinary spectators in the pit and gallery, but after the third day "they also took the hint," and clapped loudly. Gay says that the play met with more assistance than could be expected from a thing so out of the way of the common taste of the town. It was printed in March.

Early in 1716 Gay's most important long poem, *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, was published. It contains very much that is of interest to students of the manners of the last century. In mock heroics, with a touch of reality in them, Gay claimed for this work immortality :

"Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
But never reach the eternal part, my fame."

The critics, he said, would probably cease to envy when they found from this poem that he walked on foot. Lintot paid £43 for the copyright, and the author made over £100 by the sale of large paper copies. A year later, on the 16th of January, 1717, the unfortunate piece, *Three Hours after Marriage*, was produced at Drury Lane. Pope and Arbuthnot were in part responsible for this play, but Gay alone signed the advertisement which was prefixed to it when it was printed, and he certainly had the greatest share in the work. The satire upon Dr. Woodward, Dennis, and the players brought trouble upon the authors, who were themselves attacked in more than one pamphlet. Pope was much annoyed at the mishap, but Gay wrote reassuringly, "I will, if any shame there be, take it all to myself, and indeed I ought, the motion being first mine, and never heartily approved by you."

Later in the year Gay wrote an amusing epistle to the Earl of Burlington, on whose behalf he had undertaken a journey to Exeter. At Axminster he met with a female barber, and when he reached "Devon's city," he exclaims :

"Hail, happy native land !—but I forbear,
What other counties must with envy hear."

He also went to Paris and Aix, in the position of secretary to William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, and in an epistle to that nobleman he has left us a clever account of his experiences,

with many observations upon French fops and ladies of fashion ("All Frenchmen are of *Petit-maitre* kind"). He concludes with reflections upon the happiness of the land, and of its monarch, where, as in Britain, "guardian laws despotic power restrain." Next year he was at Lord Harcourt's, in Oxfordshire, and there occurred the incident of the death of two rural lovers through a stroke of lightning, with which all readers of Pope are familiar. In 1719 he paid another visit to France.

We can here merely mention that Gay did not confine himself to poetry. In 1716 he had produced, under the name of Sir James Baker—a gambler known as the Knight of the Peak—a short satire called *God's revenge against Punning*; in 1717 he published, under the same pseudonym, *An Admonition merry and wise to the famous Mr. Tr[ap], on his late Encomiums upon the Bishop of Bangor*; and this was followed in 1718 by *A letter to a Buttonian K . . . from Sir James Baker, Admirer-General of the Fair Sex, and late Secretary of the Toasts of the Kit-cat Club: containing some Observations on Squire Budgell's Letter to the Lord . . .*," which is for the most part an attack upon Eustace Budgell, Addison's cousin, but which contains also satire upon Steele's curious Fish-Pool scheme, and upon Aaron Hill's plan for making oil of beech-mast.

To 1719 belongs the story, told by Spence on Pope's authority, of Gay's visit to the dying Addison at Holland House:—"A fortnight before Addison's death, Lord Warwick came to Gay, and pressed him in a very particular manner 'to go and see Mr. Addison,' which he had not done for a great while. Gay went, and found Addison in a very weak way. He received him in the kindest manner, and told him 'that he desired this visit to beg his pardon: that he had injured him greatly: but that if he lived, he should find that he would make it up to him.' " Gay could only guess that Addison might have done something towards preventing him obtaining the long-sought preferment from the present Ministry.

In the following year, Gay secured substantial success by the publication of his poems by subscription in two quarto volumes. The poet realised £1000 by this edition, and the list of subscribers is even more imposing than that prefixed to the ponderous folio which Prior issued in 1718, and which all his friends, including Gay, had done their utmost to promote. The Prince and Princess of Wales headed the list of subscribers to Gay's volumes, some noblemen took twenty-five or fifty copies, and among the names of personal friends are those of Pope, Prior, Dr. Arbuthnot and his two brothers, Robert and George Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Young, Handel, Kneller, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Tonson and Lintot, the principal publishers of the day, were jointly responsible for the issue of the book, and the following letter from Gay to Tonson, evidently written in the autumn of 1720, shows

that the business with the former was not conducted without friction :

"SIR,—I received your Letter with the accounts of the Books you had delivered. I have not seen Mr. Lintot's account, but shall take the first opportunity to call upon him. I cannot think your letter consists of the utmost civility, in five lines to press me twice to make up my account just at a time when it is impracticable to sell out of the Stocks in which my fortune is engag'd : between Mr. Lintot & you the greatest part of the money is receiv'd ; and I imagine you have a sufficient number of Books in your hands for the security of the rest. To go to the strictness of the matter, I own my note engages me to make the whole payment in the beginning of September ; had it been in my power, I had not given you occasion to send to me, for I can assure you, I am as impatient & uneasy to pay the money I owe, as some men are to receive it ; and 'tis no small mortification to refuse you so reasonable a request, which is, that I may no longer be obliged to you.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"J. GAY.

"Friday morning."

The poet's difficulty in realising money to pay the publishers' bill arose from his having sunk the subscriptions he had received in the favourite South Sea Stock. His friends urged him to sell his share while it was at a premium, or at least part of it, but he refused, and lost everything. It is said that he was once worth twenty thousand pounds. By September, when he ought to have paid Tonson, the stock had fallen so much that, as he says, it was "impracticable" just then to sell out. Gay's health was affected by his misfortune, but in 1721 he was able to laugh at his own folly in "a panegyrical epistle" to Mr. Thomas Snow, goldsmith :

"Why did Change-alley waste thy precious hours
Among the fools who gaped for golden showers ?
No wonder if we found some poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air ;
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea schemes,
Who ne'er enjoyed a guinea but in dreams ;
No wonder, that their third subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold."

In August he told a friend, Mr. Coleman, that he lived almost altogether with Lord Burlington, and passed the time agreeably. In September, Mrs. Bradshaw, writing from Bath, informed Mrs. Howard, whom Gay had known for some time, that she had "met Mr. Gay by chance, and told him your message ; he is always with the Duchess of Queensberry, for we are too much for him." This is the first reference we have to the patronage of Gay by the Catherine Hyde—the "Kitty" of Prior's "Female Phaeton"—who had, in the previous year, at the age of twenty, married the Duke of Queensberry, and of whom, half-a-century later, Horace Walpole wrote :

"To many a Kitty, Love his car
Will for a day engage,
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Obtained it for an age!"

In September, 1722, Gay was once more at Bath, in company with Arbuthnot and Congreve, and Pope told him to remind the latter that there were "more men and women in the universe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Duchess"; more especially, himself and Mrs. Howard. In December Gay was in London. "I lodge at present," he informed Swift, "in Burlington House, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits.¹ They wonder at each other for not providing for me; and I wonder at them all." In his reply Swift, who had then been eight years in Ireland, said that he wished Gay were like Pope, free from the need of great men's favour. "Are you not under original sin by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? . . . I left you in a good way, both for the late Court, and the successors; and by the force by too much honesty, or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools." In his very next letter to Swift Gay was able to announce his appointment as a Commissioner of the State Lottery, worth £150 a year; and he was not without hopes of "some better and more certain provision." This convenient sinecure he retained for eight years, a fact not to be forgotten in considering what grounds he had for his complaints of neglect against Walpole and others. In July, 1723, when Gay was at Tunbridge Wells with Lord and Lady Burlington, Mrs. Howard wrote wishing she had greater power to help him. Gay sent a querulous reply in the following month, upon the methods of courtiers and statesmen. "I fancy I shall not stay here much longer," he concludes, "though what will become of me I know not—for I have not, and fear never shall have, a will of my own."

Gay had printed, in 1720, a "pastoral tragedy," called *Dione*, which, however, was never acted. Any one who has read it through will agree that there is something to be said for Dr. Johnson's contemptuous declaration: "A pastoral of a hundred lines may be endured; but who will hear of sheep and goats, and myrtle bowers and purling rivulets through five acts?" In 1724 Gay attempted a more ordinary tragedy, *The Captives*, which was acted at Drury Lane on the 15th of January; but the piece is without interest. He read the play to the Princess of Wales before its public representation, and it was dedicated to her upon publication. By help of the patronage both of the Prince and Princess, the piece was acted for seven nights; but Fenton informed Broome that it had no success:

¹ Gay had been suffering from colic; on one occasion Arbuthnot is reported to have said: "I went to visit him, and ordered him a poultice for his swelled face. He said Lord and Lady Burlington were very good to him, but the poor creature ate his poultice for hunger."

"I am told he gave fifty guineas to have it acted the fifth night." The most important result of the friendship of the Princess was that she asked Gay to write fables for the use of her son William, Duke of Cumberland. Of this commission Pope informed Swift in December 1725; in September 1726, Pope said: "The Doctor [Arbuthnot] goes to cards, Gay to Court; one loses money, one loses his time." During the summer Gay had been in Oxfordshire and at Petersham with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, "and wheresoever they would carry me." In October he was ill with fever, but as soon as he recovered he went to help Pope, who also was ill. He professed still to "despise Court preferments, so that I lose no time upon attendance on great men." Next month *Gulliver's Travels* was in every one's hands. The *Fables* were not yet ready, partly, at any rate, through delay on the part of the engravers; but Swift asked: "How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can fifty Fables." Gay's illness continued to a great extent throughout the winter, and by February Arbuthnot seems to have impressed upon him the need of exercise and of careful living. "The contempt of the world grows upon me," he tells Swift, chiefly, it would appear, because the expected "place"—over and above the Commissionership of Lotteries—came not.

May 1727 was marked by the appearance of Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, to which Gay contributed; and in June George I. died, and the Prince of Wales came to the throne. Gay had by this time published his *Fables*, with a dedication to the young Duke of Cumberland, and he now expected substantial reward. The offer came in October, when he was asked to be Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa, the Queen's youngest daughter. This post he declined, giving as a reason that he was too far advanced in life. "So now all my expectations are vanished," he wrote to Swift, "and I have no prospect but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct."

It is a pity that he never really took the lesson to heart. Pope added, in a postscript, "Gay is a free man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the same; it will mend him, and make him a better man than a Court could do." Both the poets were busy with important works; Pope with the *Dunciad*, Gay with an opera on a subject suggested by Swift long before for a "pastoral," and which was soon to take the town by storm. "You remember," he said to Swift in this same letter, "you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly; I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my opera is already finished." Swift frequently blamed Walpole and Mrs. Howard for Gay's failure to obtain what he wanted; but the charge against Walpole is not made out, and Mrs.

Howard, with the best wishes, had not the power which was supposed to be hers. It would have been wiser if Gay had accepted the post offered, which was worth £150 a year, and probably had few duties attached to it.

From a letter of Arbuthnot's we find that Gay had been negotiating for "a little place in the Custom House," of about £100 a year, but that the arrangement fell through at the end. "There is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay," said the Doctor. Mrs. Howard gave Gay kindly advice, but, without much result: "Your head is your best friend; it would clothe, lodge, and wash you; but you neglect it, and follow that false friend, your heart, which is such a foolish, tender thing, that it makes others despise your head that have not half so good a one upon their own shoulders: in short, John, you may be a snail, or a silkworm, but by my consent you shall never be a hare again." In *The Hare and many Friends*, Gay had written of

"A Hare who in a civil way
Complied with everything, like Gay."

Every creature was her friend; but when the hounds were in pursuit each animal made some excuse for not helping her. The last of them, the calf, said:

"You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part;
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see the hounds are just in view."

The Queen herself had said that she would take up the Hare; but Gay chose to regard her offer of assistance as beneath him. As Swift put it:

"Thus Gay, the Hare with many Friends,
Twice seven long years the Court attends;
Rejects a servile Usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace."

The poet was, however, about to achieve a great success. The *Beggar's Opera* was produced by Rich at Lincoln's Inn Theatre on the 29th of January, 1728, after it had been rejected by Colley Cibber at Drury Lane, and after Quin had given up the part of Macheath because of his bad opinion of the piece. Most of Gay's friends were doubtful of the reception that would be accorded to the play; and while the earlier scenes were being represented, Pope and the others were "in great uncertainty of the event"; but "the good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause." The play ran for fifty-two nights, and was revived in the following season—when it was performed, most incongruously, by children—and was acted in all parts of the kingdom. It is needless to repeat here how the ladies

had the songs inscribed on their fans, how "Rich became gay, and Gay rich"; and how Lavinia Fenton, who acted Polly, was the talk of the town, had endless verses written about her, and captivated the Duke of Bolton, who married her, twenty-four years afterwards, upon the death of his wife. Gay received £693 for four author's nights, and sold the copyright of the play, with that of the *Fables*, for ninety guineas. But in spite of his assertions that he was happier because he had no expectations from great men, it is clear that he still longed for patronage. "In about a month," he wrote in March, "I am going to Bath with the Duchess of Marlborough and Mr. Congreve; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the Court." At Bath he met Bolingbroke and others; "I do not know how long I shall stay here," he said, "because I am now, as I have been all my life, at the disposal of others." In July he left Bath to visit Lady Scudamore in Hertfordshire, but returned in August. Of these visits Swift wrote to Pope, "I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money; Providence never designed him to be above two-and-twenty, by his thoughtlessness and gullibility. He hath as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen."

Many causes led to the success of the *Beggar's Opera*. It ridiculed the prevalent Italian opera, of which people were somewhat tired; and it satirised leading men of the day, especially Walpole, besides attacking in a more personal manner the corruption of Courts and politicians. The songs were extremely popular, and the acting was good. Various pictorial satires were published, and Hogarth painted several times the scene in which Macheath, with Polly on one side and Lucy on the other, sang:

"How happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away."

The spirit of the satire is shown in the first song of Peachum, who both employed and betrayed thieves:

"Through all the employments of life
Each neighbour abuses his brother;
And the statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine."

Peachum's anger is kindled only when he hears that his daughter "has married Macheath; he had no objection to her toying with a customer in order to gain information. And Macheath, when told by the jailor, after parting with Polly and Lucy before his execution, that four more women, with a child apiece, wish to see him, says, "What, four wives more! This is too much. Here, tell the sheriff's officers I am ready." At the close the Beggar remarks to

the Player, "Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether (in the fashionable vices) the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen."

In November, 1728, Gay had a severe attack of fever, but he wrote to Swift on the 2nd of December that he hoped that it had almost left him, thanks to Arbuthnot's care. He was anxious to go out to arrange for the rehearsal of a second part of the *Beggar's Opera*, which had been written at Bath. The Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain, having heard that Rich was rehearsing a play improper for representation, had forbidden all rehearsals till he had seen the piece. Pope wrote affectionate letters saying that if he unfortunately lost his mother, then dangerously ill, he hoped that he and Gay would live most of their remaining days together; he would be willing to go to the South of France if that would aid his friend's recovery. "Dear Gay, be as cheerful as your sufferings will permit; God is a better friend than a Court; even any honest man is a better."

On the 7th of December Gay waited upon the Lord Chamberlain and left his new play with him; on the 12th it was returned with a brief answer that it would not be allowed to be acted. The result, of course, was that both the piece and its author reaped the benefit of a great advertisement. In March 1729 Gay told Swift that he had recovered his health, and that he had received during his sickness "many of the kindest proofs of friendship," particularly from the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. The Duchess had taken up his cause so warmly that she had been forbidden the Court; and the Duke had thrown up the posts he held. The play, which was to be called *Polly*, was about to be published at Gay's own expense by subscription, and the Duchess had taken an active share in procuring names. The Duchess of Marlborough gave Gay £100 for one copy, and others contributed very handsomely. Mrs. Howard expressed herself strongly before both the King and Queen in the poet's favour, and Dr. Arbuthnot proved himself the best of friends. Arbuthnot himself told Swift, "I may say, without vanity, his life, under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble servant; for a physician who had not been passionately his friend could not have saved him." "The inoffensive John Gay," he added, "is now become one of the obstructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of the ministers, the chief author of the *Craftsman*, and all the seditious pamphlets which have been published against the Government. He has got several turned out of their places; the greatest ornament of the Court banished from it for his sake; another great lady in danger of being *chassée* likewise; about seven or eight duchesses pushing forward, like the ancient

circumcelliones in the church, who shall suffer martyrdom upon his account first. He is the darling of the city. If he should travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roasted oxen sacrificed to him, since he became so conspicuous." A poem about Gay's lady admirers was published under the title *The Female Faction, or the Gay Subscribers*.

Swift wrote to Pope: "I hope he [Gay] does not intend to print his opera before it is acted; for I defy all your subscriptions to amount to £800. And yet I believe he lost as much more for want of human prudence." The quarto edition of *Polly*, with the music, was, however, ready at the end of March, and it brought to Gay £1100 or £1200. In the preface he protested against charges of disloyalty, calumny, and immorality. The scene of the piece was laid in the West Indies, where Macheath (who had escaped the gallows and been transported) had become captain of a band of pirates. Polly had followed him after her papa's execution; and the burden of the piece is to show, by delineation of the corrupt life of the planters and pirates, how far nobler were the savage Indians, who knew nothing of cheating. As one of the pirates says: "How can you expect anything else from a creature who hath never seen a civilised country? Which way should he know mankind?" And Jenny Driver exclaims that to say "consistent with honour" is downright Indian. "You may talk of honour, as other great men do; but when interest comes in your way, you should do as other great men do." In the end Macheath, who had proved in every way unworthy of the heroine, is killed, and Polly promises to marry the son of the victorious Indian chief, in whose virtues she might confidently hope to find real happiness.

In May Gay went to Scotland with the Duke of Queensberry; he had, wrote Arbuthnot, "about twenty lawsuits with booksellers for pirating his book." Things were not quite so bad as that, but what really occurred shows the popularity of the Opera, and affords an interesting illustration of the ways of piratical printers in the last century. The *Evening Post* for the 10th of April contained an advertisement to the effect that on the previous day two spurious editions of *Polly* had been published, one printed for Jeffery Walker, the other for J. Thomson, and booksellers were warned that if they dealt in copies of these editions of a book, the sole property in which was vested in the author, they would be prosecuted with the utmost severity. In Read's *Weekly Journal* for April 12, yet another spurious octavo edition was advertised: "Price one shilling, the Second Part of *The Beggar's Opera*. Sold by T. Read in White Friars." The proceedings in Chancery were prolonged to an extraordinary extent, even for those days, and though the pleadings throw some curious light upon the book-trade under the Georges, it is impossible here to say more than that there were six disputants, who

had been concerned in the issue of three or four spurious editions of the Opera. The case was still proceeding when the poet died, but it was revived by his sisters, and was ultimately decided in their favour, when the booksellers appear to have compromised the matter by paying the costs, and a large sum by way of compensation. In 1777, forty-eight years after its publication, the play was acted at the Haymarket Theatre, and, strangely enough, Gay's old friend, the Duchess of Queensberry, who was to die a month later, was among the audience. It is perhaps to be wondered at that Gay did not follow Prior in writing, as Allan Ramsay urged that he should do, in praise of the Duchess :

“Jilt up your pipes, and rise aboon
Your Trivia, and your Moorland tune,
And sing Clarinda late and soon,
In tow'ring strains,
Till grateful gods cry out, ‘Well done,’
And praise thy pains.”

Perhaps their friendship was too close to lend itself to public flattery. Gay wrote to Swift: “To the lady I live with I owe my life and fortune: think of her with respect; value and esteem her as I do. . . . She hath so much goodness, virtue, and generosity, that if you knew her, you would have a pleasure in obeying her as I do. She often wishes she had known you.” Most of the remaining three years of the poet's life were spent with his kindly patrons at Amesbury and elsewhere, and Pope complained that he saw little of him. Swift wrote that he wished Gay had a little villakin near Pope's house; “but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.” Gay had now lost his lodgings at Whitehall, for they had been judged “not convenient” for him, and had been given to another.

A newly “vamped-up” version of the *Wife of Bath* was acted in January 1730, but it met with well-merited failure. In June Gay told Swift that he had left off wine and writing; “for I really think”—here his mind reverted to the motto prefixed to his first published poem—“that man must be a bold writer who trusts to wit without it.” Swift had suggested his marrying, but Gay said that after making some advances to one lady without result he had decided to pass away life as agreeably as he could in the way he was in. “I am sunk into an idleness,” he told Pope, “which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the rest of mankind. I propose no rewards to myself, and why should I take any sort of pains?” In November Gay and the Duchess began a series of letters in common to Swift, to which the Dean replied in his kindest and lightest vein. There were many invitations to the Dean to join his friends at Amesbury, but he was never again to return to England. In March, 1731, Gay met Pope, Lord Oxford, and

other friends at Barnes, and in April he saw Mrs. Howard; most of the remainder of the year was again spent at Amesbury. There Gay saved money, to Swift's satisfaction; the Dean only wished he would add to his capital by writing: "You love twelvepenny coaches too well without considering that the interest of a whole £1000 brings you but half-a-crown a day." In October Gay saw Pope at Twickenham and Bolingbroke at Dawley, and then returned to Amesbury, whence the Duke wrote to Swift, endorsing the earlier invitations from his wife and "our dear John." Gay was not entirely idle, for he was writing more Fables, most of which had a moral of a political nature. They were not published until 1738. In May 1732 Gay's serenata *Acis and Galatea*, with music by Handel, was produced at the Haymarket; and he was preparing an opera, *Achilles*. In October he returned from a visit to Somersetshire, complaining of colic; in November he was in London, at the Duke of Queensberry's house, and there, on the 4th of December, he died, after three days' illness, of inflammation of the bowels. Pope wrote a touching letter to Swift, to which Arbuthnot added a postscript. "I shall never see you now, I believe," said Pope; "one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest, but I love you as well and as firmly." This letter was afterwards found, endorsed by Swift: "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death. Received December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." On the 23rd Gay was buried in the south transept of Westminster Abbey, "as if he had been a peer of the realm," said Arbuthnot, who, with the Duke of Queensberry, followed the chief mourner, Mr. Joseph Baller, the poet's nephew. Among the pall-bearers were Lord Chesterfield and Pope. The monument erected by the Duke of Queensberry bears Pope's well-known lines:

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child,"

and the epitaph which Gay had written for himself:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once; but now I know it."

The poet left about £6000, and letters of administration were taken out by his two widowed sisters. The late Mr. Godwin had one of Gay's mourning rings, with the inscription, "John Gay, ob. 4 Dec. 1732, æ. 48," besides other relics.

The Duchess of Queensberry wrote to Swift, who felt a high regard for her: "If I have any good in me, I certainly learned it insensibly of our poor friend, as children do any strange language. It is not possible to imagine the loss his death is to me; but as long as I have

any memory, the happiness of ever having such a friend can never be lost to me." To this Swift replied, "You will never be able to procure another so useful, so sincere, so virtuous, so disinterested, so entertaining, so easy, and so humble a friend as that person whose death all good men lament." When Arbuthnot passed away in 1735, Swift wrote, "The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor have been terrible wounds near my heart."

Gay's affectionate and amiable nature made him a general favourite; but there is some truth in Johnson's remark that the wits "regarded him as a playfellow rather than a partner, and treated him with more fondness than respect." If that were so he had no one but himself to blame. He was hopelessly indolent, and spent his life waiting for aid from others, and as Pope put it in an intentionally ambiguous line, "dies unpensioned, with a hundred friends." In those days men of letters were frequently rewarded by political posts, but it is not clear what Gay would have considered adequate, nor what duties he was fit to discharge. Yet he was always complaining of the ingratitude of the Court: "It is my hard fate; I must get nothing, write for them or against them!" He was fond of fine clothes, and like several of his friends he was a great eater. "The greatest proof of Gay's existence is, *Eli, ergo est*," said Congreve. Owing to this self-indulgence, and to a deep-rooted objection to exercise, he was very fat, and was liable to frequent attacks of fever and colic, accompanied by fits of depression; yet his temper was so sweet that his society was to the end sought by great nobles and ladies, who humoured and petted him, and by brilliant writers like Swift and Pope, who in other cases were easily provoked to hostility. His very timidity and guilelessness, his want of self-reliance and discretion, seem to have led stronger men to protect and love him.

Of Gay's earlier and longer poems it is not necessary to say more. They are little read, but will always be of value to the student of the eighteenth century, because of the information they contain. The general reader, too, will find his labour repaid by a perusal of the *Shepherd's Week* and *Trivia*, for, in the former, there is much quiet humour under an artificial surface, and the latter gives an amusing account of London under George I. Among the shorter poems, some of the Eclogues, such as *The Birth of the Squire*, *The Toilette*, *The Tea-table*, and *The Funeral*, contain many witty passages; and the Epistles are all interesting, especially *Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece*, written on the completion of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, in which all the poet's friends are represented as coming to meet him on his return to town, and are characterised in one or two lines, or by a mere epithet, in the happiest possible manner. Among the miscellaneous pieces which should not be neglected are the sprightly *Ladies' Petition to the Honourable the House of Commons*, in which the maids of Exeter

protest against their loss of the chance of marriage through the interloping of widows. Mr. Underhill calls this poem "the least doubtful piece" in the collection known as *Gay's Chair*, a little volume published in 1820, with a Life of Gay, by his nephew, the Rev. Joseph Baller. There seems good reason to doubt the authenticity of some of the pieces there attributed to Gay, but the chair, in whose secret drawer they were found, has a very respectable history. In any case, the *Ladies' Petition* seems to be genuine, though the manuscript—which differs not a little from the published text—is not in Gay's writing.

Other characteristic pieces are, *To a Lady, on her Passion for Old China*, in which the vessels are taken as types of womankind, too fair for household duty, but white and polished, "valued most when only seen," and rendered valueless by a crack or flaw. Yet we cannot despise all that is frail :

"Are not ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine and break.
A courtier's promise is so slight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night."

Gay's gentle cynicism appears again in *An Elegy on a Lap-dog*, whose epitaph is :

"Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid;
Who fawned like man, but ne'er like man betrayed."

Some of Gay's best work is to be found in his songs, but these are few in number, putting aside those in the *Beggar's Opera* and *Polly*. Among the most widely known are *Sweet William's Farewell to Black-eyed Susan*, 'Twas when the Seas were Rouring, and *Molly Mog, or The Fair Maid of the Inn*. The last of these appeared in Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies* of 1727 ; but that was not their first publication. *Mist's Journal* for August 20, 1726, contained two verses in imitation of "a ballad of rhymes upon Molly Mog," which was then being handed about ; and the following number gave the song itself in a corrupt form. Soon afterwards the piece appeared as a single folio-sheet—of the existence of which Mr. Underhill seems not to be aware—with the text practically in agreement with that of the *Miscellanies* of 1727. The original owner of the copy of this leaflet in the British Museum has added at the foot two additional verses from *Mist's Journal*.

Gay's reputation, however, rests chiefly upon the *Beggar's Opera* and the *Fables*. There is no need to say more of the former, which sparkles with witty dialogue and charming songs ; but there has been much difference of opinion respecting the latter. Thackeray confessed that he had not been able to peruse them since his very early youth ; but probably he would have found no difficulty in

digesting them if he had made some slight effort. It is true that there is a certain want of variety both in the subject and tone of the fables; but they abound in touches of humour, and are written in an easy style. Many of them are tales, and sometimes allegories, rather than fables, properly so called, and in the posthumous collection the fable forms a very small part of each poem. But what can be neater than the description of the election of the Fox as regent to the Lion? A Fox made an oration in favour of the new potentate; but the Goose remarked :

“ Whene’er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;
If they enjoy these sweets, ’tis plain
We geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havoc now shall their own race,
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on geese both noon and night ! ”

Or in the Elephant and the Bookseller,

“ Go, Man, the ways of courts discern,
You’ll find a spaniel still might learn ; ”

Or, when the Angel urged the sick man to do a pious action before he died,

“ ‘ While there is life, there’s hope,’ he cried;
‘ Then why such haste ? ’ So groaned and died.”

The monkeys despised men who strained beyond them ;

“ For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two !
I hate the imitating crew.”

Gay’s latest editor certainly does not estimate him too highly ; as Johnson said, “ he had not in any great degree the *mens divini*or, the dignity of genius.” But if Gay has been awarded quite as much fame as he deserves, and more than he would have obtained if he had lived in some other eras of our literary history, it should not be forgotten that he rendered services both real and varied to English poetry.

GEORGE A. AITKEN. ”

THE TYRANNY OF SOCIALISM.¹

IN this timely little volume M. Yves Guyot makes a valiant effort to stem the wave of State Socialism which is threatening to engulf all European nations alike. The state of things which is revealed in France by this book is, if we are to accept M. Guyot's statements, far graver than in England. This is to some extent natural, when it is remembered how far more importance Frenchmen have always been inclined to attach to the administrative action of the State as compared with us, and how much more logical consistency they show in following out to the bitter end a policy or a theory with which they have once identified themselves. There even more than with us, the feeling seems to be abroad, at any rate among the more articulate, not to say vociferous, members of the community, if not among the majority, that it is the duty of the State to make laws securing for the workman the maximum of salary and the minimum of work, and that the employer should be treated almost as a natural enemy of society, and as such deserving no consideration. The most useful part of M. Guyot's book consists in showing clearly the prevalence of this point of view, the mere statement of which is almost a sufficient refutation of it, and in his protest against the custom of regarding *les ouvrier*s as a privileged class in themselves, for whom special protective legislation is necessary. To treat workmen as beings, whose special interest it is the first duty of the State to care for, must inevitably sap all self-reliance and independence in the men for whom the legislation is made, must prove tyrannical to all other members of the community, and even to those workmen who desire to exercise some originality and freedom of choice, and finally—and this is a point which will appeal more strongly to Englishmen than to Frenchmen—must in the end lead to protective tariffs and legislation against aliens to prevent foreign competition from interfering with the pampered workman. He points out, too, very justly, that in the long run this short-sighted policy must make the workman's last state worse than the first, for the employer will find himself so hampered by regulations and his profits so much cut down, that it will be less unprofitable for him to dismiss his workmen and give up his business altogether than to be the slave of his employé.

¹ *La Tyrannie Socialiste*. Par Yves Guyot. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delagrave.

The syndicates of workmen, or trades unions, also come in for a very just share of criticism for their arbitrary and tyrannical proceedings, and he hits them off with a very pretty little *argumentum ad hominem* addressed to the family man: "Prenez garde," he says, "en abusant de la loi sur les syndicats de provoquer une réaction contre elle. Le jour où un petit bourgeois ne pourra plus renvoyer sa cuisinière, sous prétexte qu'elle fait partie d'un syndicat, les syndicats auront vécu." It is instructive to notice that only recently the present Ministry, though not indisposed to coquet with Socialism, found themselves obliged to shut up the *Bourse du Travail*, a so-called employment agency under the immediate patronage of La Ville de Paris, as it had become nothing but a centre of disorder and oppression.

Excellent, however, though the book is in most respects, there are one or two points in it which we feel bound to criticise. A certain amount of space is wasted in showing that Socialist legislation is really retrogressive, not progressive, because it recalls the laws and customs of earlier states of civilisation. This is of course true, but in itself it is not an argument worth pressing against Socialism, if one does not at the same time show, which M. Guyot hardly does, that our present civilisation is due to the discarding of these customs; there are many things undoubtedly in which a return to the customs of our ancestors would be an advantage. However, we have a more serious objection to bring against the imaginary dialogues which M. Guyot has with some anonymous Socialist agitator. He very much handicaps his own case by making out the Socialist such an extremely fatuous person, and by putting such childish arguments into his mouth; of course he himself scores an easy victory, but no Socialist would admit M. Guyot's interlocutor as an adequate defender of his cause, so that the dialectic victory is not so convincing as it might be. There are one or two inaccuracies we have noted in his statements: for example, though it is quite true that the Eight Hours Bill was read a second time this session, it happily cannot be said that "la Chambre des Communes a adopté un bill limitant à huit heures le travail dans les mines"; again, it is rather amusing to have the old joke about the plumbers adduced as a serious argument, thus: "On a signalé en Angleterre un fait encore plus grave: c'est une sorte d'union de destruction entre les ouvriers du bâtiment, de sorte que si un maçon vient faire une réparation à une toiture ilait soin de détériorer la plomberie pour procurer de l'ouvrage au plombier."

Finally, there is one case in which M. Guyot's horror of State-interference seems to us to go rather too far. He is, of course, perfectly consistent and logical in objecting to laws regulating child-labour and women's labour; but here, as in all political questions, we are of opinion that consistency should be subordinate to the

merits of every case. On *prima facie* grounds even the stoutest individualist would agree that women and children should not be overworked, and the question only remains which is the worse evil—the law forbidding overwork, or the overwork. Of course the best method undoubtedly is to cultivate a sense of responsibility in parents, but so far it has been found that women and children *are* overworked without protective laws, and that the consequent physical and moral evils to the community are incalculable. Moreover, M. Guyot's special arguments against such laws are inadequate; he says, for one thing, that in some manufactures no work can be done by adults without the aid of children, so that all must stop work together; these cases must be very rare. His other great argument, on which he seems chiefly to rely, is that women and children may sometimes get into mischief if sent out alone from the factory without the protection of the men, but such an argument can hardly be treated seriously. However, in spite of a few faults, which are perhaps partly due to an evidently hurried production, the book is a most valuable contribution towards the solution of a very burning question of the day.

THE UNITY OF THOUGHT AND ACTION • THEIR EVOLUTION.

AMONG the many and perplexing questions which have troubled the human mind since men began to think, the question of man's freedom is one which has, perhaps more than any other merely human question, vexed the soul of metaphysicians and moral philosophers. Are we free? is a question which every earnest thinker has propounded to himself. Are we the sport of chance—the creatures of circumstance? Are we the tools of fate—the children of a relentless destiny? In order to obtain an answer to these questions men have gazed on the world around them, and examined human life in its outer manifestations, and then they have turned their gaze inwards and submitted their own souls, their own motives and actions, to the sternest investigation. This have some of the great thinkers done, and the result of their inquiries has been very curious and diverse, so much so, indeed, that after reading them we are lost in the mazes of speculation, and are tempted to utter the time-worn query of Pilate: "What is Truth"? Perplexed by the mystery of the varying impulses of their own natures, and the inconsistency of the actions of those around them, many have concluded that human freedom is a fallacy, and that man is the slave of every influence, whether good or evil, with which he comes into contact, others seeing in this multiplicity of human impulses and the diversity of human actions one of the strongest arguments in favour of man's freedom. Influenced, however, by the scientific discoveries of the present day, a third school of philosophy has arisen which refuses to commit itself to either of the theories of the afore-mentioned schools. It will not believe with the first school that men are the sport of blind impulses and passions, for it holds, with Tennyson,

"That through the ages one increasing purpose runs."

It sees in humanity a tendency to work itself free from error and to rise into the higher light of Truth, and this prevents this school of thought from joining issue with those thinkers who aver that man's destiny is entirely shaped by the influence of outward circumstances. It recognises a principle in man which develops as the ages roll on and becomes matured with the maturity of the race, and which, whilst acted upon and influenced by outward circumstances, at the

same time reacts upon these circumstances and wins from them that experience and wisdom which have always marked the history of the human race. It is this principle which the first school fails to recognise in considering the motive power of human actions. As for the second school, it goes to the other extreme ; whilst ascribing a certain influence to outward circumstances, this school asserts that it rests entirely with man himself whether these circumstances shall have control over him ; not recognising the principle of growth and development which rules all human progress, they seem to think, or to take for granted, that all men have an equal knowledge of good and evil, and that the diversity of human actions springs entirely from what is called free-will. This second school having some faint idea of a principle which governs all human action, and consequently shapes human destiny, but not thoroughly comprehending it, have called it free-will, believing it to be a sort of entity—a separate force of the mind, apart from knowledge and thought—which was given to man at the birth of the race itself. It is in the name which is given to this principle which rules human progress that the third school of thinkers differ from the second. But it also differs from the second in the value and importance which it (the third school) attaches to outward circumstances and surroundings in their influence on human progress, for it believes that environment is an all-important factor in human progress, and that without the influence of the material world around, the human mind could no more develop than the seed could grow without being laid in the ground. The third school does not consider that man has what is popularly termed a free will ; they look upon the conception of free-will as arising from an ignorance of the laws which govern human development.

In fact, the more we know of human life, the more we study human action, we cannot but see that the popular conception of free-will is a fallacy, that, as Spinoza observed, there is no such thing, and that if man has a freedom of any kind, it is a freedom to do wrong. Any impulse which man may possess towards right is not directed by what he calls his will ; it is rather the working of a great principle which lies within his nature, a principle which is acted upon and educated and developed by its environment, which is ever seeking to give fuller expression to itself, and to disengage itself from error and evil. This principle is the principle of human progress, the natural longing for truth which has been implanted in the human race, and which grows ever stronger as the years of its life increase. How does this principle act ? is one of the questions which naturally occur to us on hearing of this great truth, and which must be answered if we would thoroughly understand its nature. It is in the answer to this question that the first and second schools differ from the third. Some materialists seem to have little con-

ception of this progressive principle ; the second school of thinkers avers that all progress is the result of reflection, and the exercise of what they call man's free-will carrying into action the higher principles which have been impressed upon his understanding. The free-will interposes between thought and action, between comprehension and execution. The tendency of modern thought, however, in its recognition of the force of environment upon the progressive principle, is to teach us that free-will is a superfluous or fictitious element in human progress, that human action depends upon human thought, that, as Spinoza once taught, thought and action are one. The thing which men call will is nothing more than physical nerve, which gives us a power of action, and which is the slave and messenger of thought, not its master. Thought comprises many things before it arrives at finality—there is comparison, deliberation, and judgment—then we have a perfect thought which finds fruition in action.

The unity of thought and action is certainly a great truth, and much depends on its recognition ; man is not free in the popular sense of the term, for a freedom to do evil is not true freedom, it is not a freedom of which man can boast ; it is a despicable bondage ; man's true freedom consists of the widening of thought, in the progress of the human race, and all error, which men have supposed to spring from what they call free-will, is the result rather of inadequate ideas, it is the childlike attempt of thought in its infancy trying to give expression to itself, and failing again and again in its efforts, but yet gaining strength and adequacy in every succeeding attempt. Action is the outward expression of the inward thought, it is the mind reflecting its fulness in the mirror of human deeds ; whenever man becomes possessed of a noble thought it springs into action ; if it is adequate it cannot do otherwise, for it is the nature of adequate thought to give expression to itself, just as it is the nature of the seed to burst forth from the ground when it arrives at maturity. This is of course opposed to the popular idea of the source of human action ; men imagine that a man may know the good and yet choose the evil because of the power of what they call free-will. This, however, is an error, a great error ; a man may imagine he knows a thing, that he has as firm a grasp of a great truth as some man who gives expression to it in his daily life and conversation, but unless he gives similar expression to this truth he has not grasped it, he has only obtained an inadequate idea of it. A man's natural passions and inherited tendencies count for a great deal in his struggles upwards towards a higher life. It is only by constant failure and by the suffering engendered by wrong impulses and erroneous thoughts that men relinquish the ideas of their early life and allow better and truer thoughts to have free play and full development, or, in short, it is

only by gradual growth that a great thought becomes adequate enough to sway the minds of men and lead them to express it in action.

Although, however, this theory of inadequate ideas may explain why a man does a thing in an inadequate manner, it, perhaps, on the first consideration, does not demonstrate clearly the vacillation of the human mind, the variety of impulses which sometimes animate a man, first to do one thing and then in preference to do another. "Why," asks the advocate of free-will, "why is it that a man, after feeling an impulse to do one thing, after saying, perhaps, that he ought to do it, why is it that he goes and does the direct opposite?" Let us hesitate, however, before we come to the conclusion that this choice between two actions proceeds from the decision of a principle which acts as a kind of umpire in the mind. How is it, we may ask in return, that if you take a pair of scales and place a one-pound weight on one of them it immediately falls and causes the other to rise, and then, if you place a two-pound weight on the other, how is it that it, in its turn, falls and causes the opposite weight to rise again? Is it that the scales are possessed of free-will? Certainly not, we can all see that. Just what weights are to a balance, then, such are ideas and thoughts to the human mind. If an idea is adequate it will find its expression in a perfect action as surely as a weight bears down the scale when placed thereon; if it is not adequate it will not find its expression in a perfect action, as it will be replaced by a more adequate idea and give way to the expression of the latter. In short, the conflict of ideas is the true explanation of the vacillation of the human mind, whilst the superior adequacy of one idea over another is the explanation of the choice which the mind will eventually make between two or more conflicting ideas. "But," asks the doubter, "if man's actions are the outcome of thought or ideas, what is it that causes the conception of an idea?" We have already seen that the tendency of modern philosophy is to recognise the influence of environment on the human mind. Environment comprises everything that obtrudes itself on man's mind from his birth—his primary physical and mental condition, the precepts he is taught, the companionships he forms, the books he reads, and the thousand and one things which go to make up the education of one who lives in the nineteenth century. In fact, the human mind is shaped by its environment—first of all, from its outward sensations, and then when it grows up to a certain maturity it reacts thereon, just as an infant learns to walk by means of a wheeled chair until its legs become strong, and then when it reaches maturity it can take up the chair and balance it easily. The difference of environment accounts likewise for the variety of manners, customs, and morals to be found amongst the human race, for the human mind naturally receives its first bent from its early environment.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and, when he is old he will not depart from it," says the wise man, thereby recognising the influence of early environment, and it is a fact; for no man who was ever taught an adequate conception of truth and right in his early youth yet turned out badly, whatever may be the fate of the children of hollow-hearted formalists, or whatever may be the fate of the offspring of those persons who have not the requisite tact and wisdom to train their children properly, because they have not realised that most perverseness is the consequence of inadequate ideas or inherited tendencies. Such is the power of environment on incipient thought, and consequently on action, which is the natural expression of thought.

The unity of thought and action is more thoroughly understood when regarded in the light which is thrown upon the subject by considering the progressive principle of thought, or, properly speaking, the evolution of thought. It is an acknowledged fact that there is evolution in the material world; it is as true that there is also evolution in the immaterial world, the world of thought. In view of the unity of thought and action and the principles which it involves, the modern moralist naturally inquires—"What does this theory make of sin? does it not almost assert its non-existence or reality?" The tendency of modern philosophy is certainly to take a different view of sin, or what is called evil, to that taken by the orthodox moralist. In the eyes of philosophy sin is only relative—that is, an action is only evil when compared with a more adequate or perfect action. Sin, in the eyes of modern philosophy, is not an entity, a principle of itself; it is rather an action which proceeds from ignorance of the use of the passions and impulses which are inherited by the human race and which can all be used for its benefit and for a wise purpose. If we look at the human race at large we can see partly the truth of this theory exemplified, that sin is only relative and the result of ignorance or undeveloped knowledge. One nation does, as a matter of course, what another considers it wrong to do; what one age has approved the next has condemned, and what one generation has rejected the next generation has received and applauded. Why this difference of action? Naturally enough it is because of the difference of thought amongst different races and its ever-progressive tendency as the ages roll on. This change of morals which is witnessed in different generations is due to the evolution of thought. It is this principle of progression which is witnessed in the whole course of human history which explains the unity of thought and action. If human thought were always to stand still, then we might well despair of human action, seeing that it is the expression of thought, but this principle of progression gives us hope; or, again, if human action were the outcome of a dogmatic force called will which could act against knowledge, we

might again despair of certain progress in spite of the principle of progression in human thought. Whilst, however, action is the necessary correlative of thought, and whilst thought evolves or progresses, as it surely does, then nothing is too great to expect of the human race in the generations which are yet to come, nothing is too magnificent for the ultimate destiny of struggling humanity, for surely that man is but a shallow-minded person who imagines that the human race is yet in anything but comparative infancy when we think of the maturity to which it may yet arrive. In the opinion of modern philosophy, then, evil is but the stumbling of infant humanity trying to walk and not yet having attained to the full strength of its maturity; it is a weakness consequent to the childhood of the human race, which is as yet but toddling along the high road of its destiny and constantly falling in its progress, but rising again with renewed strength to pursue its forward way. The principle of progression works by means of the very errors of mankind. The advocates of free-will have said that man being a responsible creature, that is, being liable to suffer for his errors, he must be a free agent. This liability to suffer, however, this mystery of pain to which the race is subject, is not designed entirely as a punishment, but rather as a means of guidance to human thought in its search for truth; it is meant as a correction to that imperfect human action which is induced by inadequate thought; following immediately as a consequence on erroneous action it acts upon thought itself, owing to the unity of thought and action, and gently leads the race into a fuller and more mature development of ideas. In the eyes, therefore, of modern philosophy, pain is not a curse but a blessing; it is not an avenging Nemesis, but a guardian angel. In fact, in the light of the unity of thought and action and their present immaturity, many of the mysteries which at present surround us become plain; the very realisation of this great truth is another and greater step in the development of thought, a step important in its ultimate consequences, for thereby thought becomes self-conscious; it becomes aware of its power, and exulting in its ever-increasing force it bounds forward with a vigour and power as yet unsurpassed in the whole of its past history; it takes a step which exceeds in its ultimate consequences all the progress it has made in the past. When man first stood up and looked into the face of Nature around him and recognised himself as a part thereof, and said to himself, "I am alive, I exist; there is the world and here am I, its lord and master": when man alone of all things that live, move, and breathe became keenly conscious of his individuality and asked himself the great question, "Whence and whither?" it was a great epoch in his existence; it was the birth of thought, the knowledge that he existed and was a part, a supreme part, in the world around. When,

however, man recognises that not only does he exist, but that within him there is a progressive principle which causes him to grow with its growth and strengthen with its development, when he experiences the increased knowledge which is brought to him by the development of the living thought within him, when the thought within him becomes self-conscious and reveals to him a greater destiny before him, that is a still more supreme moment in his life, for then man thinks not only of what he is—he has then visions, vague yet magnificent, of what he may become.

Of course there are those who will ask, "If thought and action are one, and are always in a state of progression, why this marvellous difference which we find in the achieved results of thought amongst the different races of humanity? Why this variance in opinion, in manners, customs, and institutions of the human race?" Well, it is a fact that children quarrel with each other more than men do, and the human race is yet in comparative infancy. If, with prophetic eye, we could see the ultimate destiny of humanity (if it has an *ultimate* destiny); if we could look forward into the years to come, and see the development of the race which is yet to take place, we should see, I believe, that the difference between the various races of humanity in the achieved results of thought, is simply nothing compared to the difference, great and marvellous as it shall be, which will be found in the thought of the world at large in the development which the coming ages will inevitably bring, when it is compared with the thought of the present day. Whatever be the different influences of different environments, we know this, that thought progresses in all lands, and as it progresses it finds its expression in action. Even in lands which have been the nursery of superstition and fable the old beliefs are gradually dying, the power of thought is asserting itself. If we desire to prove the inertness of the human race unless it is influenced by the power of developed thought, we have only to look at Russia at the present day; the vast masses of its population are steeped in misery and ignorance. Why do they not revolt? is the natural question of the Englishman, who looks with wonder at the despotism which grinds them down. "Why *did* you revolt?" was the question these Russian peasants asked a prisoner who had returned from Siberia, and was relating to them his sufferings there; they could not understand it. If humanity is but as yet toddling along the high road of its destiny, it should seem as if Russia had not yet learned to stand upon its feet; but we see the progressive principle of thought in that revolutionary element which is arising and steadily increasing at the present day in that country, and gathering a force which shall yet sweep away that despotic autocracy which is more characteristic of the Middle Ages than of the nineteenth century. Wherever the living thought has gone men have stood up in Russia and expressed it in

action, for the revolutionists are the thinkers of Russia. Though they are enslaved in one sense, they are free in another, for there is a true freedom in the freedom of thought. "If the truth shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed," said Christ. Thought in its progress is but an advance towards truth and its attainment.

If the dray-horse knew its power, it would not allow a man to drive it. In this marvellous fact, the sovereignty of man over the brute creation, we see the wondrous power of thought and its unity with action. Thought rules the world; even amongst men themselves we see the truth of that simile of the dray-horse and the man. If the masses knew their power they would not allow the capitalists to grind them: they would not allow the drones of the world to ride along the highway of life while they, the workers, toiled in harness below. This thought, however, is already breathing amongst men; it has not yet arrived at its maturity, it has not spread its full influence over the people at large; when it does, it will as surely find expression in action as the plant follows the seed or the fruit follows the flower. Thought, then, reigns supreme over the world; in spite of the sneers of the ignorant against the philosophers, it is the thinkers who are the benefactors of their kind; kings and statesmen are but their viceroys, and dare lay no more burdens on the people than the great tribunes of thought permit. Truth is, indeed, irrepressible in its developing influence; whenever it comes in contact with the human mind it must force its way. Thought and truth are immortal; nothing can injure or retard them in their progress; every opposing element must bow down in homage before them, every obstacle must yield to their all-conquering might. Thought is living and has also the power to communicate life, and therein lies the surety of its progress and its ultimate triumph over ignorance. Ignorance must die of its own feebleness and inanity, but thought, the true living thought, can never die; it can never stop in its glorious march, it must onward, ever onward, enlightening the minds of men, for ever bringing new revelations and wonders in its train as it advances in its pursuit of truth, a pursuit which shall never perhaps be ended in the history of the human race, for truth comprises all knowledge, which is infinite, and man is but finite. Yet of this we may feel sure—whatever else dies, true thought never dies; it is only error that dies. Thought is always developing, always advancing and finding its expression in action, and it will be a happy day for the world when every man recognises and realises the great truth of the unity of thought and action and the evolution of thought. Then shall the world see a new meaning in the words of Tennyson when he says:

"For I hold that through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the minds of men are widened with the process of the suns."

A NEW PLAN OF DISTRIBUTING FISH TO CONSUMERS.

THE advantages of a fish diet are very well known and universally admitted. A materialist has said, "Men are what they eat." Without endorsing this statement, it takes very little to show that the physical and mental character of a population is materially affected by the nature of their diet, and that the extended use of the particular food in question would be an improvement, for instance, on the at present inevitable bacon, especially in rural districts, where bacon does, in fact, form nearly the only animal food. And again, it is equally well known that the cost price of fish, or, as economists would call it, the cost of production—the price, that is, that it commands immediately after it has been caught—is very low indeed; and as concerns the commoner sorts, generally almost nothing at all. Since the seas that surround our coasts literally swarm with fish of all descriptions, we might expect that this would be the case. How can it be, then, it may be asked, that we do not as a nation avail ourselves of one of these circumstances to remedy the other, and so save the difference in cost, and benefit by the change? The fact is that fish remains more or less of a luxury, and in some parts is never obtained fresh, and with difficulty on any terms: while the men who are engaged in catching it, daring and hard-worked as they often are, yet share but little in the proceeds.

In the face of these two patent facts it is very obvious that something must be wrong in our existing system of distribution, and that some reform is urgently needful; but before proceeding to consider what measures ought to be adopted by way of remedy, it is necessary to describe the actual state of things, and show how the present unsatisfactory results are brought about.

That the producer—that is, the fisherman—should, as things are, succeed in securing so slender a share of the entire profits, is not at all hard to understand. The fisherman is a defenceless being, because there is no combination among his class for the purpose of keeping prices up, so far at least as the writer has been able to ascertain; while the who'sale buyers form something more or less in the nature of a ring that is agreed to keep prices down; and thus he finds himself almost entirely at their mercy. And special advantage can be taken remorselessly of this state of disorganisation on his part,

by a body themselves much better organised, from the fact that owing to the nature of his commodity he is compelled to dispose of it at once at any price that is offered for it however low, and thus prices may be easily kept down to a minimum.

It is not quite so easy to see how it comes about that the ordinary consumer of fish has to pay so much for it in the existing state of things, and is often served so badly. But, in fact, the consumer, too, is very much at the mercy of the retail distributor—the fish-dealer—that is, he is at his mercy until a combination is formed to force prices down, and no such combination has as yet been set on foot. We should, of course, have been disposed to expect, that inasmuch as retail trade is competitive, we might trust to competition alone by its own spontaneous action independently of such a combination, to keep prices down to the lowest point consistent with any reasonable margin of profit. But there are causes affecting retail trade which hinder competition from producing such results in certain cases, of which the present decidedly appears to be one. To begin with, in country places and small country towns there is very little competition to be looked for at all, since practically one dealer has a monopoly. In larger towns it is no doubt the case that competition produces some result in lowering prices and bettering quality, but even in such cases it is not nearly so operative as might be imagined at first sight. It must not be overlooked that in retail trade prices are regulated very much by custom, and not by competition pure and simple. Fishmongers have been accustomed to charge, say, a shilling a pound for sole, or fourpence a pound for cod, and as the buyers know nothing whatever of the intrinsic value of the article, and seem willing to go on paying these prices in a thoughtless way, there seems to be no cogent reason to prevent the seller from continuing to charge them.

Failure of the competitive system in lowering prices may be observed with respect to other commodities. Take, for an example, the case of the butchers, where the very same state of things has been happening lately, and continues still, as in that of the fishmongers. The wholesale prices paid for mutton have confessedly been very much lower of late than ruled a year or two since, while the prices charged to the public have hardly varied at all, or at any rate have not been reduced in a like ratio, for the simple reason that the public has never troubled itself about the matter, or roused itself to form combinations with the object of resisting these exactions, and compelling a fall in retail prices. The actual state of affairs then at both ends is now understood, that is, as concerns the first and the last of the series of the commercial transactions involved; and the reason is clear why the fisherman gets little, while the consumer pays relatively much. In order to point a conclusion against the detestable system at present in vogue, it may be allowable to recall

a well-known fact that illustrates its working—viz., that sometimes, in spite of rings and monopolies, retail prices threaten to fall too low, so as to leave a smaller margin of profit to the classes of middlemen who have all along pocketed the whole of the difference thus far noticed; in such emergencies the expedient is sometimes actually resorted to of destroying whole cargoes of excellent food in cold blood so as to keep prices up by artificial means. At first sight such a line of action would seem to be impossible, or, at least unintelligible, because the dead loss so incurred would appear likely to equal or more than equal any indirect gain to be reaped from it, due to increase of prices. But whether it would do so or not depends of course upon the amount in increase caused by it. There exists a class of commodities where a small increase or decrease in supply is followed by a fall or rise in prices quite out of proportion to the difference in supply. For instance, rents are lowered considerably in a district by the fact that quite a few houses are standing empty, while if the number is very slightly too small for the demand rents rise rapidly. The result is accounted for in this case by the fact that houses are a necessity, and yet their number is not susceptible of rapid increase or decrease, so as to adjust itself to fluctuations in demand. A like tendency is observed in the case of the price of fish, though probably due in the latter case not to such food being indispensable, but to its being regarded as more or less of a luxury as things are; since the luxurious classes persist in having their wants supplied whether the prices rise or not. But however brought about, the result is matter of observation; were it otherwise we might safely assume that the classes interested could be trusted not to set their own interests at defiance in order to perpetrate an outrage upon our abstract ideas of rectitude, however little such ideas might weigh with them.

It requires then no revolutionist, nor indiscriminate reformer, to see that this state of things is corrupt to its core, that it is attended by serious evils to a particular class, as well as by a general loss and inconvenience to the community at large, and that it is time energetic steps were taken to redress these grievances.

The practical question then arises, How is this to be done? It obviously cannot be done by legislative interference.

It is impossible to forbid by law a free and voluntary combination of traders, even if that combination is made in pursuit of an object that we all disapprove of, that of artificially lowering prices on the one hand, and raising them on the other, so as to pocket profits which morally speaking are unduly large.

There is nothing that can be pointed to as illegal in such an arrangement, nor which can be made illegal by special legislation, unless we are to revolutionise our whole system of trade, as well as our principle of non-interference with free contract.

Neither, for similar reasons, can it be rendered illegal for a man, nor for a body of men, to deliberately destroy any portion of their own property that they may desire to destroy, provided that they do not touch the property of others: such conduct is beyond reach of law from whatever motives it may proceed, and whatever results it may lead to.

There are many questions, and this is one of them, that cannot be settled by Acts of Parliament.

The matter then being in our own hands, it appears that the only true means of remedying the evil that is at our disposal consists in providing ourselves somehow with a better method or improved machinery of distribution, that may be trusted to displace and supersede the present one by proving more favourable in its working both to producer and consumer. What that method is to be will form the subject matter of the remaining portion of this article.

But before proceeding to the question of what is to be done, it will be well to notice what has been done already in this direction. Efforts to remedy the evil on all hands are now being made, and made not without success to a certain extent; and if in their nature they are only half measures they are still deserving of welcome and recognition so far as they go.

Certain companies have been set on foot, at Grimsby and elsewhere, with the object of promoting direct dealing between the fisherman and the consumer; or rather a form of dealing which is nearly direct, the company's agents being the only intermediaries. In order to effect this object such a company adopts the method of supplying individual orders all over the country, by despatching baskets of fish, quite fresh from the sea, by passenger train, carriage paid, on any morning desired. It is found possible to do this at prices varying from 2s. 6d. upwards per basket, while the baskets contain a considerably larger quantity of the article, and of much superior quality than can be obtained for a like sum in the ordinary way. The method of working leaves no motive for sending out fish that is two or three days old, as there obviously must be in the cases of ordinary shopkeepers, because the fish are not removed from the tanks in which they are kept alive until the moment when they are required for sending off. For large consumers this plan acts very well, and is being made use of more and more widely. But though this enterprise is so far a laudable one and deserving of success, it will be seen at once that for several reasons it is inadequate to meet the whole case.

It does not appear to what extent the position of the fishermen is improved on their becoming servants of such a company.

But to confine ourselves to the consumer's side of the question, it is plainly impossible for any but large consumers to avail themselves

of this system at all ; and these form only a small fraction of the population. Suppose a family uses sixpennyworth of fish, say three times in a week, as prices are now, such a family would find a large half-crown's worth of the article both embarrassing and expensive. Comparatively few can dispose of an entire basketful within the limits of a day or two.

Then again the expense is materially increased by the system adopted of sending separate packages to each individual, which of course involves carriage expenses of some consequence, so that the cheapening thus effected is neither so great as it might be under a more wholesale and general system of distribution, nor from its essential features can it benefit the multitude at all.

A system then has yet to be devised that meets the wants of the people at large.

It is hardly likely that this will ever be done efficiently, so far as the general public are concerned, by separate private undertakings on the competitive system. There is no doubt that an increased competition of any kind is accompanied by some slight balance of advantage to the public. But competition, as has been previously noticed, does not act effectually in all cases, and it would still be the direct interest of each separate unit among these undertakings to keep prices up as much as possible, nor would there be any safeguard against the prevalence of such motives in the case of bodies of men any more than there is at present in the case of individuals.

But since the principle of competition may be said to have failed, what is there to prevent us trying combination : that is a single combination on a large scale ?

There are, of course, two alternatives of policy in trade : one is the policy of large profits and small sales, the other that of large sales and small profits ; and it is generally agreed that sound commercial principles point to the latter as the more successful on the whole and in the end.

It would not stand on the level of a merely philanthropic crusade, but on that of a sound commercial enterprise, were the undertaking entered upon to form a united National Fish Supplying Company to be worked for the express object and on the avowed principle of making the article as cheap as possible. In order that such an undertaking should be financially and economically healthy, and not dependent on investments half dictated by a spirit of benevolence, it ought clearly to be self-supporting and conducted on such principles that a fair and even attractive dividend be earned for its shareholders. But it should be made prominent and plain that not a penny more would be charged to the public than was necessary for paying all expenses, providing for a stated and fixed dividend, and for such an annual reserve fund as might be deemed prudent. It would hardly

work well to allow the rate of dividend to fluctuate, because as soon as such a Company had obtained the confidence of the public there would be nothing to prevent it from raising its rates of profit without limit, and the evils of monopoly and kindred mischiefs would have to be fought over again.

And now with reference to details, three questions very naturally suggest themselves: these are (1) Would such an enterprise pay? (2) How should it be managed as regards the fisherman? (3) As regards the public?

These questions will be taken in the order they are indicated. And (1) to begin with, would it pay? With regard to this point it may be contended that if fish came to be obtainable which was at once cheap, good, and convenient to purchase, there is no reason why it should not form eventually one of the most universal food-stuffs of the country: indeed, there is every reason to suppose that it would, since economy combined with excellence must command popularity sooner or later.

The amount of custom that the Association would put itself into the position of catering for, if it could combine these three requisites, is therefore practically unlimited.

Again, under such a system profits would necessarily be small, for it would be the *raison d'être* of the Company to reduce them; but this need prove no reason why good dividends should not be made. Very much smaller profits than are made at present would be sufficient for that purpose, especially when reaped over a much larger area. The alarmingly large share that at present goes into the middleman's pocket has already been noticed. It would be open to the Company to appropriate just such a portion of this large margin as might prove to be necessary to make its legitimate profits, that is to say, the fixed percentage offered to investors.

It would of course be all the better should it prove, as it probably would, that the portion that had to be appropriated was a small one, because the attractions to be offered to the public would be all the greater, and the enlargement of consumption the speedier. But it seems self-evident that it would be possible to work the concern at prices which in any case would fall considerably short of existing prices, and therefore that such an undertaking, if well conducted, must certainly pay.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, it may be remarked that such an investment, with such security, and for such objects, could hardly fail to commend itself to investors. It has been a very common inquiry in recent years, "Where can I find a tolerably secure investment offering a fair rate of interest, say even five per cent.?" When an opportunity presented itself of combining both these requirements with the advantage of offering a home investment and not a foreign one, and, along with this, collateral benefits to

every one, investors included; many would consider they had found the desideratum they were in search of. The undertaking would pay then, it seems pretty safe to conclude, if well conducted.

But how is it to be conducted well? This leads us on to the next inquiry as to (2) how to deal with the fisherman's question. It has been seen that this class of men work hard, run continual risks, and reap very little of the fruits of their labour. It might then certainly be considered a philanthropic object to aim at placing them on a more satisfactory footing; but it would be more than this, it would be a sound economic and commercial object as well, because there is no doubt that looking at the matter in all its bearings, and not in a narrow or short-sighted way, it would pay better to do so: and this a Company such as is described could afford to do, because there would be no real competition at all for it to face, since no private dealer could compete at the same prices. It seems clear that the most thorough and satisfactory method of effecting an improvement would require that the Company should own its fleets of boats all round our coasts, and should engage fishermen as its servants at fixed minimum wages: offering in addition to this a percentage agreed upon beforehand on the entire net value of each catch, or else on all that was taken in excess over a certain moderate quantity named. The men's earnings would thus be rendered to a great extent reliable, and far less dependent than they are at present upon accidents of weather, &c.; and this element of certainty would doubtless prove attractive to all the steadier and more trustworthy kind of workers, while at the same time a needful incentive to zeal and exertion would be supplied by the variable nature of the extra percentage earned. For though individuals exist who may be trusted to do their duty without such a stimulus, still it can never be safe to calculate on a whole class of men doing so without exception. Whether it would work better to calculate such percentage on the whole of each haul, of course at a low rate, or merely on quantities caught in excess of the ordinary amount, at a higher rate, seems open to question. But the former plan appears on the whole to be preferable; because under the latter arrangement cases would often occur, when it seemed improbable or impossible that the point should be reached where extra earnings began; in such cases there would cease to be any incentive at all. It might be hoped that by judicious liberality on lines something like these, the services of a contented and prosperous set of servants of the more able as well as more respectable sort could be retained; these would naturally form the pick of their class, since it would be a great attraction to be thus enabled to enjoy the proceeds of their own labour, instead of spending their strength to enrich others. A sound economic foundation too would thus be attained, on which to rest the undertaking: for an enterprise that depends for its success on the necessity of

anything like sweating can neither be morally commendable, nor likely to prosper in a solid and permanent way.

We come, then (3), to the aspect of the question as concerns the general public, that is, such of them as are fish consumers, or would become so under a better dispensation. It has been pointed out already that the increase in the number of consumers would probably be large as soon as it was realised that fish had become about the cheapest food obtainable. In order to provide for the demands of this enlarged public it would plainly be necessary to establish retail shops in every town in the kingdom; that is to say, although it might not be possible nor prudent to start on so large a scale at once, it would be necessary to go so far eventually, in order to extend the desired benefits to the whole population, and to reap the reciprocal benefits of their custom. For though in the case of many commodities—*e.g.*, that of tea—it is quite possible to concentrate retail trade so as to work it from some few large centres, yet the attempt to do so would be quite hopeless in the case in point for two reasons. One is that the public are lazy, and would never avail themselves of the advantages offered, however great, unless these were, so to speak, brought to their very doors; and the other reason is that, owing to the nature of the commodity itself, it cannot be purchased in large quantities so as to spread the consumption of it over considerable periods, while, if sent for from a distance in small quantities, the prices would be very seriously increased by carriage expenses. Retail fish shops, large or small, would, therefore, be necessary in all centres of population, even in small market towns, in order to be available for the nation generally. In large towns more than one of such emporiums, often several, would be required, so as to make provision that no inhabitant should have more than, say, half a mile to go in order to reach one or other of them; while in London it appears that about forty would be necessary in order to provide equal facilities.

Now, at first sight, all this seems to amount to a very formidable undertaking. In reality, however, it is not nearly so formidable as in most other trades it would prove to be. For, in almost every other commercial enterprise, it is necessary, before opening, to sink a considerable sum in the form of stock-in-trade; and, therefore, to propose to start somewhere about a thousand establishments all over the kingdom would be to bring forward a scheme of some audacity, demanding a vast amount of capital. In the special case considered, however, no very large capital would be required at all, because there would exist no stock-in-trade, except such as would be obtained and forwarded day by day inland from the sea coast; and, except for the moderate expenses needful for shop fittings and for means of delivery, there would be positively nothing that called for outlay. Rent need not be taken into account here, as these and

all other working expenses would have to be paid out of profits, and not out of capital.

How far it would be worth while to descend in the scale of population—that is, what should be decided on as the smallest population warranting the establishment of such a warehouse—this must, of course, be a matter of some doubt at the outset. In the abstract, it is pretty certain that any small town, even of one or two thousand, that does actually support its retail fishmonger at present, would be equally adequate to the maintenance of one of the establishments proposed, especially with a largely extended demand. Probably, however, in practice, it would be considered more prudent to act gradually and tentatively, and to begin with a few emporiums in the larger centres. The company might then go on feeling its way by degrees, and, as its principles became well known and popularised, it might steadily extend its operations lower and lower in the scale, until ultimately it supplied the entire nation. Of course, too, the scale of operations decided on at first must entirely depend upon the amount of capital then at its command; but, in the event of its enterprises succeeding, there could be no difficulty in afterwards increasing its capital, since, obviously, investors would be only too ready in that case to obtain shares, even at a premium.

With regard to the management of these branch establishments, it would become necessary both to offer the local managers adequate inducements to energy, and also to adopt sufficient precaution against affording opportunities of malversation; in the absence of such precautions it would be open to any manager who pleased to sell the articles at rates higher than those prescribed, and to pocket the difference.

The needful incentive might be supplied, as in the case of the fishermen, by a percentage on all sales, in addition to a small fixed minimum salary. Possibly managers of the more enterprising kind, and such as had confidence in their own abilities, might prefer that their entire payment should be calculated on the percentage system, as presenting higher possibilities in case of their succeeding; should the latter method give more satisfaction there seems no reason why it should not be adopted.

Next as to precautions against prices and qualities being tampered with: it would be possible, of course, to maintain a few inspectors whose business should be to make occasional visits without giving notice and to ascertain whether orders as to price were obeyed: but a simpler as well as less expensive precaution would be for the Company to forward, along with its daily consignments of fish, a printed daily list of current prices, bearing date: to insist that this list should be displayed prominently in each of its branch establishments: and to inform the public in all circulars and advertisements that they had a right to see such a price list for themselves in each shop.

The chief point as to quality is of course that of freshness. This could be positively ensured by arranging that all the goods supplied fresh in the morning, which remained undisposed of at the end of the day, or next day at the outside, should be returned to the port it had started from. The extra carriage would hardly cause any appreciable difference when spread over the whole day's sales: and such a plan would render it quite impossible that the public should be served with the inferior article, since if the manager were credited with the goods returned, he would have no possible motive in trying to dispose of it instead of the fresh commodity.

With regard to the mode of determining the exact figure to be charged in each case, it would be quite possible to reckon provisionally, with sufficient accuracy, what rate per cent. upon the cost of production of the goods would suffice to cover working expenses and profits, and then to add exactly this estimated percentage to what was found to be the cost price of each article. This rate per cent. could be raised or lowered as was found necessary from time to time.

If in all the foregoing we have not been completely misled by over-sanguine reckonings, the objects that seem not unattainable so far are, a supply of fish at once cheap, good, convenient, and universal, and along with this a form of investment offering sound security to capitalists, and in a concern lying within our own borders. Why such an enterprise should be looked upon as rashly speculative, impracticable, or visionary, it is not easy to see. Such are the ordinary terms of denunciation employed indiscriminately in condemning fresh proposals. The existing state of things being admittedly as bad as it can be, there can be no imprudence in stepping forward to redress it to our own advantage and that of others; and it is the very glaring need for such redress that presents us with a specially favourable opportunity of success. All that can be needed to conduct such an enterprise to prosperity is timely boldness to engage in it, and prudent organisation to make the best of its conditions.

A last word may be worth adding. It has been seen that if things were rightly managed half the entire consumption of animal food might be supplied at nominal prices. How would this circumstance, if realised, affect the prices of the other half—that is, the butcher's meat? Obviously the demand for that article would be very much less than it is now, and it is inevitable that along with this fall in demand there would happen a corresponding fall in prices.

That such a change would affect the position of cattle rearers it is idle to deny; but there are two sides to the question; and those of us who would welcome such lower prices, in addition to some results previously indicated, may perhaps come to the conclusion that it is well worth while to make a strong push of a united and determined character in order to realise these objects.

PARTY GOVERNMENT.

PARLIAMENTARY government has become to such a degree synonymous in modern politics with party government, that the majority of men have ceased to distinguish between the two. Yet the latter finds no recognition in our laws; it is consistently ignored in our theory of government; and though its leaders exert an immense influence upon the nation, their party position gives them no official status and endows them with no official powers until they assume Ministerial responsibility. This responsibility is assumed not because they are called to office by the Sovereign, not because they are really the independently chosen Ministers of a free people, but thanks to the organisation and operations of Party.

But though such is undoubtedly the case, and while it would appear that the more democratic the community the more the mere mechanism of party may tend to supplant the influence of principle in the State, it is nevertheless a fundamental truth that the only sound reason and sanction for the existence of party is principle.

So long as party principles are clear, and the objects for which a party contends are in harmony, so long such an association has a sound and logical basis. On the Ministerial side of the House it invigorates the actions of Parliament and tends to ensure a firm policy; in Opposition it supplies a check upon the Executive which the agency of an individual or of an unorganised faction could never afford. But though the conditions of life do not everywhere change at the same rate, everywhere they are constantly undergoing modification or development. And this fact, while it may give a passing sanction to what has been called opportunism, denies to parties a consistent *raison d'être* over any long period of time, without which party becomes a clique and politics the vehicle of a base traffic. This is what called down from Disraeli the celebrated denunciation of a Conservative Government as "an organised hypocrisy," and which has led English Whiggism to seek a renewed lease of life in such measures as Local Veto, a measure which has little in common with the Liberal traditions of individual independence and freedom from State control. In such tendencies lies one of the greatest dangers to democratic government, which, if an antidote is not quickly found, will result in its influence upon the Executive and Legislature either

in the weakness of political cliques or in a vast system of party organisation and party tyranny.

Nor is this tendency confined to England. Borrowing much of the practice as well as the theory of our popular institutions, France has developed a system of government by party which, with the conditions surrounding it, has inevitably degenerated into a government by faction. During the Boulanger agitation one of the principal accusations levelled at that unfortunate politician was the assertion—constantly repeated before a bewildered electorate—that he sought the destruction of parliamentary government. Those who have studied without prejudice or passion that brief political campaign, know, on the contrary, that Boulanger attacked chiefly the dominant factions in the Chamber, and indirectly the theory of party government. But neither the interests of faction nor schemes of party organisation are naturally essential to the functions of a legislative assembly. They are, indeed, only too frequently prejudicial to sober and sincere reform. The system which offers the largest individual independence in Parliament, compatible with the stability and vigour of government, is that which will ultimately obtain the suffrages of moderate and thinking men; but such a system will never be realised until it is acknowledged that the duties of the administrator and legislator are not necessarily related, that to make the Executive authority constantly dependent upon the temper of a popular assembly, and at the mercy of a transient majority, is to invite vacillation and weakness—unfair to the individual member and too frequently fatal to a sound and patriotic policy. Nor are these the only defects of party rule. It offers a premium to the subservient and time-serving. It proscribes freedom of thought in favour of the mere mechanism and organisation of partisanship. In the United States it has given to “bossdom” that influence which alone belongs to statesmanship. In France it has well-nigh reduced democratic institutions to a mockery. Its best supporters in these latter days are those whose meaningless loquacity hinders reform, or those again who have learnt to obey the nod of party “whips” and follow leaders with a sheep-like fidelity.

“In the histories of parties,” says Sir T. Erskine May, “we see the foremost of our fellow-countrymen contending with the bitterness of foreign enemies—reviling each other with cruel words, misjudging the conduct of eminent statesmen, and pursuing them with vindictive animosity. We see factions and violence overcoming patriotism, and ambition and self-interest prevailing over the highest obligations of the State. We reflect that party rule excludes one-half of our statesmen from the service of their country, and condemns them—however wise and capable—to comparative obscurity and neglect. We grieve that the first minds of every age should have

been occupied in collision and angry conflict, instead of labouring together for the common weal."

A system that bears such fruit is not an ideal system; it cannot even be called a good one. It was produced by a transient condition of things peculiar to the political development of this country in the past, and has undoubtedly done good service; but it offers no guarantees for the future, and is slowly but certainly growing less workable every session. Condemned by theory, it is being condemned in practice; though it is, indeed, equally indisputable that, so long as the system of Ministerial dependence upon a Parliamentary majority is maintained, the same party organisation which has split the nation into two camps since the days of Bolingbroke will be essential to the government of the country. But everything tends to show that, while the one rests upon the other, both alike are doomed. The triumph of democratic ideas has struck a fatal blow at the old party basis. The very condition of things renders a prolonged continuance of the present strained and artificial barriers between modern Conservatism and Liberalism all but an impossibility. Totally different problems agitate the world to-day than those which called the Tory and the Whig into political being two centuries ago: the battle has been long, but the victory is no undecided one. Principles once supreme have been definitely abandoned. Principles once proscribed have been definitely adopted; and not only adopted, but extended far beyond the limits their initiators assigned for them. "The heterodox of yesterday are the orthodox of to-day, and the heterodox of to-day will be the orthodox of to-morrow." And the morrow looms upon us dark with its social and industrial questions, with its imperial and local questions, with its problems of peace or war—totally different in proportion to those which were of such vital importance in the past.

Our present time-worn partisanship, strong only in mechanical discipline and party shibboleths, will never grasp such matters with that independence, judgment, and courage which distinguish true statesmanship. Intellect and principle must once more re-assert their dominion. Other men drawn from other classes will refuse to be confined within the arbitrary limits of Toryism or Radicalism. Interests never before represented will inevitably impart an altered aspect to public affairs. Education will play an ever-increasing rôle in the development of opinion. And then it will be found that while a greater earnestness, a less shallow public opinion, and a sincerer devotion to principle, will destroy much of the mere mechanism of politics, they will necessitate a more stable and a more logical basis for the executive authority.

One of the commonest characteristics of other European peoples, the propensity to theorise upon political questions, is conspicuously absent in this country. Whatever may be the faults and weaknesses

of Englishmen, we are not, as a nation, likely to suffer from the errors of the political *doctrinaire*; and so far is this true that one is sometimes led to regret that the imaginative faculty has played so small a part in our national character. Compromise is the broad strain running throughout our history: political conduct following no lofty ideal, but encountering with admirable courage and a keen insight the problems of the hour. For such speculations as Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, so common in France at the close of the last century, there never seems to have been any taste. On the contrary, the most influential speculative politician the country could boast at that period—Burke—was remarkable for his excessive attachment to tradition and expediency. Even our American kinsmen have gone further on the road of abstract theory than we in England. They thought it necessary to formally declare that "all men are born free and equal," together with the rest of the famous preamble. The spokesman and pamphleteer, so to speak, of the revolted colonies, Thomas Paine, was essentially a *doctrinaire*. An Englishman by birth, but a cosmopolitan by choice, he was very differently regarded by his American friends than our own democrat and demagogue, Wilkes.

Nor, to come to more recent times, can a better example be found of this national dislike for mere theory than Macaulay's celebrated criticism of Mill and the Utilitarians. As a matter of fact, our entire history records how much better our actions have been than our political logic. The common sense of the country has stood in a hundred crises where our methods of government, applied by others, would assuredly have broken down; and to this, more than to anything else, we owe the success that has hitherto attended the mechanism of our party system.

But though this is by far the most important circumstance, it is not the only one which has led partisanship to play so weighty a rôle in the government of the country. While it is perfectly true that in many fundamental respects the spirit of liberty in England has been deep-rooted for centuries, it is no less true that it has only found popular expression within quite recent times. From the date of the Whig ascendancy until the Reform period the government of the country was, in fact, if not in actual form, an oligarchical government. A great crisis had been reached in the history of free institutions, a crisis in which many whose names were associated with Liberalism were as bitterly opposed to democratic government as the staunchest members of the Tory party. It was the period of close boroughs, of the traffic in votes, of religious inequality, of a powerful territorial aristocracy, of an unjustly restricted franchise, of a yet more unjust distribution of seats. It may seem surprising that under such conditions the principles of popular government

eventually triumphed ; but it is not astonishing that at such times the spirit of faction ran high, that vital principles and a great crisis divided the country into two camps, that the parties which had been the outcome of the schemes of the Stuarts and the unflinching determination of Parliament and Puritans gained additional vigour at a moment when the decisive struggle was to be entered upon : when it was to be finally decided whether the Constitution should assume a popular or maintain an aristocratic form.

Time, however, has changed these conditions. Members of Parliament are no longer the nominees of the great county families, the franchise is no longer held upon an uncertain and frequently valueless tenure, bribery has been reduced to infinitesimal proportions, and secret voting has put an end to intimidation. There is yet another reason why party organisation was the powerful instrument of government we know it to have been, far more powerful indeed than, in all probability, it will ever be again. The age of borough-mongering was also the age of ignorance, of the degradation of great masses of the people, of the triumph of *laissez-a'ller* ideas of national education as of most other things. But the bubble of that desolating notion of government has burst, the schoolmaster is abroad, popular libraries are everywhere established, a cheap literature is scattered broadcast and is sowing its inevitable seeds of knowledge, a free press has expanded until every interest and every class is represented. The whole tendency of modern life is to create and foster a vast fermentation of thought which will become more and more impossible to control within the comparatively narrow bounds of party allegiance. Nor is it likely that the national distrust of "doctrinairism" will greatly hinder this threatened break-up of parties.

Manhood suffrage, again, may be objected to either on grounds of principle or expediency ; it may lead to undreamt-of complications ; many thoughtful observers may find reason to think, with Macaulay, that it spells national ruin, although even the purely Conservative element in English politics has undergone a vast change since the days of Macaulay. But whatever may be the opinion of individuals, it is almost within the bounds of certainty that at no very distant date the great democratic experiment will be tried in England as it is being tried in the United States, in our own Colonies, and in France, Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere. When the franchise thus receives its final extension, political parties will of necessity undergo a complete change. Wounds will be left which will not easily heal. Hopes will be raised which will not quickly be realised. The same influences, under different forms perhaps, which have produced in Germany a Conservative party, a Liberal party, a Socialist party, a Radical faction, an anti-Semitic faction, and a dozen other

separate cliques; which in France have evolved Moderate Republicans and Radical Republicans, Intransigents and Ultramontanes, will produce much the same political phenomena in England. That the two great parties have successfully maintained their respective unity in the midst of democratic institutions in America is no criterion by which Englishmen may judge the near future of their own party organisations, for the conditions of political life in the United States are entirely different to those of every other country. In England, happily, we have nothing to compare with the monster party machinery which permeates every office in the Republic, and exerts an omnipotent influence over the people in the name of the people; while in America many important circumstances have tended to minimise the importance of Congress, as compared with the position, functions, and power of our own Parliament. Everywhere the feverish energy of a supremely energetic race has been concentrated upon the task of developing the physical resources of the country. Is there an injustice suffered, it is always easier to find a new home in those vast territories than to agitate for reform. Is there degradation and misery in New York, the boundless prairies of the West have seemed, at least until quite recent times, to afford a surer remedy for the social ills of the East than any measures which the politicians could offer. And then again the questions which agitate Europe, a disputed succession, a State church, an hereditary aristocracy, universal suffrage, an excessive population, are problems which in the United States have either long been settled, or have never required settlement.

"In America," says Professor Bryce, "the great moving forces are the parties. The government counts for less than in Europe; the parties count for more; and the fewer have become their principles and the fainter their interest in those principles, the more perfect has become their organisation."

All that is vulgar, base, and dangerous in American politics spring from political methods thus admirably defined. No body of statesmen can sacrifice their independence, their convictions, their individuality without sacrificing at the same time much that is noblest in statesmanship, and much that is most essential to the glory and prosperity of their country. To be but the tool of a party, working through State conventions and national conventions; to be but the registrar of local prejudices or national passions, is to disgrace and not to advance the cause of representative government. And yet, be it remembered that this well-drilled partisanship—inimical to a pure and lofty political life—is far less onerous to members of Congress than it would be to members of Parliament. Members of Congress do not decide the fate of a Ministry by their votes. A large majority of their House may be bitterly opposed to

the Cabinet, and yet the Cabinet be substantially unaffected. It will still remain the supreme executive authority for the period limited by the Constitution. The President will still be the President, whose decrees will be obeyed, whose administrative prerogatives will not be gainsaid, however the Legislative Assembly may question his principles or his acts. In thus guaranteeing the stability of the presidential office, the Constitution has offered the best assurance for the independence of the legislator, who knows that whatever risks he may incur in giving a vote independent of party, those risks do not include the fortunes of the Cabinet. Rabid partisanship has, in America, destroyed the greater part of this individual independence, to which, however, a member of our own Parliament can scarcely ever aspire. At Westminster his hands are tied, and the frank expression of his convictions fettered; for upon his vote, and upon the votes of those in a similar position to himself, may depend, not only the fate of a Bill, but of an Imperial policy and of an Imperial Administration. And so it will be until the force of circumstances makes the present system no longer workable; and those circumstances are shaping themselves with swift and inexorable certainty. The present is an age of great peril to the existing structure of society. Problems of vast portent demand solution, to delay which is to risk the prosperity and greatness of the country. Questions of immense importance are arising and call for unbiassed treatment. Everywhere we may see the necessity for firm principles and the courage born of conviction, and everywhere are to be observed the deplorable tokens of a tinkering and hesitating policy.

All the conditions of our Parliamentary life of to-day tend to show that we are on the eve of such a break-up of parties as appears to be the permanent state of politics on the Continent. Were it not for the ever fainter influence of compromise with Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals, Parnellites, Anti-Parnellites, and Socialists, our Parliamentary struggles would assume a character every whit as chaotic as those of France. As it is, the Irish agitation seems to be but a species of interregnum, after which we may be prepared for a rapid decline and fall of party government at Westminster. A hundred voices will echo the shouts of millions, with a hundred inconvenient demands, amidst which Ministers will come and go with the same alarming rapidity as at the Palais Bourbon. Then it will be for the country to consider the necessity of ensuring a greater degree of stability for the Executive, and thus, at the same time, reserve a just independence for the private member. But, whether this course be followed, or whether the entangled problems which hourly demand attention be ill-considered and ill-settled amidst the petty wars of faction, it is at least almost certain that in

the Parliaments of the near future, party government as we have known it in England, associated as it has been with many great names and many important reforms, possessing almost unbounded authority, and filling a large place in the development of popular institutions, will have relinquished that supreme influence in the State which it has exercised with varying degrees of success for more than two centuries.

FREDERICK V. FISHER.

HUMAN ARMOUR: .A RETROSPECT.

I HAVE omitted any notice of arms earlier than the Saxon period on the ground that so little is known of the manner in which the flint arrows and the axes of the Stone and Bronze Ages were used. That their makers had attained to a high state of excellence in their construction we know ; but we know little else.

Arms seem to have been born almost universally by the Saxons—that is, by the freemen ; serfs are believed not to have been allowed this privilege, which was held in some sort to be a badge of freedom, though no doubt they had rude arms served out to them during war ; but if they returned home alive it is probable these arms had to be given over into the keeping of their lord until they were next required. We judge that personal weapons must have been very numerous, because it is seldom that a Saxon grave mound is opened without their being discovered ; the things most commonly found are the heads of spears and a kind of javelin. They vary much in size and also in shape : there is the leaf-shaped, the lozenge, the barbed and the four-edged, all of which have been found in the grave mounds scattered over various parts of Europe. The blades are of iron, and the length, as a rule, varies from ten to fifteen inches ; but they were found, at Ozingell in Kent, twenty-one inches in length ; swords are much more rarely found than spears, and axes are even less often to be met with. In the illuminated Saxon manuscripts the barbed spear is often to be seen, but it is very rarely found in the graves. There is a very curious one in Copenhagen, being only barbed upon one side, and being leaf-shaped upon the other. The shafts appear to have been usually made of ash. The spear-head is usually found lying beside the skull, so often as to induce the belief that this was the recognised position in which to place it with regard to its departed owner ; bosses of shields are frequently found upon the breasts of the dead ; these bosses are generally conical in shape, and often have the handle yet remaining across the inner side. The shield itself is rarely found, the wood having, as a rule, mouldered away. Most likely the reason that swords are so seldom found is because they were regarded in some sort as heirlooms, and passed from father to son, they would therefore be but very infrequently interred along with the other weapons ; when they are discovered they are more or less

all of one type, long, heavily formed and somewhat broad, but later they differed in shape. Helmets, too, are, comparatively speaking, uncommon; the reason for this does not seem to be very clear, for most likely each individual would require his helmet made to fit him. There are many illuminated manuscripts remaining that show us the kind of arms and armour used by the Saxons, and we get very accurate descriptions of them in Anglo-Saxon verse; thus we learn that a kind of hauberk was worn, which was called a byrnie, or battle-sark. The materials of which this was formed varied; in some cases it seems to have been composed of a kind of iron mail, but more usually, in the earlier times at least, it was made of leather. In the latter period it was the ordinary defence in battle, but at an antecedent period it seems probable that it was only worn by persons of rank and condition; that at the Conquest it was worn by the great mass of Harold's soldiers we know by the Saxon figures in the Bayeux tapestry. We can gain much valuable information from an Anglo-Saxon poem of the eighth century, named *The Deeds of Beowulf*; it contains much curious lore respecting the manner and customs then general among the higher classes. We are told how before retiring to his couch Beowulf disarmed: "Then put he off from him his iron byrnie, helmet from his head, delivered to his esquire the richly dight sword, choicest steel, and charged him with the care of his war harness."¹ There is a description of the guard kept in the hall of a king's castle, which shows the customs of the time very clearly: "Countless nobles guarded the hall; . . . they cleared away the bench-boards; it was strewn throughout with beds and bolsters. . . . At their heads they set the shields, the bright bucklers; there on the bench was over each etheling, plain to be seen, the towering war helmet, the ringed mail-coat, the shaft of awful power. Their custom was that they were constantly ready for war. . . . It was a good people."² The mention of the beds and bolsters will astonish those who are in the habit of regarding the Anglo-Saxons as something very little removed from savages. England was at that time, and for many centuries afterwards, almost entirely unenclosed, and much of the land was of a nature to suit the habits of wild fowl, consequently feathers were to be had in any quantity for cushions and beds; flax was extensively grown, and thus linen covers in which to put the feathers were easily to be obtained. No doubt it was customary to bring out these beds and cushions into the hall in the evening so that those on guard might have a pleasanter, softer resting-place than would have been afforded by lying down on the rush-strewn floor. It is not to be supposed that these sleeping warriors were the actual watchers; these were stationed in the outer court, and no doubt changed more than once

¹ *The Deeds of Beowulf*, p. 22. Edited by John Earle. 1892.

² *Ibid.* p. 40.

during the night. It was their duty, did they hear or see anything to excite suspicion, to rouse at once the sleepers in the hall. This account given of the guard kept in the eighth century reads strangely like the description given by Scott of the watch and ward kept on the Borders eight hundred years later. This picture given of the daily life at Branksome was common to all the castles and keeps on each side of the Border. We are told that there were nine-and-twenty knights constantly at Branksome :

“ Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword and spur on heel :
They quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day nor yet by night ;
They lay down to rest,
With corselet laced,
Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard ;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd.”¹

One cannot help reflecting that the soldiers of Beowulf's day must have found the pillows much more comfortable than the bucklers could have been ; and when one reflects upon what the armour of the latter part of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century was, one wonders whether the knights got any sleep at all when it was their turn to be on guard. The axe was used in the later Saxon period, but it occurs rarely in illuminations, and still more rarely in graves ;² but it had evidently become a weapon in common use at the time of the Conquest. There is evidence in Beowulf that swords were handed on from one generation to another ; for upon one occasion the hero has a sword lent to him, and we have it very carefully and minutely described : “ The name of that hafted blade was Hrunting, it was pre-eminently one of old heirlooms, the edge was iron, mottled with poison twigs, hardened with battle gore ; never had it in conflict proved false to any man who brandished it with hands ” (p. 47). Some of the Saxon swords must have in the later times been magnificent weapons ; the hilts were often made of ivory obtained from the tusks of the walrus, and the blades were inlaid with gold in various ornamental designs ; they also sometimes had runic verses upon them. The sheaths of the swords were generally formed of wood covered with leather and then strengthened and ornamented on the outside with iron or bronze. There is a very fine Saxon sword in the British Museum that was found in the Witham at Lincoln. A sword pommel of silver, with runes on one side of it and ornamentation on the other, was found at Ashby-by-Sandwich and has been several times engraved. In Denmark swords

¹ *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* Canto. i. 4.

² *Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages*, p. 319. By the Rev. Edward L. Cutts.

have been found in burial places, with runic inscriptions formed by iron letters being let into the iron blade.¹ There is a specimen of a sword of this kind to be seen in the Tower with iron letters let into the iron blade.

So far as we are able to judge, there seems to have been little change in the armour worn by either the nobles or their dependants from the time of the Conquest until the introduction of plate armour towards the end of the tenth century.

The covering for the body in time of war usually consisted of ordinary garments very thickly quilted, or covered with small rings of metal sewn upon the outside.

The quilted material deadened to a considerable extent the force of a blow, and the rings made it very difficult for the lance or sword to penetrate. There seems to be some ground for believing that small discs of horn or bone were sometimes sewed upon garments for a similar purpose; but this is not absolutely certain, for we have only the representations in illuminations to judge by, and it is not always easy to tell exactly what was meant to be depicted. The mail armour varied much as to the manner in which the rings were affixed to the surface that they were intended to protect; in some instances they seem to be sewn on at one edge only, in rows, and so to overlap each other; in others they do not overlap, and in yet other cases they are linked together after the manner in which purses used to be made of small steel rings. This last form of mail was certainly the strongest and most perfect, and if the iron or steel links were well made it would require a skilful blow from sword or lance to penetrate through them, and even then the weapons would have to be of unusually well-tempered metal. There was considerable variety in helmets and shields at different times during this period. We find the kite-shaped shield in the Bayeux tapestry, but later it became shorter and wider; the round Saxon shield, sometimes made of wood alone, sometimes covered with bull's hide, lingered for a long time, and for men-at-arms this shape was retained nearly as long as the use of the shield continued.

Helmets remained for many years the conical ones worn for generations by the Saxons, and seem only to have varied in a very minor degree from that type; but towards the close of the twelfth century there was introduced the helmet formed of iron that covered the whole head; this form had horizontal openings for the eyes. It is believed that the first representation of one is to be found on the second great seal of Richard I. It was about this time that armorial bearings became fixed; they now pass out of the stage of mere devices painted at random upon the shields; heraldry may be said to have become a science during the reign of Richard and his brother. In the thirteenth century the ordinary fighting gear of a knight

¹ *Ancient Armour.* By John Hewitt, vol. i. p. 40.

seems to have included the hauberk, which garment came down as far as the knees, sometimes the skirt part opened in the front, sometimes at the sides; the length of the sleeve varied, sometimes ending at the wrist, but in other specimens finishing at the elbow; it was usually made with head and neck covering all in one piece, so as to leave only the face unprotected.

The surcoat, helmet, sword, lance or spear, spurs and mail coverings for the legs and thighs, were the principal offensive and defensive forms of arms and armour in use. One of the finest existing effigies of this date is the tomb of William Longespée in Salisbury Cathedral.

The first king of England who appears in a surcoat on his great seal is John. There has been a story invented to account for its appearing about the time of the Crusades. It is said that the intense heat of the sun shining on the bright armour caused the Christian knights who went to the relief of the Holy Sepulchre to devise this garment as a means of protecting themselves from its full power. Others say it was to keep the armour from rusting in wet weather; but most probably it was more by way of ornamentation that it was adopted. At this time the long-bow, though used, had not become the national weapon that it did in after years, and the cross-bow was the more frequently seen.

The close of the thirteenth century witnessed the introduction of plate armour, but it was for a long time only used in conjunction with mail; it seems to have been in the first instance worn merely as a protection for the knee and elbow joints, then it was discovered that a shoe of plates overlapping each other was a great improvement; the sole of this shoe continued to be of leather, which was more flexible for walking in than iron. Plate was much more serviceable, in one way, than mail; blows or thrusts glanced off its highly polished surface far more easily; but in hot weather and in warm climates the rays of the sun, concentrating themselves upon this highly polished surface, must have caused an amount of heat so great that we can but wonder how the knights of those days were able to bear it. During the fourteenth century the surcoat still continued to be worn, though it varied its shape and name at different times. All the developments and changes are shown in effigies and brasses. It was very often covered with armorial devices and insignia. Leather armour was still sometimes used, but it is conjectured that it was more by way of ceremonial armour, to be worn upon State occasions, when fighting was not contemplated, and its superior lightness to iron would render it far pleasanter. It was technically known as "*Cuir bouilli*,"¹ on account of the leather being softened by means of hot water till it was pliable

¹ "His jambeux were of cuir bouley."

The Rime of Sir Topas.—CHAUCER.

enough to take any shape required. It was very often coloured so as to represent metal ; and there is great difficulty in illuminations in distinguishing the one from the other. The quilted armour, stuffed with flax, and made of strong linen, was still worn by men-at-arms. In the fifteenth century, by a process of natural development, we find that armour had arrived at the stage of consisting completely of plate ; but towards the end of the century there was in some few instances a partial return to mail. During the earlier part of this time knights seem to have worn no covering over their armour, and the brightly burnished surface must have presented a magnificent sight when a great number of men were massed together ; but there was, for some reason or other, a return to coverings, perhaps to keep off the rays of the sun.

Breastplates, in particular, were often hidden with silk or velvet, richly embroidered. Gauntlets were worn, with plates on the upper side of them, the glove itself being of leather, so that the hand might be enabled to obtain a firm grasp of the weapon.

Armour had at last become so perfect that we are told in many battles scarcely any of the fully-armed knights were slain ; but this scarcely agrees with what we know as to the terrible slaughter that took place in others, notably at Flodden, early in the sixteenth century. There was also one great disadvantage to the perfection that plate armour had arrived at ; no man when completely encased in his " weeds " could by any means unarm himself without assistance ; and if he received no wounds, yet chanced to be unhorsed, his case was well-nigh desperate, he was likely to be trampled to death. " Weeds " was a term used all through the Middle Ages to indicate a complete suit of armour. By the middle of the fifteenth century, and even earlier, the long bow had become a most deadly weapon in the hands of the English yeomen. Tradition says that the first wound James IV. received at Flodden was from an arrow in the forehead. English archers were far superior to those of any other nation, and it was the custom for all able-bodied men to be trained to the use of the bow. In 1363 and 1388, statutes were passed ordering the people to practice shooting upon Sundays and feast days ; Sunday afternoon was usually given up to this form of sport or practice. The bows were formed of yews brought from abroad, English yew not serving so well for the purpose ; the arrows were as a rule made from goose's feathers, but very frequently peacock's feathers were used, but these were not so serviceable in battle.

The sixteenth century came in, and with its advent was sounded the death knell of armour ; it was now very perfect, very magnificent, and no doubt had not firearms become general it would have lasted much longer. It was worn during the reign of Henry VIII., but during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. it

was very little used ; still every one in a gentle position had a complete suit, which usually hung in the hall along with spears, swords, and other weapons. During the Civil War, breast-plates, and sometimes back-plates were used, with leather coats, and occasionally helmets ; and upon occasions of state, full suits of armour were worn. There is a magnificent one, inlaid with gold, that belonged to Charles I., to be seen in the Tower.

The practice of hanging armour in churches seems to have been a far-off survival of the feeling which induced a man's relations to lay beside him in the grave, or place upon the ashes in his funeral urn, his spear and axe. No doubt at first it was always the real armour worn by the dead man which was thus hung above his tomb, but comparatively early it began to be customary to provide what may be called undertaker's armour in place of the real thing. Some of the real and of the other is yet remaining.

Surtees alludes to this custom in his ballad of *Sir John le Spring*, when he says :

“ In the southern aisle his coat of mail
Hangs o'er his marble shrine ;
And his tilting spear is rusting there,
His helm, and his gaberdine.” *

The helmet of Lord de la Warre is still remaining in the church of Broadwater, Sussex ; and there is a full suit of black armour yet to be seen at Wimbledon, or was until very recently, but it is very late, not being older than the beginning of the seventeenth century. In St. Stephen's Church, Canterbury, are to be seen suspended above his tomb, the helmet, spurs, gauntlets, and sword of Sir John Manwood. A list of all the armour, whether real or only of the undertaker's kind, that still remains in our churches, is much needed ; various antiquarian publications contain accounts of a great deal of it, but nothing like a complete and systematic account of it has ever been published, and it is to be feared that year by year it is getting slowly swept away.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

* *Life of Surtees*, p. 242. By George Taylor. 1852.

A PLEA FOR THE FARMER.

CONSIDERING the importance of his industry among the factors of national well-being, it is really surprising that the farmer in this country has so long allowed his claims to be ignored. Perhaps he has been slow to move—and there is no class of men who are more under the influence of custom and precedent than the tillers of the soil—because, despite a succession of disasters, he has been under the glamour of the easy triumphs scored by his progenitor in the same groove, and because he hoped that by plodding on in the old path he would ultimately reach the pleasant pasturages of prosperity. But to-day little if any of this simple faith remains. That it survived so long is a tribute to the persistence of the average farmer, from which a cheering augury may be drawn. One thing is now certain. Things have come to a pitiable pass; and unless a change for the better soon takes place, hundreds of farmers will find their way into the Bankruptcy Court.

Inquiry even of a superficial character will serve to convince any one who approaches the question impartially of the serious character of the crisis. Almost everything that the agriculturist produces is now selling at prices which seem ruinously low when compared with the quotations of a few years ago. And in spite of a wholesale depreciation in receipts, the main items of necessary expenditure remain unaltered. Farmers have kept going simply because they have drawn upon their capital. It may be said that depression is not a new experience, and that the farmers have often cried "Wolf." But there is a vital difference between the present and earlier periods of depression. Formerly the tenant could bear reverses. He is now at the end of his resources.

There is, unfortunately, no room for doubt as to the extreme gravity of the situation. It is not the object of this article to give details of a painful picture; it is to suggest directions in which practical assistance can be rendered. Protection is a delusion and a snare. Bi-metallism is humbug. The farmer who looks to either for any amelioration of his condition will suffer poignant disappointment. Success will not come through economic heresy. The case lies in a nutshell. What is wanted is that sound business principles shall be carried into the agricultural industry. Exceptions may be taken to the sweeping assumptions contained in this sentence. The writer hopes to be able to show that the declaration is justified.

The key to the situation lies in the reform of the laws which govern the relations between landlord and tenant. There are other ways in which the tenant may be equitably assisted. For instance, he may fairly claim the relief which a re-adjustment of the incidence of taxation would bring. But no other reform can for a moment be compared, in the matter of importance, with the one which would ensure that there should be fair dealing between the owner and the holder. That help which leads to self-help is the assistance which reaches the ideal standard. And when the law gives the farmer a free hand and a sense of independence a long stride towards the goal of prosperity will have been taken. The fault of the present system is that it leaves the tenant almost entirely at the mercy of the landlord. Some landlords (all honour to them?) do not abuse their power—and, what is more, see that their stewards do not do so. But there are numbers who are not content until they get their pound of flesh—and something more. It is wrong, however, that the tenant should be dependent upon the caprice even of a good landlord. The sense of dependence which the existing system engenders among agriculturists would injure any industry, and it is peculiarly harmful in this particular case because of the proportion of capital which has to be sunk by the tenant farmer in his holding. This is where the absence of the business basis is most noticeable. If a holding is to be farmed with any prospect of success, the tenant has to make a large outlay. And under the existing law he loses a considerable proportion of his capital whenever he leaves the farm. This is where the landlord has the pull upon him. This is the lever which has been the means of raising rents in numbers of districts. This is why scores of farmers—notably in Western counties—are to-day paying rents which the land cannot legitimately bear.

What is first wanted, then, is that the farmer should be given full security for any capital he may find it necessary, for the purposes of good husbandry, to put into his holding. Put shortly, this means that he should, on leaving his farm, receive compensation for everything adding to the lettable value of the estate. It may be said that the Agricultural Holdings Act was designed to afford this protection. But experience has shown that the Act does not go anything like far enough. The best proof of this is found in the fact that any tenant of late years who has had to leave a holding which he has farmed properly has had to sacrifice a serious proportion of his capital. Thus the law discourages high-class farming—the only sort of farming which, under present circumstances, can have any prospect of success. For the tenant would be more than human if he were content to do more than he was absolutely bound to do in the way of enriching, for the benefit of the owner, a farm held at the caprice of the landlord.

The effect of a drastic amendment of the Agricultural Holdings

Act on these lines, coupled with compensation for vexatious disturbance, would be immediate and immense. There would be a general improvement in the style of farming, and the enterprise of the husbandman would, instead of being hampered and repressed, be encouraged and developed. Increased labour and increased production would be the national benefits which would follow in the train of such a reform, and by securing these results something would have been done to make the revivification of rural life a reality. The change might not mean an early return of agricultural prosperity, for the present depression is not the result of any one cause. But it would give the agriculturist a fair chance by enabling him to make the most of his opportunities. There are wide fields of enterprise open to the farmer; and the failure of the staple crops to yield a remunerative return would undoubtedly cause large numbers of tenants to leave the beaten track were the paralysing influence of a one-sided and manifestly unfair law removed. For example, agriculturists have benefited to a comparatively small degree from the development of fruit culture which has taken place of recent years. There could be few more profitable additions to the ordinary farm than well-stocked fruit sections. Farmers are well aware of this. But they have held aloof because they are not prepared to risk the initial outlay of capital involved while their tenure hangs by so thin a thread as the interested will of the landlord. A striking illustration was recorded in the *Daily News* a few months ago. A farmer had spent a lot of money in planting raspberries, and had consequently added greatly to the lettable value of the holding. But when he was obliged to leave the owner declined to make any allowance for the valuable property he left behind. The outgoing tenant threatened to destroy the canes, and this led to the payment of some consideration on the part of the incoming occupier, the fruit-grower, however, losing some hundreds of pounds which his enterprise should have brought him. This is only a typical case. And yet English agriculturists are blamed for allowing foreign producers to meet the great and growing demand for fruit in this country! In other directions enterprise on the part of the farmer has been banned and barred in the same way.

There is much behind the reasonable and equitable proposal that absolute security should be afforded to the tenant for any capital outlay he may make in order to make the best of his holding—that, in short, the agricultural industry should be placed, in its elemental stage, on a proper business footing. It would make fresh men of thousands of tenants—fresh men, because men with a new sense of liberty. It would mark the final decline of the feudal influence of the squirearchy. For the reform would mean a practical guarantee of a secure tenure. The owner and the occupier would therefore

meet on a business equality. Security of tenure, again, involves something more. In the interest of the tenant as well as of the landlord—but particularly, of course, of the former—it is necessary that as the payment of rent is the first condition of tenancy some means should be provided for fixing the rent in cases of dispute. There is really nothing alarming in the idea of a land court. There is a popular prejudice against a resort to legal processes on account of the expenses usually connected with such proceedings. But it should not be difficult to devise adequate machinery which should be cheap and at the same time easily accessible. Indeed, some Liberal county members have introduced a Bill which appears to meet the case. Under this scheme, which is fathered by Mr. Channing, the Land Court would consist of the County Court Judge of the affected district with two practical assessors, who would also be able to deal with claims under the Agricultural Holdings Act.

The establishment of a Land Court may be regarded by many as a desperate remedy. But the case is desperate. Landlords will resent interference. But they will already have lost the substance of their power if the tenant is conceded practical security of tenure. The rest is only a matter of convenience and arrangement. And whatever happens, they will have themselves to blame—we are speaking generally, readily admitting that some landlords have shown much generosity, and an enlightened regard for their own interests, in their dealings with their tenants—because they have pursued a short-sighted policy, the policy popularly known as killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. Scores of unoccupied farms in the Midlands and elsewhere have been the fruit of this blunder. Yet the warning has been lost upon landed proprietors in other parts of the country, notably in the West, where (save for more or less inadequate remissions, flavouring unpleasantly of pauperism) high rents have been rigorously and ruthlessly extorted.

The demand for reduced rents is growing in force and volume. In Devonshire—where, owing to the varied character of the husbandry, and also to the frugal habits of the agricultural population, the effects of the crushing depression were not felt so soon as they were in many other counties—the demand has become determined and general. As a protest against the excessive rents demanded on some estates many prominent farmers have left their native shire to find, as they hope, happier experiences in the Midlands. Still the lesson is unlearned. High rents remain the order in the West of England. And so the landlords are themselves unwittingly pressing on the reform they are desirous of averting. The stock argument which is advanced against the demand for reduced rents is that a farm, like a suit of clothes, is worth just what it will fetch. There is, however, no such thing as absolute property in land. There

is a public side to the ownership of broad acres. Something is due to the nation. But quite apart from this broad aspect of the question, there is a specific reason why in most counties rents are maintained at a high level in spite of prolonged depression. Here, again, the law is at fault. Under the Law of Distress the landlord is given an unfair priority. He can get his rent even at the cost of the tradesman through whose forbearance the tenant has been enabled to make his holding productive. Knowing that, in the last resort, his rent is practically safe, the landlord is content to accept as his tenant the man of straw who, having nothing to lose, can afford to offer a higher rent than the fairly well-to-do competitor. It is the fictitious competition which this unjust system engenders that has kept up the standard of rents in Devonshire. And it is the same in other counties. Hence the abolition of the Law of Distress must be given a prominent place in the Farmers' Charter.

These roughly sketched suggestions, for which no claim of originality is made, indicate the lines on which any legislation honestly intended to assist the farmer in battling with the difficulties which now threaten to overwhelm him must be framed. Unfortunately, the farmers themselves present a most serious obstacle to effective advance. If they were only unanimous, or anything approaching it, they would soon get redress. But they are wasting the best of their strength, and embarrassing those politicians who honestly desire to serve them, by striving for the unattainable. So long as farmers base their hopes on Protection, or Bi-metallism, so long will they obscure the main issue, and thus retard reform. Recent discussions in Parliament have shown that immense advance has been made, and that acute depression has reduced the Legislature to a melting mood in regard to agriculture. It rests largely with the farmers themselves to see that the opportunity is not thrown away. They have everything to gain by combination. Is it too much to hope that, with so much at stake, they will pull together?

Since the preceding portions of this article were written much has been said and done to bring the claims of agriculture into prominence. The appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the causes of agricultural depression, and to see how far they can be removed by legislative action, has, it is hoped, brought the practical relief of which the farmer stands so much in need within measurable distance. For this is to be a practical inquiry, which—if only agriculturists rise to the occasion and take trouble to lay their case effectively before the Commissioners—can have only one result. Supineness, always demoralising, is contemptible when it endangers an otherwise certain victory. This, it may be said, is pleading with and not for the farmer. But allowance must be made for the enervating effects of a bad system. It has been sug-

gested with more humour than truth, that what the farmer is suffering from is depression of brains. The insult is cruel. The farmer, as was said at the commencement of this paper, is slow to move. But he is not deficient of brains. The farmer, who, in his fidelity to the industry of his fathers, has impoverished himself in waiting for the turn of the tide, may have been indiscreet, but he deserves something better than a sneer. The critic should remember that the agriculturist has pursued his industry, as we have pointed out, under circumstances which have been fatal to enterprise. The farmer is to be blamed for so long tamely submitting to conditions which would not be tolerated in ordinary business relations. Here, again, allowance must be made for the dependent position to which an unjust system has subjected him. Instead of taunting him for not moving, let us assist him to move. The first step is to knock off the irons which fetter him. Enterprise begets enterprise. All that is wanted to develop enterprise in the agricultural industry is to give the farmer "a fair field and no favour." In the new order the tenant-farmer would still be subject to the tantalising vagaries of the weather; but his risks would be more widely distributed, while he would be quickened and heartened by knowing that he would reap the fullest benefit from a favourable season. He would still be subject to the pressure of foreign competition: but he would at all events be given a chance of saving himself.

W. F. G.

A DUTCHMAN IN PARIS.

PARIS honestly believes herself to be the centre of the world. She is fond of the title "City of Light," and there can be no question that a good part of the world sings its wings in her flames. A book of last season, which its publisher somewhat sorrowfully assures me stands little chance of translation, gives a Dutch writer's charming and vivid "Sensations of Literature and Art" in the Parisian world of to-day.¹

Doctor Byvanck's sympathies with the universe as it is might have been gathered from a former work on *Poetry and Life in the XIXth Century*, in which he treated of Heine and Carlyle, of Cardinal Newman and Balzac, of Baudelaire and Emerson, of Walt Whitman and Ibsen. Like the painters of the Holland School, he narrates what he has seen and felt with photographic realism. Anatole France—"a Parisian who loves Paris as an Italian of the Middle Ages loved his city"—bears witness to the exactness of his portrayal of the "literary corners of the capital, the *cafés* and *brasseries*, the rustic cottage of the popular singer and the garret of the learned poet."

A first fine quality of the life of Paris was brought to the attention of the Dutch philosopher by Richepin, a poet and novelist whose work is far too emancipated ever to become generally known to the English reading public. "At Paris, a half-word is enough to be understood—sometimes less. If you begin giving us lectures, we go away." "As for me," added Jules Renard, another eccentric author, "my self-love is never more deliciously flattered than when people tell me—In what you have written there is a great deal more than you suspect yourself."

In his work-room, open on two sides to the sunshine, Richepin explained the idea of his romance of *The Younger Son*. It is not far from representing the latest development of man in Paris, where all things human come first to their maturity and to their decay. It is the story of a genius that has failed, whose revenge on the injustice of Fate is to take first the honour and then the life of his elder brother, from whom he has received only benefits. He dies in his turn, abhorred of men, like a wild beast of the wilderness. "It is a hard book," said its author, sitting back squarely in his

¹ *Un Hollandais à Paris* en 1891. Par W. G. C. Byvanck. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1892.

arm-chair, as if for help to rise interiorly above the hardness of which he accused himself. "It was hard to make, and it has remained hard to read. People no longer have the time to occupy themselves with such a book. It cost me infinite pains. It is a book all on the inside, which has taken time to come out. But who, I ask, can take a liking to it?"

As the meditative Dutch student of humanity walked back in the night to his lodgings between the long pile of buildings of the Louvre and the River Seine, he spoke of these things with his companion, Marcel Schwob. The latter, in spite of his Jewish name and blood—perhaps by reason of them—is a Parisian of Parisians; he is a chronicler of the literature of the day, a student of words in which man's progress is so often shown. But lately he has brought out another book of those Oriental allegories in which the terror of men's lives is brought home to them. "Do you remember," he said, "that Jules Renard acknowledged to us his liking for *The Younger Son* of Richepin? This disposition of mind, wilful to the point of ferocity, is found in us all. This is why I have sometimes thought that the parable of the Prodigal Son would perhaps symbolise quite as well the innermost thought of our own time as it did that of the fifteenth century before the re-awakening of the human mind. The Prodigal Son, he too was the younger, was he not? *The younger of the two!*"

They had passed the river. The water was but a dark shade; the house-tops by the quay showed in vague outlines against the dim sky, and the church of Notre Dame was a shapeless mass rising up confusedly into the black abyss of the night. Along the Boulevard Saint-Michel there were still lights to be seen here and there in the cafés, which were on the point of closing, and on the walk were little groups of persons saying good-night to each other before going to their homes.

"Yet no!" said Marcel Schwob, after a few seconds' pause which he had given to reflection; "the Prodigal Son along his painful way saw before him his father's house; and we, driven by blind desires, march on toward the unknown. It is some other symbol that befits us: the figure of the Wandering Jew, of the traveller without rest, who has encountered the Ideal One on his way, but has turned his back on him because he did not recognise him in the form under which he appeared; and he has set himself to marching forward, furious with himself, driven by the folly of vain hope—and he marches ever onward!"

Led on by the perspective in which modern works of art show themselves, the Parisian thinker began applying his parable to all that recent literature which has passed from strange tongues into French and English speech, and which seems ever in travail of some unknown birth. "See how exact this comparison is. Every poem

—I take the word in its widest meaning—when it contains a morsel of true life, has for its burden ‘March on! march on!’ as if this were the significance which must be understood through it all, without which it would lose all real meaning. You remember Turgeneff’s *Virgin Lands*, with the keen emotion at the close—how the hero and heroine go forth hand in hand among the people—that is, toward the unknown! And Ibsen’s Nora—one often asks why this little doll leaves her warm house and her husband, who, after all, is not absolutely insupportable, to go forth into the night toward an uncertain future. It is because for her too the mysterious word has sounded—March on! and she goes far away, leaving behind home and children, whatever she no longer recognises as the ideal of existence, on her way toward the unknown. Nowadays the book which touches our hearts begins truly only at the point where its story ends—to be continued by ourselves within ourselves.”

Marcel Schwob, though his name is little known outside of France, is a fair representative of the younger generation of Parisian authors, unsettled in mind and morals, reaching out to new systems that may reform humanity, yet looking back uneasily to the Christianity which once already has transformed the world. He is more than a fair representative of the new learning, in which he has been compared to Erasmus, the sceptical, inquiring, vacillating spirit of the Reformation.

Catulle Mendès is another of the new Parisian lights, perhaps the most before the public at present. There are numberless editions of his poems, which are for the most part too erotic for English use, though written with great grace of thought and language. His light plays and librettos for operetta are frequent on the stage, and his short stories and feuilletons are in the Boulevard weeklies. I can ill reconcile his present appearance, as he goes along the Boulevard, with what is said of his one-time manly beauty whose successive charmed ones were reckoned by chapters of genealogy. He is now oftenest accompanied by one preternaturally thin and faded but nervous and highly intelligent-looking blonde woman hanging on his arm. He has that heavy Oriental look which I have noticed in one of the great Semitic scholars of England; in both cases it is due to blood, not learning.

As Byvanck remarks, an artist like Catulle Mendès, who is moreover a man of the world and of the Boulevard, must assuredly be able to tell charming stories. His observations on contemporary manners were less pleasant than serious, though they were not the more edifying for that. He painted in great outlines the state of society: “Love made a mere matter of conventionality like all the other aspirations of humanity, licence regulated like some commonplace appetite, and the day of adultery following strictly on the day

of the theatre or the day of reception, without ever mixing its place."

A few anecdotes completed this picture with a glimpse of the sentiment of the *demi-monde*. There the seeking after refinements of sensuality no longer knows any restraint. There is an upturning of all natural relations and an exploiting of the human beast to the profit of a curiosity insatiable in its enjoyments. Catulle Mendès took his guest by the arm, and they walked leisurely along the Boulevard. The night was advanced, the lights disappeared one by one, and only the gleam of a few lanterns lighted up the slippery asphalt, wet by a shower of spring.

"Whither is our civilisation drifting?" the poet said. Everything seemed dark to him, not so much from what he had been saying as from trouble of mind at the news of a conflict between soldiers and working-men during a strike. "Society, that which belongs to us, can offer no further resistance. And what vigour can we expect from the coming generation, from the children of the mothers of whom I have spoken? We are come to the end. We have said our last word. We no longer deserve to be at the head of the social movement. What principle (I speak of a real and living principle) can we oppose to the mob which believes its turn has come to enjoy? We have no other answer to give them than the bayonet or the sword."

"And there is not one of us," he added, with a kind of harsh pride, "that will not grasp the sword in the days which are coming to defend himself against the brutal domination of the populace, not because of conviction, but to show that there is one single thing which remains to us from our traditions, whole and intact—honour."

I always distrust, the Dutch Doctor soberly remarks hereupon, the inspirations of a mind which, after the excitement of a day of intense labour, begins prophesying in the middle of black night about the future of society. When any one speaks of its frailty, I am reminded of the desperate efforts I once made to break up an old chest which was now good for nothing. The nails may have been rusted into the wood; but I know that all my strength scarcely availed against the power of resistance which the shapeless rubbish opposed to me. I do not think our society will let itself go to pieces easily. But I preferred to answer nothing to the impassioned apostrophe of the poet; an argument is rather prosaic when taken from an old wooden chest.

STODDARD DEWEY.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

THE issue of the *Monthly Weather Review* by the Meteorological Department of the Government of India has been brought down to February 1893, the *Review*¹ for that month having recently reached us. In the general summary of the chief features of the weather, which forms an introduction to the detailed observations, the reporter points out that the month was unusually disturbed and characterised by frequent rain, unusually low temperature, and greater humidity and cloud than usual. Four cold-weather storms crossed Northern India, and although they were, as measured by the barometric depression, feeble disturbances, they gave unusually copious rain in the plains and excessive snowfall in the Himalayan area. The barometric changes over Northern India were large and frequently very irregular, while temperature appears to have been largely in defect over the whole of India excepting Southern India and Lower Burmah. The *Review* contains the usual reports of weather and snowfall, the special storm reports, and the tabulated observations on temperature, winds, rainfall, &c.

A volume on Primitive Man is hardly likely to want appreciative readers, especially when it deals with the subject in so novel and attractive a manner as that adopted by Madame Meunier.² Having reached a third edition and been adopted by the Commission of the Minister of Public Instruction, and other educational bodies, her work may be regarded as having justified its publication, at least in France; but its merits are so well marked that it is certainly deserving of being known to a still wider circle of readers, and especially to those who have a leaning towards anthropological studies. To English readers it may be commended as a most interesting summary of the leading facts known with regard to primitive man, set forth in a way which in the main makes it a very reliable guide. It consists of two parts, in the first of which the

¹ Government of India Meteorological Department. *Monthly Weather Review*, February, 1893. By John Eliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing. 1893.

² *Bibliothèque Scientifique et Industrielle. Misère et Grandeur de l'Humanité primitive.* Par Mme. Stanislas Meunier, Illustrations de Frédéric Massé, d'après les documents du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle. Troisième Edition. Paris: Alceide Picard et Kaan, Éditeurs.

facts are thrown into the form of a continuous narrative, and told in connection with imaginary individuals belonging to a tribe which formerly inhabited the caves on the banks of the Vézère, while the second consists of extracts from the writings of eminent authorities bearing upon the various branches of the subject. Thus, while the first part brings primitive man before us as a real living creature of flesh and blood like unto ourselves, and has on that account all the charms of a good novel, the second has the seriousness of a scientific treatise, and embodies the hard solid facts on which the more imaginative portion of the work is based. The picture of primitive man thus presented is fairly complete, so far at least as one stage of civilisation is concerned, and that belonging to what is usually called the Palæolithic period. The points to which attention is chiefly directed are the usual ones, and refer, among other things, to the cave dwellings, the weapons used in war and in the chase, the tools employed in their rude arts, their religious beliefs, &c. The authoress does not clearly distinguish the several distinct epochs which make up the Palæolithic period, and appears to confine herself mostly to the epoch of the Madelaine, the latest of the series.

But, to give some idea of other stages of civilisation, a traveller is introduced to the tribe whose doings are chiefly dealt with, and he briefly describes the manners and customs of the peoples of other countries, and the strange sights he has witnessed. By this means, some of the characteristics of the men of the Neolithic age are introduced, and it becomes possible for the reader to compare in some measure the chief stages through which primitive man is known to have passed in his progress towards a higher civilisation.

A careful comparison of the whole narrative of the first part of the book with the justificatory extracts contained in the second, has brought to light but few points on which the authoress appears to us to have passed beyond the limits of well-established facts. We think she has done so, however, in attributing to Palæolithic man the domestication of the reindeer, and the possession of somewhat advanced religious ideas. Criticism on these details, however, is disarmed by the frank confession in the introductory chapter that here, as on other matters which still remain somewhat doubtful, she has taken the view that seemed most satisfactory to herself. The artistic attempts of the men of the Madelaine are among the subjects dealt with, but we hardly think their superiority as artists to those of the Neolithic age is brought out with sufficient distinction. This is one of the most interesting features of the rude civilisation of Palæolithic times, and to us, at least, seems deserving of more prominence than the authoress has given it.

These trifling shortcomings apart, we have nothing but praise for this interesting and instructive volume, which is, moreover, well printed and elegantly bound. As we have no similar work in

English, we strongly advise those to whom French is no obstacle to seek an early opportunity of making themselves personally acquainted with its contents.

Dr. Dutton's little volume on *Indigestion*,¹ having reached a third edition, scarcely needs the approval of the reviewer as a recommendation to further notice. Its clear statement of facts and principles relating to the nature and treatment of the disease has already secured for it a large share of popularity, and now that it has been revised and enlarged, that popularity can scarcely fail to be increased. We are not sure that even educated laymen, to say nothing of the profession, would agree with the author in the view that medical men should explain to patients the nature of the ailments they suffer from, and the object and *rationale* of the treatment prescribed. But there will be no difference of opinion as to the desirability of such knowledge as this book contains being more widely diffused than it is at present. An elementary knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the digestive organs, for instance, such as the author gives, would do much to enlighten the public mind on the importance of more attention being given to the nature and quantity of the food eaten, and would often be a safeguard against those excesses or defects which give rise to disease. The account given of indigestion, too, its causes, symptoms, treatment, &c., embodies much sound sense and information that would be of the highest practical value to all who wish to avoid injury to health through ignorance of its conditions. Lastly, there are the chapters specially devoted to food-stuffs, their nature, value, dietetic importance, &c., which it would be difficult to overvalue. These are not merely repetitions of old and well-worn statements about foods, but fresh and independent expositions based on the latest knowledge. They differ from many essays on the same subject, in that foods are treated from the medical and dietetic standpoints more than from the chemical, and are based upon the conviction that by a proper recognition of the value of food, the habits, health, temper, and moral tone of the community might be indefinitely improved.

¹ *Indigestion, Gout, Corpulency, and Constipation clearly Explained, Treated, and Dieted.* By Thomas Dutton, M.D. Third edition, enlarged and revised. London: Henry Kimpton & Hirschfeld Bros. 1893.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

MR. BRADLEY has contributed to the *Library of Philosophy* a metaphysical essay on *Appearance and Reality*.¹ From one point of view the work seems hardly equal to its predecessors, as it cannot be regarded as a contribution to systematic philosophy. The author himself scarcely seems to know how to define his own conclusions, and we may therefore be pardoned if we abstain from labelling them with any accepted denomination. Mr. Bradley says of his conclusion: "Whether it is to be called Realism or Idealism I do not know, and I have not cared to inquire." It is not unlike Substantial Idealism, but it may be anything else. This is only to say that the work is rather desultory than systematic, and sceptical rather than dogmatic. The book is not intended for the uninitiated, and though the language is often technical, it is frequently brilliant; the prevailing tone is critical, and the assertions often paradoxical. There is a suspicion of indifference about the book which seems lacking in respect to the reader. There is the reference to Realism and Idealism quoted above, and in the preface the writer says: "I have written for English readers, and it would not help them much to learn my relation to German writers. Besides, to tell the truth, I do not know precisely that relation myself." There is also an index, which is thus introduced: "The reader who finds this collection of references useless, as well as faulty and incomplete, is requested to treat it as non-existent." The general impression we have derived from a perusal of the work is that the author, if he spoke the truth, would say: "These are my opinions, but whether they are right or wrong I don't know, and it does not much matter." The general thesis of the book appears to be that appearances are only manifestations of the Reality which is one, yet without appearances, which are nothing in themselves, there is no Reality. What the nature of the Reality is we are not in a position to judge, as the appearances we know may be but few in comparison with the appearances we do not know. Appearances are qualities and relations. Reality is one experience, self-pervading and superior to mere relations. The author finally affirms by insisting that Reality is spiritual. "There is a great saying of Hegel's, too well known, and one which without some explanation I should not like to endorse." What the great saying is and why it is *too well* known, the writer does not tell us; but being desirous of knowing what is meant by Reality being spiritual, we turn to the index which is not an index, and look up the word spiritual, and congratulate ourselves

¹ *Appearance and Reality*. A Metaphysical Essay. By F. H. Bradley, LL.D. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

upon finding it. "Spirit is a unity of the manifold in which the externality of the manifold has utterly ceased." Other definitions of the author are equally clear or obscure as you like to take them. What is a body? "It is an intellectual construction out of material which is not self-subsistent." And the soul "is a finite centre of immediate experience possessed of a certain temporal continuity of existence, and again of a certain identity in character."

Philosophical doubt appears to be the outcome of our author's speculations, because of the presence of an unknown quantity which we cannot take into account. "The world that we can observe is certainly not all the universe; and we do not know how much there may be we cannot observe. And hence everywhere an indefinite supplement from the unknown is possible." The fact is, we must be content with our ignorance, for "no possible truth is quite true"—"it is a partial and inadequate translation of that which it professes to give bodily." Having found something with which we can agree, we close the book, which is one that will be enjoyed by readers with a taste for metaphysics.

Dr. Clifford, the popular Baptist minister of Westbourne Park Chapel, has collected a number of discourses and presented them to the public with the title of *Christian Certainties*:¹ Discourses and Addresses in Exposition and Defence of the Christian Faith. Dr. Clifford's style is vigorous and eloquent, not to say effusive; but his conception of Christian certainties appears to incline to their subjective character, and will only prove acceptable to those who have adopted it beforehand. "Obtaining knowledge is not the same thing as obtaining certitude, though the acquisition of information may be one of the paths to that goal." The obtaining of knowledge, however, should lead to the destruction of illusions, but in Dr. Clifford's address the knowledge and the illusions exist side by side. His theology is what may be described as Christocentric, in which the living Christ is represented as being the source of all religious experience and moral improvement. The theist regards this Christ as an imaginary substitute for God, and the agnostic regards it as a reflection of the individual self. Dr. Clifford and his school identify "Christ" with Jesus of Nazareth, all impossible inconsistencies notwithstanding. To describe Jesus as the *first Christian* is but reasonable, but we do not find the transition as easy as does Dr. Clifford from Jesus to the Christ, the Incarnate Word, God over all, blessed for ever! While professedly making much of the historic method, Dr. Clifford's theology has its roots in the experimental, and his identification of the subjective "Christ" with the historic Jesus clearly shows that he has made no advance upon the old orthodoxy.

¹ *The Christian Certainties*. By John Clifford, M.A., LL.B., B.Sc., F.G.S., D.D. London: Isbister & Co., Limited. 1893.

"The Bible is the literary product of the religious spirit in one of its noblest manifestations. It is the reflection rather than the source of man's religious life: the history of one line of religious revolution (should it not be evolution?) not the cause of piety; a record of *some* of God's dealings with mankind." This is the view Mr. Crooker¹ takes of the Bible after it has been subjected to criticism, and with this description there is not much fault to find. The book is generally taken up with an account of the results of modern scholarship, and the reasons for removing the Bible from its old place as an infallible authority are clearly and concisely stated. The benefits arising to religion by the decay of biblical tyranny are set forth with something like exultation, and while the criticisms of the author are always unflinching, his book is commendably free from the offensive extravagances of the secularist school. It is a very useful book, and needs no special scholarship on the part of the reader to enable him to appreciate the force of its arguments.

We have enjoyed reading Mr. Fraser's lively attack upon Episcopacy,² and can recommend it as both just and timely. There is a lack of system in the presentation of his facts, but the book displays a considerable amount of antiquarian and legal research. It is a genuine exposure of the weakness of the pretensions of the Established Church from more than one point of view, and would be found invaluable by a pugnacious political Nonconformist.

*A Handbook of Rational Piety*³ is simply a collection of passages from discourses delivered at various times by the scholarly minister of the Church of the Messiah, Birmingham. But these extracts are arranged in such a way as to present something like a continuous and consistent outline of rational religion. These passages show that a scientific man may still be devout, and that reason is not inconsistent with a very noble type of religion.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the projected issue of the Hebrew text of the Sacred Books of the Old Testament, edited by Professor Paul Haupt, of Baltimore, of which series a copy of the *Book of Job*⁴ has reached us. Though this is described as Part XVII., we infer that it is the first issued by way of sample. The work is splendidly printed on good paper by August Pries, of Leipzig, and is issued in an ornamental paper cover. The system of colours adopted in the text is explained in the editor's own words. "*Blue*, indicates parallel compositions, *green*, polemical interpolation directed against

¹ *The New Bible and its New Uses*. By Joseph Henry Crooker. Boston: George H. Ellis. 1893.

² *Episcopacy Historically, Doctrinally, and Legally Considered*. By John Fraser. London: James Clarke & Co.

³ *A Handbook of Rational Piety*. By Henry W. Crosskey, LL.D., F.G.S. London: Philip Green. 1893.

⁴ *The Book of Job*. Critical Edition of the Hebrew Text, with Notes by C. Siegfried. English translation of the Notes by R. E. Brünnow. Leipzig, London, and Baltimore. 1893.

the tendency of the poem, and *red*, correcting interpolations conforming the speeches of Job to the spirit of the orthodox doctrine of retribution." Sufficient reasons are given for this analysis, and it will be found that this coloured method which is adopted answers its purpose well.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A VERY curious book has just been published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, entitled *Women Adventurers*.¹ The introduction by M^{lle} Muriel Dowie, the talented authoress of *A Girl in the Karpathians*, claims for women-soldiers an interest such as must always attach to the unique and the unexpected in real life. At the same time she appears rather inclined to laugh at these "ladies of the sabre." They are to me, she says, "something of a classic jest. Their day is done, their histories forgotten, their devotion dead, and they have left us no genuine descendants." The biographies selected are those of Madame Loreta Janeta Valasquez (otherwise Lieutenant Harry T. Ruford), who fought as a Confederate officer during the American War, and was also a spy and a blockade-runner; Hannah Snell, a native of Winchester, who, in the last century, served both as a soldier and a sailor, and is said to have been present at the siege of Pondicherry; Mary Anne Talbot, the natural daughter of an earl, who served as foot-boy, drummer, cabin-boy, and sailor; and Mrs. Christian Davies, who fought as a dragoon under Marlborough. Their lives are certainly odd records.

The history of a boy's life in a great English school must be interesting when its details are all drawn from personal experience. In *Winchester Fifty Years Ago*,² by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, we have a vivid and realistic picture of the miseries of the fagging system. The author who, curiously enough, sees something to admire in this barbarous system, describes a fag's sufferings in a way to make ordinary people shudder. The fags had to "watch out" at cricket in summer, and "kick in" at football in winter. The boy who missed a cricket ball flying past him received a "clow," or box on the ear, which knocked him down and left the glands of his head swollen and painful for days. The fag was exposed to pommelling when "kicking in" at football, and was, in addition, left to shiver

¹ *Women Adventurers*. Edited by M^{lle} Muriel Dowie. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1898.

² *The Ancient Ways: Winchester Fifty Years Ago*. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell, M.A. Rector of Stockton. London: Macmillan & Co.

half-naked in the cold of midwinter. He was often whipped or "tunded" by the prefect with a ground-ash; and on one occasion, mentioned in the book, the victim of this atrocious species of tyranny narrowly escaped dying from his injuries. In Winchester School at the period mentioned—half a century ago—there were at least three splendid masters: Warden Barter, a fine specimen of "muscular Christianity"; Dr. Moberly, the head-master, a brilliant and refined classical scholar; and Charles Wordsworth, whose *Annals* have found a place in the world of letters. But the great influence of such men was unable to suppress the barbarism which prevailed amongst the boys. In the opinion of the Rev. Mr. Tuckwell, the system should not be "held up to wholesale condemnation." We respectfully differ from him. Fagging has been the cause of much moral degradation, more than is generally supposed. Happily, English schools have improved of late years, and Heaven knows there was room for improvement.

With reference to Winchester culture, it is a pity that, while Latin and Greek were extensively studied, so little attention should have been paid to English literature. If we may judge from his chapter on "Reading," the author appears to be ignorant of the fact that the novel *Valentine Vox* was written by Henry Cockton, and *Crohoore of the Bilhook* by "the O'Hara family" (the Banim Brothers), for he mentions these two works with others as "queer books which he had never since seen." Let us hope that the Winchester boy of to-day knows something about the authorship of the best English novels!

An excellent account of the progress of the island of Ceylon from 1803 down to the present time is given in a volume by Mr. John Ferguson, entitled *Ceylon in 1893*.¹ The book is dedicated to Sir Hercules Robinson, who was Governor of Ceylon from 1865 to 1872. It is now ten years since the first edition of the work was published. Since 1890 the book has been out of print, and the present edition supplies a mass of information which will be found exceedingly useful. Ceylon is the largest and most populous of the British Crown Colonies, and a volume dealing with its history and statistics has special value for practical politicians. The island was known to the Greeks and Romans as Taprobane, and to the Arabs as Serendib. It is said that the Mohammedans regard Ceylon as the island provided for Adam and Eve to console themselves for the loss of Paradise. The early kings of Ceylon appear to have been of warlike character, and one of them in the twelfth century not only defeated the rulers of Southern Indian States, but made Cambodia tributary to Ceylon. However, when the Portuguese first appeared in Ceylon in 1503, the island was divided amongst no less than seven separate rulers—a curious Eastern parallel to the English Heptarchy.

¹ *Ceylon in 1893*. By John Ferguson. London: Haddon & Co.

In 1656 the Dutch expelled the Portuguese rulers from the island and pursued a progressive administrative policy, though they did little to develop commerce. At the end of the last century the British superseded the Dutch, and from 1797 to 1802 Ceylon was placed under the East India Company. In the interesting volume before us the progress of the island under British rule is very fully dealt with. The great planting industries of Ceylon are coffee, tea, and cocoa. The author considers the island one of the best of British dependencies for the investment of capital.

Mr. Maginnis's book, *The Atlantic Ferry*,¹ is a complete record of the doings of the great Transatlantic steamship companies. Up to fifty years ago the sailing clippers had things all their own way upon the Atlantic highway. In 1816 a passage of forty days from England to New York was regarded as a comparatively quick journey. Some of the sailing clippers, however, gained celebrity in the early days of steam navigation by beating the steamers themselves. Mr. Maginnis gives a very clear and interesting account of the various steamships in the Atlantic trade, and his book is crammed with very valuable facts. His style, though not picturesque, is pithy and unaffected. The illustrations in the volume are good.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

A Note by J. T. GREIN.

I met Guy de Maupassant once, about two years ago; he was then a fine picture of virility and vigour, and in all the salons his was a pet name among the fair sex.

I had come to see him about *Musotte*, his play which achieved such a remarkable artistic and such a poor financial success at the Gymnase. I wanted to produce it at the Independent Theatre, and had asked his leave to do so. His reply was charmingly polite, but he said the matter was not in his hands, as he belonged to the Société des Auteurs. So I journeyed to Paris and was received with much cordiality. Although an epicure in taste, in fact extravagant to a degree, he was the simplest of all men in manners. After five minutes we talked like "old chums," and his bluff, crisp way of putting things amused me vastly. "Can't help you, mon cher; you will have to go to the Société to get that permission. You know Roger?"

"Do I know him? Why, the other day when John Gray translated the *Baiser* for me, Roger wanted £100 for the right of production, which dear old Madame de Banville afterwards granted on her own

¹ *The Atlantic Ferry: its Ships, Men, and Working.* By Arthur J. Maginnis. London: Whittaker & Co.

responsibility. Oh yes, I know Roger; so if my salvation lies that way, there will be no *Musotte* at the Independent—that is certain."

He laughed as I grew warm, and promised me to advance my cause (alas! before he could keep his word the fatal blow struck him). "I should like to have my play performed in England," he said; "they don't think much of me over there, hein? Trop 'Frenchie,' as you say yonder."

I told him, in strict accordance with the truth, that he had many hundreds of admirers in London, but that his books dealt too freely with certain questions, "about which one may think, but never speak," to be acceptable to the British public.

It is a great pity that there should be reasons to banish Guy de Maupassant from our book-market. Among the modern French novelists the place which he occupied is quite unique. He was the disciple of no one, and he founded no school. He stood alone, and his style was all his own. His French was exquisite, graceful, direct, forcible; he possessed that vividness, that concentration of description which we admire so much in our Rudyard Kipling. But de Maupassant was all passion, all emotion. His was a warm-blooded, sensuous, licentious art. In some of his books, notably in *Bel Ami*—which I consider his masterpiece—and in *Notre Cœur*, he has, as it were, put immorality on a pinnacle. And the reader who looks for pleasant, "wholesome," romantic fare need not take up either of Maupassant's later books: from the English point of view they are all immoral. *Cherchez la femme* was his motto, and the basis of all his psychological studies.

But in the earlier days, when the *beau monde* of Paris, with its train of gay women, had not yet infused profound pessimism into the young author, he wrote charming verses and more charming stories. "Boule de Suif," which appeared in *Les Soirées de Medan*, is considered the masterpiece that brought him to the fore. It is an intensely dramatic episode of the Franco-German war. And there is a volume of reprints from the *Figaro*—I forget the title at this moment—which is full of little gems of the very first water.

Since his illness two questions have often been discussed by his admirers and antagonists. Would he have made a good dramatist, which was his highest ambition? and will his work live? After the production of *La Parde du Ménage*, which the Comédie Française tried some months ago, more in order to show its respect for the great author than on account of the merits of the play, there were many who denied that Maupassant was "*homme de théâtre*." The play was very poor, but it was one of the author's earliest sins, and no gauge of his powers. *Musotte* was his first real attempt at playwriting, and it was a highly promising firstling.

Will his work live? is the other question. A well-known English author has recently said No, and to prove his case he drew a

caricature of de Maupassant's talent while he was lying defenceless in an asylum!

But if I may venture to give my opinion, I hold that at least two of de Maupassant's will traverse decades with impunity—the one is *Une Vie*, the other *Bel Ami*; for both, however perverse their morality may seem to the English puritan, are ineffaceable human documents. And *Bel Ami* is as immortal in France as Becky Sharp in the English world.

BELLES LETTRES.

EVERY reader of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *Many Inventions*¹ has his special favourite among the stories; and it is to some extent a test of character to discover whether the preference is given to the humour of "My Lord the Elephant," to the knowledge of human nature shown in "His Private Honour," to the sylvan romanticism of "In the Rukh," or to the fanciful craziness of Dowse, the keeper of the Wurlee Light. Many of the tales have been published before: they are very unequal, and some of them, such as "The Children of the Zodiac," ought to have been withheld; but they are mostly written with the power and vigour, the humour and graphic energy of speech, which we have been taught to expect. Mr. Kipling does not look seaward and see a steambot, as we most of us should, "her hull black against the glowing colours of the sunset, and a white ripple marking her wake;" he shades his eyes and notes, with picturesqueness, accuracy, and a keen sense of life, "a little Sunderland cargo-boat had made her signal to Lloyd's Agency, half a mile up the coast, and was now lumbering down to the sunset, her wake lying white behind her." It is this power of close observation, combined with amazing resources of technical vocabulary, literary faculty, and the saving grace of humour, that make Mr. Kipling's writings what they are. Nor is he without his moral lessons. "My rights!" says Ortheris, with deep scorn, "my rights! I ain't a recruit, to go whinin' about my rights to this, and my rights to that, just as if I couldn't look after myself. My rights, 'strewth A'mighty, I'm a man!"

To pass from Mr. Rudyard Kipling to Miss Braddon is to take a long step backwards towards *l'époque des diligences*, and this although there is no one better informed of the latest ingenuity of fashion in her eternal game of hide-and-seek with her too rough and pertinacious wooer, King Demos. The last of the three volumes is made

¹ *Many Inventions*. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan & Co.

up entirely of short stories, and the title *All Along the River*,¹ will be disappointing to those who, sharing Miss Braddon's love of the Thames, hope to be entertained by a flirtation in a punt, or a love match consequent on the capsizing of a canoe, for the name would appear to have no connection whatever with the story; on the contrary, the *scène capitale* takes place, not on a house-boat, but on a sea-going yacht in the English Channel. Miss Braddon is always workmanlike and readable, and although in this case her villain is the most conventional type of melodramatic nobleman, furnished with the stage properties of a rakish cutter and a sinister reputation, the portrait of the heroine is sympathetically treated. But why does Miss Braddon allow herself to indulge in such writing as the following: "He was her first admirer. That delicate loveliness, as of some woodland flower, which distinguished her from the herd of women, had been still in *embryo* when Major Disney spent a summer holiday between Dinard and Dinan"?

*L'Œuvre de Gamma*² of M. Olivier du Chastel is a volume full of cleverness and full of perversity. It is the work of *Psychologue outrancier, tendanciel, and tout palpitant de modernité*; but, curiously enough, the plot winds up with something very like a moral, in the return of Valentine to her duty, her depraved curiosity still unsatisfied; although, it is true, we more than suspect that her submission is only another form of the worldly wisdom which dictates her favourite phrase, *il faut passer par là*. Such as it is, this study of a precocious schoolgirl is the *raison d'être* of the book, and her portrait, if disgusting, is at least powerfully drawn. In manner, M. du Chastel alternates between passages of startling realism and the lyrical, suggestive method, and the effect is in consequence somewhat fragmentary and disjointed.

*Valbert*³ contains the *Confessions* of a young *psychopathe*, whose malady takes the form of an inability to experience the fitting sentiment whilst events are actually taking place, or whilst he is in the presence of the mistress for whom he is endeavouring to "batter-up" an affection. Like Rousseau, whose good things would occur to him while descending the staircase, the appropriate sensation would arise in M. Valbert's bosom only when he was left alone after an encounter.

The situations to which this peculiar form of *neurosis* give rise in a French novel may be left to the imagination. Apart from its incidents, the book is gracefully written, and interests us as dealing with a subtle and insidious form of mental torment. The case is, however, not rare, for as some minds can only see life through the medium of books, so there is another class which can only perceive

All Along the River. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 3 vols. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

² *L'Œuvre de Gamma*. Olivier du Chastel. Perrin et Cie.

³ *Valbert*. Theodor de Wyzewa. Perrin et Cie.

the significance of things when they have been thrown by retrospection into something resembling literary form. M. Valbert, by the way, arrives at the conclusion that "le secret du bonheur est de ne point penser," for "l'imbecile . . . qui trouve toute science dans la compassion, c'est le seul homme vraiment heureux."

*Les Filles du Pape*¹ is a skilfully related and pleasing story, quite without offence, not only fit for the perusal of the *jeune fille*, but such as the most intelligent young person need not disdain to read. The tale is told with finish and charm, and the sketch of the household of the Greek priest and his fat wife, and of the schemes of the couple to marry off their too numerous *popadiankas*, is given with considerable humour.

*Manette André*² claims to give a picture of "La Vie sous la Terreur," and to be "un essai de reconstituer de la vie quotidienne au milieu des événements formidables que l'on connaît." The intention is fairly well carried out, and the book is readable; but somehow tales about barricades and sections, and *suspects* and *ci-devants*, have become somewhat *clichés* in fiction, and need to be written with more freshness and force of handling than M. Perret can command to be placed quite above suspicion of the taint of dulness.

*The Chinese Jar*³ is an ingeniously constructed detective story of the regulation pattern, quite without literary value, but interesting enough to hold the attention.

To conclude, two books for young people by American authors, *The King of Honey Island*⁴ and *The Spanish Treasure*⁵ are both honest and well-meant stories of adventure.

M. Emile Zola dedicates *Le Docteur Pascal*⁶ to the memory of his mother and to his wife. He describes the novel as "the *resumé* and conclusion of his whole work." One must confess that the book is disappointing. The love of Doctor Pascal for his niece Clotilde has something morbid in it, and the conversations between the *savant* and the young girl are stilted and exaggerated in tone. There are some fine passages in the book—notably the description of Pascal's death. Mr. T. P. O'Connor has attempted in a recent number of *The Weekly Sun* to show that the object of M. Zola was to make Doctor Pascal a mere mouthpiece for the defence of Naturalism; but the novel does not bear this interpretation. Doctor Pascal is not the representative of science; nor is he the reflection of M. Zola's own personality. He is only another member of the Rougon-Macquart family, with some of the inherited weaknesses of his race.

¹ *Les Filles du Pape*. (Popes et Popadias). By Marguerite Poradowska.

² *Manette André. La Vie sous la Terreur*. By Paul Perret. Librairie Plon.

³ *The Chinese Jar*. By Fergus Hume. Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

⁴ *The King of Honey Island*. By Maurice Thompson. London: James Henderson,

⁵ *The Spanish Treasure*. By Isabella Castelar. London: James Henderson.

⁶ *Le Docteur Pascal*. Par Emile Zola. Paris: Bibliothèque Charpentier. 1893.

The controversy as to the comparative value of science and faith between Pascal and Clotilde leaves the entire problem unsolved. M. Zola is, in spite of his supposed realism, too much of a théorist. He takes the doctrine of heredity too literally, and credulously accepts every hypothesis put forward in the name of science. Instead of studying life by downright observation, like Balzac, he builds up a series of pictures, partly from his imagination and partly from unverified statements, in order to prove that hereditary trails are ineradicable. As long as a novelist is thus the slave of a system, he cannot rank amongst the greatest masters of the art.

The daughter of Théophile Gautier has written a Chinese romance of absorbing interest with the title of *Le Dragon Imperiale*.¹ The period is the seventeenth century, during the reign of the Emperor Khang-Shi, and the story turns upon a Chinese legend, to the effect that the shadow of a man destined to become Emperor takes the form of a dragon. A labourer named Ta-Kiang is, by the belief that he is thus born to reign over China, induced to stir up a rebellion. The history of this insurrection forms the principal theme of the romance. The style is charming, and here and there recalls the gifted author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*.

La Tueuse,² by M. Léon Cahun, is a thrilling romance of the thirteenth century, dealing with the wars of the Mongols, and ingeniously mingling undoubted historical events with fictitious scenes which are quite within the bounds of probability. In another work, entitled *Hassan le Janisaire*, M. Cahun has shown a profound knowledge of Turkish life and history in the sixteenth century. His style is light and unaffected, and his productions are delightfully interesting and original.

Cœur Fermé,³ by C. Truessart, is a cleverly written book. It is a story of domestic life ending happily, but not exactly in a manner to please the average reader. The lover of a very pretty and very charming young wife plays the part of a peacemaker in the household, and, after reconciling the estranged married pair, devotes himself to a life of perpetual celibacy. The notion is more romantic than practical, and the probabilities are against its realisation in modern France.

A Mariage de Convenance,⁴ by C. F. Keary, is an exceedingly clever novel. The story is told in letters, and the character of Arthur Norris is vividly portrayed, not only in the words of his friends, but in his own confessions. The narrative is a sad revelation of a man's inconstancy and a woman's noble and unselfish devotion. The book is well worth reading, though the ending is

¹ *Le Dragon Imperiale*. Par Judith Gautier. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.

² *La Tueuse*. Par Léon Cahun. (1241.) Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.

³ *Cœur Fermé*. Par C. Truessart. Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.

⁴ *A Mariage de Convenance*. By C. F. Keary. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

perhaps too squalid a piece of tragedy to make it an acceptable *dénouement* to those who look merely for amusement in a novel.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford has deservedly won a high reputation as a novelist. He has of late devoted himself with much success to the study of certain phases of modern Italian life. In *Pietro Ghisleri*¹ he gives us some admirable portraits, including that of the hero, a gentleman of Tuscan family, with some of the best qualities of an educated Italian, Adele Savelli, a strange and sinister type of woman, though fascinating withal, and Laura, her stepsister, who is described as "an English-Italian girl." The book ends conventionally with a marriage, but nevertheless it could not be described as a conventional novel.

Juanita,² by the author of *Mr. Jocko*, is not a novel that any one would care to read a second time. The style is ponderous, and reminds us of the late G. P. R. James. The incidents are improbable, and the characters are not at all lifelike. The book will not add to Mr. Fogerty's reputation as a writer of fiction; but it bears evidence of talent, and the author should "try again."

Mr. Cochrane Morris, in *An Unco Stravaig*, presents us with a very humorous narrative of a tour in the Highlands.³ Scotch humour—even of the refined order, such as that of Mr. Barrie—is not always easily appreciated by non-Caledonians; but this book, with its excellent illustrations by the author, is sure to generate hearty laughter. It contains, moreover, some very striking pen-pictures of Highland scenery.

Alaskana,⁴ by Professor Bushrod W. James, is an attempt to describe Alaska in verse similar to that of *Hiawatha*. It would have been better if the work had been written in prose, for the author evidently appreciates the beauties of Alaska; but it is not his fault if Nature has not endowed him with "the vision and the faculty divine." The "accomplishment of verse" is not sufficient to make a poet, and while *Alaskana* contains much to interest all who admire scenes of grandeur and sublimity, it would have had more readers if it had been produced in a non-metrical form.

Giovanni Verga's *Cavalleria Rusticana*,⁵ on which Mascagni's opera is founded, has, with other short stories of Sicilian life, been translated by Alma Strettell, and published in Mr. T. Fisher Unwin's Pseudonym Library. There is a bold realism in these tales which shows that the author writes from actual knowledge of the things he describes. *Cavalleria Rusticana* is a story of love,

¹ *Pietro Ghisleri*. By F. Marion Crawford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

² *Juanita*. By J. Fogerty. London: Ward & Downey.

³ *An Unco Stravaig*. By Cochrane Morris. London: Ward & Downey.

⁴ *Alaskana*. By Prof. Bushrod W. James. Philadelphia: Porter & Cootes; London: F. J. Rebman.

⁵ *Cavalleria Rusticana, and Other Tales of Sicilian Peasant Life*. By Giovanni Verga. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

jealousy, and revenge. *Red-Headed Malpelo* is a curious study of the habits of a superstitious and cruel peasantry. *Vedda* is a pathetic story of a neglected and unfortunate girl. The severe comments of Verga on the character of the Sicilian peasantry are probably not undeserved; but there is too much dark colouring in his pictures.

ART.

Les Frères Van Ostade,¹ Adrian and Isaac, may be among the "little masters" of painting, but they were none the less veritable masters. In their methods they show a gradation of colour-tones worthy of that Dutch school whose glory is Rembrandt. In their subjects, also, they have all its realism and sympathy with the common things of common lives.

Ruskin, somewhere in his *Mornings in Florence*, has refused their just appreciation to these brave Hollanders, who, he says in substance, are as contemplative of orange pips and a bit of cheese as an Italian is of the Madonna. If art were merely abstract and ideal, apart from the life of man, this might be a true way of looking at the Dutch painters. But, in the reality of level earth, art is chiefly designed to produce human documents; and none are more human than the designs of these two brothers, who set before us in their vitality the Dutch of the first half of the seventeenth century, newly emancipated from Catholic Spain, with only puritanic prose in their lives, but with the independence, the solid home comfort, the much eating and drinking, which everywhere signalled the Protestant development of the *bourgeoisie*. There are here no prelates and courtiers, but plenty of small proprietors and village pothouses and weavers' cottages, which the women reeling off their skeins may tidy mightily because the cottage is their own. The secret of a whole civilisation is here, as well as a living commentary on those early times of Dutch prosperity, with its acres of tulips and peonies, its commerce with the Indies, and its love of the warm things of earth.

The text of this monograph—one of the last of the series of "Artistes Célèbres" published by *L'Art*—has been entrusted to a lady whose name tells of patriotic sympathy. She has done her work well, where there was so little to say. She deserves our best thanks for taking the footstool from under the *à priori* criticism of

¹ *Les Frères Van Ostade*. Par Marguerite Van de Wiele. Paris: Librairie de L'Art. 1893.

Charles Blanc, who mistook the *Rommel* pot for a pot of beer, exciting drunken concupiscence, when it was only an outblown bladder for the pastime of children, and of homely mortals loving children.

The engravings are valuable from their number; but they are not as well reproduced as in some other volumes of this series.

From *L'Art* also we receive the first of a small series of pamphlets dealing with the various notabilities of the present *Comédie-Française*.¹ The opening number deals with Mlle. Reichemberg—*la petite doyenne*—who for twenty-five years has been playing, without any serious rival, the rôle of the *ingénue*. Several interesting designs are given of this accomplished actress in her various parts. It is curious to read that the first critic to welcome her to the stage is the same Jules Claretie who, as director, has had the quarrel which threatens her disappearance from the Théâtre-Français. Let us hope that this is only summer-weather talk; for she was born to the theatre, and, by her early guardian, is of the dynasty of the Brohans.

The brothers Moreau were scarcely more than *petits-mâtres* at a time when art in France chiefly applied itself to the representation of the prettinesses of the Court. But their memory is well worth the 150 pages and 107 engravings given to them in the series of *Artistes Célèbres*.²

Of Louis-Gabriel Moreau little is known except that he was born in 1740 and died in 1806. A reproduction of one of his landscapes shows that he had already caught the first breathings of the new spirit which, fifty years later, was to transform the artistic rendering of nature. With him nature is no longer a weak classical reminiscence, as in the pictures of Claude, but a real bit of outdoor landscape.

Jean-Michel, known as Moreau le Jeune, was a year younger than his brother, whom he so far eclipsed that the present volume is quite given over to him, with the exception of a page or two. It would have been better to call it by his name rather than Les Moreau. He was the father of Carle Vernet's wife, and therefore the grandfather of Horace Vernet. He thus became a not unimportant link in the chain of artistic tradition. The uncle of his own wife was a leading publisher, who kept him usefully employed for many years at illustrating the books most affected by the *élégants* of the day—from Ovid to Rousseau. Then he was constantly called on to furnish pieces for Court programmes in the florid rococo style of Louis Quinze, and medallions with skeletons and graces posturing impossibly amid their flying drapery. Best of all, he engraved the great events of the time—the crowning of the bust

¹ *Comédie-Française. I. Suzanne Reichemberg.* Par Edmond Stoullig. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

² *Les Artistes Célèbres: Les Moreau.* Par Adrien Moureau. Paris: Librairie de l'Art. 1893.



THE "LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON."

LADY BURTON'S Life of her husband is notable amongst biographies, not only because it gives an account of a remarkable and romantic personality, and of a career abounding in picturesque adventure, but by reason of the quaint earnestness and pious enthusiasm with which it is written. On every page is felt the eager, sensitive partisanship of one whose own life was interwoven and identified with the events described, thus differentiating the narrative totally from the ordinary literary type. From the first, Lady Burton admits that she has "had no leisure to think of style or polish, or to select the best language, the best English—no time to shine as an authoress. I must just think aloud, so as not to keep the public waiting;" and she adds that she is in this but following her husband's direction to "write quite openly, in the unconventional or personal style—being the only way to make a biography interesting." Her two bulky volumes are full of literary faults, but they have the supreme merit of giving a most vivid and lifelike presentment of the man whose memorial they are intended to be. Lady Burton had most dazzling exploits to relate, a strangely versatile and romantic figure for her hero, and with greater judgment, wider intellectual grasp, more care and skill, she might have produced a true romance of quite melodramatic interest. She has preferred to take us into her confidence, and present the more domestic and tender side of her husband, as he showed himself to her. Care is taken, however, that the book should be entertaining enough to ensure its being widely read, for it is written throughout with much directness and vivacity; the amusing side of a situation is always cleverly seized, and the incidents and stories are well chosen and related with point and humour. But the material has been hastily thrown together, without order or digestion, and the general effect is injured by the constant repetitions, redundancies, and abrupt transitions. Fragments of autobiography, anecdotes, good stories, supernatural experiences, domestic details, accounts of expeditions, quotations from letters and speeches, cuttings from newspapers, have been added as they came to hand, and are connected only by a slight chronological thread. Many amusing illustrations of peculiar idiosyncrasy are vouchsafed, but there is no

¹ *The Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S.* By his Wife, Isabel Burton. In two volumes. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1887.

attempt at any study of mental development, or dissection of character; the devoted wife is content to accept and to admire. Far from indulging in criticism of her husband, she prefers to adopt the 'Oriental tone of submission and humility, the attitude of the inferior being towards an earthly lord and master. Lady Burton's *Life* is, in fact, one continued panegyric, though of this it is perhaps hardly fair to complain, for it is the naïve enthusiasm, the really absurd adulation of the biographer which gives the book its special note. Her outspoken, single-hearted, even slavish adoration, supplies as it were a dominant idea, and helps in some sort to fuse together the disjointed material. She comes often, however, very near rendering her husband ridiculous, and it is not a little surprising that a woman with the keen sense of humour shown elsewhere should be capable of penning passages such as the following, in which her hero is introduced to us, and his descent thus described :

"Richard was veritably, though born of prosaic parents, a child of romance. He had English, Irish, Scotch, and French blood in his veins, and it has often been suggested (though never proved) a drop of Oriental or Gypsy blood from some far-off ancestor. His Scottish, North England, and Border blood came out in all posts of trust and responsibility, in steadiness, and coolness in the hour of danger, in uprightness and integrity, and the honour of a gentleman. Of Irish blood, he showed nothing excepting fight, but the two foreign strains were strong.

"From Arab or Gypsy blood he got his fluency of languages, his wild and daring spirit, his Agnosticism, his melancholy pathos, his mysticism, his superstition (I am superstitious enough, God knows, but he was far more so), his divination, his magician-like foresight into events, his insight, or reading men through like a pane of glass, his restless wandering, his poetry. From a very strong strain of Bourbon blood (Richard showed 'race' from the top of his head to the soles of his feet) which the Burtons inherit—that is *my* Burtons—he got his fencing, knowledge of arms, his ready wit and repartee, his boyish gaiety of character, as alternately opposed to his melancholy, and lastly, but not least, his Catholicism, as opposed to the mysticism of the East, which is not in the least like the Agnosticism of the West. But it was not a fixed thing, like my Catholicism : it ran silently, threaded through his life, alternately with his mysticism, like the refrain of an opera."

From her own showing, Lady Burton is clearly a woman of capacity, able to conduct her husband's business, alert, decided, ambitious, and devout. A member of the Arundel family, her Catholicism was a part of her nature, and of the most traditional and superstitious order. She is, consequently, ever pre-occupied in vindicating the essential religiousness of her husband's mind, taking comfort from his incessant study of various creeds, from his interest in any picturesque ceremony, or miraculous manifestation, from the curious "spiritualism without spirits," which at one time attracted him, and even from his profession of Sûfi-ism with its mystical undogmatic doctrine. On his death-bed she caused him to receive the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and does not cease to have masses said for his soul. At the same time, she is too candid to

suppress any evidence, which runs contrary to her wishes, and reproduces a tabulated "confession of faith" drawn up by himself, than which nothing could appear more circumstantial in its outspoken Agnosticism. They both, however, show a firm faith in various supernatural occurrences, and Lady Burton in particular relates several interesting *Borderland* experiences. The superstitious Gypsy blood with which Burton is credited, and the old Catholic tradition of his wife, thus brought the pair strangely into touch with each other, and tended to mutual understanding. "Practice her religion, indeed," said he, when this was made a condition of their marriage; "I should think she *shall*. A man without a religion may be excused, but a woman without a religion is not the woman for me."

"Ruffian Dick," as we are told he was called by his intimates, was a well-made man, just under six feet, with cropped black hair, dark flashing mesmeric eyes, straight Arab features (a peculiarity which greatly aided him in his Oriental disguises), a swaggering walk, and a "brigand dare-devil look." He was fabulously brave, a terrible fighter, a splendid swordsman, ever in search of the excitement of danger, and so strong that "a blow from his fist was like the kick of a horse." In his talk he was extravagant and paradoxical, and so impatient of stupidity, that he raised up for himself hosts of enemies. His nature was impulsively generous and above petty meannesses, and his habits were simple and laborious, but he had a strong taste for the showy and sensational. "I had rather be the bastard of a king, than the son of an honest man," he jestingly informs Sir Bernard Burke; and the sentiment is oddly characteristic. Long experience in dealing with Orientals had taught him the value of display and assurance, and, though wanting in the same seriousness of purpose, his personal magnetism and influence over half-civilised peoples would appear to have been almost as marvellous as that of General Gordon himself. His youth was spent in wandering over the Continent, with tutor and governess, an injudicious mother and a valetudinarian father. These early years are given in a fragment of autobiography dictated by Sir Richard to his wife, and very reckless in tone; these chapters from his own pen being not only excellent reading, but as regards revelation of character, the most valuable portion of the book. Here is Lady Burton's comment:

"It is the recital of a high-spirited lad of the old school full of animal spirits and manly notions, a lively sense of fun and humour, reckless of the consequences of playing tricks, but without a vestige of vice in the meaner or lower forms. A lad, in short, who *would* be a gentleman, and a man of the world, in his teens, and who from foreign travel had seen more of life than boys do brought up at home."

Comment of another kind is afforded by the following passage,

from which it would appear, that under this happy-go-lucky system, at nineteen, the high-spirited lad became entirely unmanageable :

"It was evident that the Burton family was ripe for a break-up. Our father, like an Irishman, was perfectly happy as long as he was the only man in the house, but the presence of younger males irritated him. His temper became permanently soured. He could no longer use the rod, but he could make himself very unpleasant with his tongue. . . . We were in the 'Sturm und Drang' of the teens. We had thoroughly mastered our tutor, threw our books out of the window if he attempted to give a lesson in Greek or Latin, and applied ourselves with ardour to Picault le Brun, and Paul de Kock, the 'Promessi Sposi,' and the 'Disfida di Barletta.' Instead of taking country walks, we jodelled all about the hillsides, under the direction of a Swiss scamp. We shot pistols in every direction, and whenever a stray fencing-master passed, we persuaded him to give us a few hours of 'point.' We made experiments of everything imaginable, including swallowing and smoking opium."

It is not surprising that this masterful youth should rebel against college discipline, and find the cooking of the dinners in Hall, and the priggishness of the "school-boys" quite insufferable.

Here is his own account of the episode of his Oxford life :

"To be brief, my 'college career' was highly unsatisfactory. I began a 'reading man,' worked regularly twelve hours a day, failed in everything—chiefly, I flattered myself, because Latin hexameters and Greek iambs had not entered into the list of my studies—threw up the classics, and returned to the old habits of fencing, boxing, and single-stick, handling the 'ribbons,' and sketching facetiously, though not wisely, the reverend features and figures of certain half-reformed monks, calling themselves 'fellows.' My reading also ran into bad courses: Erpenius, Zadkiel, Falconry, Cornelius Agrippa, and the Art of Pluck.

"At last, the Afghan War broke out. After begging the paternal authority in vain for the Austrian service, the Swiss Guards at Naples, and even the *Légion Etrangère*, I determined to leave Oxford, *coûte qui coûte*. The testy old lady, Alma Mater, was easily persuaded to consign, for a time, to 'country nursing,' the froward brat who showed not a whit of filial regard for her. So, after two years, I left Trinity, without a 'little go,' in a high dudgeon—a companion in misfortune, too-tooing lustily through a 'yard of tin,' as the dons started up from their game of bowls to witness the departure of the forbidden *véhicule*. Thus having thoroughly established the fact that I was fit for nothing, but to be 'shot at for sixpence a day,' and as those Afghans (how I blessed their names!) had cut gaps in many a regiment, my father provided me with a commission in the Indian Army, and started me as quickly as feasible for 'The Land of the Sun.'"

It is curious that with all his apparent wildness there was generally some method in Sir Richard Burton's most reckless actions. He was essentially ambitious, and a very hard worker, ever striving towards distant ends. Thus, when he defied his College authorities, it was of set purpose, and as his only means of avoiding the Church or University career for which he was so little fitted; and if he learned but little Greek and Latin, it was because he perceived that

Arabic and Hindostani would equip him better for the use he meant to make of his life.

"I was always of opinion," he remarks, "that a man proves his valour by doing what he likes; there is no merit in so doing, when you have a fair fortune and independent position, but for a man bound by professional ties, and too often lacking means to carry out his wishes, it is a great success to choose his own line and stick to it."

True to this principle of conduct, after having driven his tandem through the College rules, Richard Burton set sail for India, in 1842, to take up his commission as an officer in the East India Company's service.

Already he was consumed by the fever of ambition, and laboured strenuously, studying "military matters" (no doubt necessary, since his commission had been secured without examination), and working at Arabic, Hindostani, and other Eastern languages for twelve hours a day. On landing, he soon takes in the situation. "But a few days of residence had taught me that India, at least, Western India, offered only two specialties to the Britisher—first, "*shikar*," or sport, and secondly, the opportunity of studying the people and their languages." These opportunities were made use of with unprecedented vigour, and to Burton's other pursuits were added a course of lessons in snake-charming, and in the Indian style of riding, and some researches into the vocabulary of monkeys, somewhat after the manner of Professor Garner.

As the Company's service offered little chance of promotion, above a certain rank, and was looked down upon by the regular army, Sir Richard qualified himself as an interpreter in various languages, in the hope of becoming a staff officer, and invented a system of learning a language in two months, which, at least, thoroughly suited himself, as he is said to have been able to converse in twenty-nine different tongues.

"I got a simple grammar and vocabulary, marked out the forms and words which I knew were absolutely necessary, and learnt them by heart, by carrying them in my pocket, and looking over them at spare moments during the day. I never worked for more than a quarter of an hour at a time, for after that the brain lost its freshness. After learning some three hundred words, easily done in a week, I stumbled through some easy book-work (one of the Gospels is the most come-at-able), and underlined every word that I wished to recollect, in order to read over my pencillings at least once a day. Having finished my volume, I then carefully worked up the grammar minutiae, and I then chose some other book, whose subject most interested me. The neck of the language was now broken, and progress was rapid. If I came across a new sound, like the Arabic *Ghayn*, I trained my tongue to it by repeating it so many thousand times a day. When I read, I invariably read out loud, so that the ear might aid memory. I was delighted with the most difficult characters, Chinese and cuneiform, because I felt that they impressed themselves more strongly upon the eye than the eternal Roman letters. This, by-and-by, made me resolutely stand aloof from the hundred schemes for transliterating Eastern languages—such as Arabic, Sanscrit, Hebrew, and Syriac—into Latin letters,

and whenever I conversed with anybody in a language that I was learning, I took the trouble to repeat their words inaudibly after them, and so to learn the trick of pronunciation and emphasis."

In 1841 Sir Richard obtained an appointment on the Scinde Survey, under Sir Charles Napier, and from this moment his life was crowded with picturesque adventures. Disguised as a half-Arab, half-Iranian merchant and dervish, Mirza Abdullah of Bushire, he was sent out by his chief to collect information, selling in the bazaars, passing his evening in the mosques and *estaminets*, and mixing freely with the natives, till we can only echo Lady Burton's fervent wish that he should have woven some of the strange scenes he witnessed into a novel of personal adventure. He has, however, given us his fresh and witty *Scinde; or, the Unhappy Valley*. By this experience, he prepared himself for the most romantic and marvellous achievement of his life, the famous *Pilgrimage to the Holy Places of Mecca and Medina*, into which it was then death for an Unbeliever to penetrate; an expedition undertaken by Burton quite alone, unaided, disguised as a dervish, and depending entirely on his knowledge of the language, habits, and religious customs of the fanatics with whom he travelled to prevent discovery and serious misadventure. This pilgrimage was incredibly daring, and required almost superhuman courage, coolness, and presence of mind. The book, describing this brilliant feat, has just been republished by Lady Burton, as part of the "Memorial Edition" of her husband's works on which she is now engaged, and which she tells us will run to *eighty* volumes! It will be found as fascinating as when it first appeared, and gives more insight into Mohammedan life and thought than the most elaborate treatise. Everything Sir Richard Burton has written is marked by originality and power, and though in his writings, as in his speech, he was too impetuous and impatient, he wielded a keen, brilliant, and epigrammatic pen. The degree of value which his works possess for utilitarian purposes has been much discussed, but no one can dispute the dramatic vigour of his descriptions. The narrative of his adventurous expedition to Harar, perhaps the most dangerous of his explorations, as no white man had, at that time, ever penetrated to the Amir's court, is given with much vivacity. The account of his interview with the potentate begins thus and is intensely exciting:

"I walked into a vast hall, a hundred feet long, between two long rows of Galla spearmen, between whose lines I had to pass. They were large half-naked savages, standing like statues, with fierce movable eyes, each one holding, with its butt end to the ground, a huge spear, with a head the size of a shovel. I purposely sauntered down them coolly with a swagger, with my eyes fixed upon their dangerous-looking faces. I had a six-shooter concealed in my waist-belt, and determined, at the first show of excitement, to run up to the Amir, and put it to his head, if it were necessary, to save my own life."

Sent home on a sick certificate, he volunteered for the Crimean War, and became Chief of the Staff to General Beatson, leader of the Bashi-Bazouks. His account of persons and things in the latter stages of the great struggle is pungent and amusing. "You are the most impudent man in the Bombay Army, Sir," he is told by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and returns the compliment by describing the great "Eltchi" as "a man who gained a prodigious reputation in Europe chiefly by living out of it." He next scented an opportunity for romantic adventure in the *Unveiling of Isis*, the discovery of the sources of the Nile, the mythical Lake Region of Central Africa, and his discovery of Lake Tanganyika was of first-rate importance, and opened the way to all that followed. It was the first successful attempt to penetrate the country, and was the base on which all subsequent journeys were founded, but to Burton it brought, he declares, "neither honour nor profit," although his discovery of Ptolemy's lakes was no doubt the great fact of his career as an explorer. Speke, Lady Burton calls his "disloyal companion, who completely and wilfully spoiled the first expedition as far as lay in his power," and there is no doubt that "Jack," as Burton calls him, continued somehow to appropriate most of the credit, perhaps because Burton loved travel for the sake of its excitement and romance, and for the human interest of the wild peoples he had to deal with, and unconsciously gave a secondary place to more practical considerations. On this journey he was attacked by fever twenty-one times, by temporary paralysis, and by partial blindness. But he was not to pursue his career further in this direction, for after a nine months' visit to Salt Lake City, he married and entered the Consular Service.

The marriage of Sir Richard Burton was as romantic as everything else which befell him. Exceptional as he was personally, and leading a roving life which called for unusual qualities in his companion, he had the good fortune to meet with a woman endowed with the requisite health, energy, and spirit of devotion. A girl with whom Disraeli's *Tancred* was, for years, "the book of my heart and taste," was sure to be dazzled by a character such as Sir Richard's and by the life he was able to offer: "I wish I were a man," she writes to her mother; "If I were I would be Richard Burton; but being only a woman, I would be Richard Burton's wife."

The account of their first meeting should be given in her own words:

"One day when we were on the Ramparts (at Boulogne) the vision of my awakening brain came towards us. He was five feet eleven inches in height, very broad, thin and muscular; he had very dark hair, black, clearly defined, sagacious eyebrows, a brown, weather-beaten complexion, straight Arab features, a determined-looking mouth and chin, nearly covered by an enormous black moustache. I have since heard a clever friend say, 'that he had the brow of a God, the jaw of a Devil.' But the

most remarkable part of his appearance was two large black flashing eyes, with long lashes, that pierced you through and through. He had a fierce, proud, melancholy expression, and when he smiled, he smiled as though it hurt him, and looked with impatient contempt at things generally. He was dressed in a black, short, shaggy coat, and shouldered a short, thick stick, as if he was on guard.

"He looked at me as though he read me through and through in a moment, and started a little. I was completely magnetised, and when we had got a little distance away I turned to my sister and whispered to her, 'That man will marry me.' The next day he was there again, and he followed us, and chalked up, 'May I speak to you?' leaving the chalk on the wall. So I took the chalk and wrote back, 'No, mother will be angry,' and mother found it—and was angry; and after that we were stricter prisoners than ever."

Later on, she goes to a party, and "there was Richard like a star amongst rushlights. That was a Night of Nights; he waltzed with me once, and spoke to me several times, and I kept my sash, where he put his arm round my waist to waltz, and my gloves. I never wore them again." These meetings took place in 1850, and they did not see each other again for six years, when they met in London in the Botanical Gardens, after his return from the Crimea, and she was found still studying her beloved *Tancred*.

"At the end of a fortnight he asked me 'if I could dream of doing anything so sickly as to give up civilisation, and if he could obtain the Consulate at Damascus, to go and live there.' He said: 'Don't give an answer now, because it will mean a very serious step for you—no less than giving up your people, and all that you are used to, and living the sort of life that Lady Hester Stanhope led. I see the capabilities in you, but you must think it over.' I was so long silent from emotion—it was just as if the moon had tumbled down and said, 'I thought you cried for me, so I came,'—that he thought I was thinking worldly thoughts, and said, 'Forgive me! I ought not to have asked so much.' At last I found my voice, and said, 'I don't want to "think it over," I have been "thinking it over" for six years, ever since I saw you at Boulogne on the Ramparts. I have prayed for you every day, morning and night. I have followed all your career minutely. I have read every word you ever wrote, and I would rather have a crust and a tent with you than be Queen of all the world. And so I say now, Yes! Yes! YES!' I will pass over the next few minutes. Then he said: 'Your people will not give you to me.' I answered: 'I know that, but I belong to myself—I will give myself away.' 'That's all right,' he answered, 'be firm and so shall I.'"

The supernatural apparition of her lover to take a neglected farewell before setting out with Speke for Central Africa is a curious instance of Lady Burton's superstitious temperament. They did not meet again till 1859, Isabel Arundell remaining constant to "her destiny" through all temptations, and in the face of the disapproval of her family, sustained by the prediction made to her as a school-girl by a Gypsy woman named Hagar Burton, that "*You will bear the name of our Tribe, and be right proud of it.*"

This is how Burton returned to her after his expedition to Tanganyika:

"He was a mere skeleton, with brown yellow skin hanging in bags, his eyes protruding, his lips drawn away from his teeth. But," she adds, "never did I feel the strength of my love as then. He returned poorer, and dispirited by official rows, and every species of annoyance, but he was still, had he been ever so unsuccessful, and had every man's hand against him, my earthly God and King, and I could have knelt at his feet and worshipped him."

In 1861 they were married with 'her father's consent, and after seven months of "uninterrupted bliss" (during which they went much into society), Sir Richard obtained the Consulship of Fernando Po, a place so unhealthy that it had earned the *sobriquet* of "The Foreign Office Grave." In fact, one of the Burtons' pet jokes in after years was, that they were so inured to bad climates, that they were generally ill in good ones. The climate was certain death to white women, but Burton was eager to get his foot on the first rung of the official ladder, and cheerfully accepted—going out, of course, alone. It was while stationed here that he was sent on his famous mission to the Court of the King of Dahomé, where he was made a Brigadier-General of the Amazons, and given a necklace of human bones for his favourite squaw.

To his account of this embassy Lord Derby paid the following compliment :

"I do not know what other people may think of these volumes, but to me they were a kind of revelation of negro life and character enabling me to feel, which certainly I never felt before, that I could understand an African, and barbarian court."

This insight into strange habits of thought in describing the life of savage or semi-civilised peoples is no doubt the great merit of the writings of this distinguished traveller.

To the second Consulate, at Santos, in the Brazils, his wife was able to accompany him, and from this moment she takes up the pen, and gives the narrative chiefly from her own amusing diaries and recollections. The story of their life in South America is perhaps the freshest and best written part of the book. Both Burton and his wife were then thoroughly happy, and entered with zeal into the society and diversions of the place, filled with buoyancy and hope, looking on Santos as a step in a brilliant career, as a pause on the route to Damascus, or some still more important Eastern Consulate, for Sir Richard's heart was ever with his beloved Orientals, and he "regarded Islam as his natural sphere." Every page of this part of the biography is crammed with amusing incidents and stories, related with the vivacity and spirit of a woman who was beginning a new life of her own choosing, and after her own heart; for the earnestness, energy, and relish with which she lived her life find expression in her book. There was nothing commonplace or stupid about either of the Burtons: they were romantic, daring, melodramatic, and at that time still unchilled by official neglect; for

curiously enough, despite an almost aggressive independence in conduct, they were strangely eager for honours and advancement, and sensitive to misrepresentations and slights. The tone of the book is throughout curiously defensive, and Lady Burton is for ever clearing her husband's memory from false assumptions or accusations, placing his actions in their true light and explaining his views and exposing the machinations of his enemies. She brings up old stories told against him, in order to refute or explain them, she expounds his system of morality, and defends him even against himself. The Foreign Office appears to have been timid, fearful how far he might go, and afraid of an official who disdained to be bound by red-tape. "We don't want to annex Morocco," he was told on making application for that post; "and we know that you two would be Emperor and Empress in about six months."

His third Consulate of Damascus was the crown of Richard Burton's life, the moment when all his powers were brought into congenial play, and his immediate desires entirely satisfied, for there he found work and a position which exactly suited him, and was conscious that the efforts and acquirements of a life-time were finding their reward and their utility. The record of the years at Damascus is not as coherent or as sparkling as the Santos narrative, but it abounds in interesting passages. The Burtons' house is lovingly described, with the Mosque next door, the "Muezzin's Minaret, and my study window cheek by jowl." Their frequent rides across the desert are also related with keen gusto, for they knew the country, the Shayks, and the people, for two or three days' journey around; while they found interesting and faithful friends in such notable personalities as the famous Abd el Kadir, Lady Ellenborough and her Bedouin husband, Mr. Charles Tyrwhitt Drake, Professor Palmer, &c. Sir Richard gratified his love of danger by inhabiting a lonely house outside the city walls, and scouring the desert without an escort, while Lady Burton gave great receptions every Friday which began at sunrise and went on till sunset!

"I saw and learnt Damascus through," she says, "till I knew it like my own pocket. . . . We were surrounded by hundreds who seemed to be dependent upon us; by villages, which, under our care, consular or maternal, seemed to be thriving, prosperous, peaceful, and secure; by friends we had made everywhere. Our lives, plans, and interests were arranged for years; we were settled down and established as securely, we thought, as any of you in your own houses at home. Our *entourage* was a large one—dragomans, Kawwases, servants, our stud, various pets and flowers; our home and our 'household gods,' and the poor for thirty miles around . . . us, and the unlooked-for recall fell like a bomb-shell, without any warning, into this happy life."

This is how they received their first intimation of the impending blow:

"The horses were saddled at the door in the Anti-Lebanon, and we were going for a ride, when a ragged messenger on foot stopped to drink

at the spring, and advanced towards me with a note. I saw it was for Richard, and took it into the house for him. It was from the Vice-Consul of Beyrout, informing him that by the order of the Consul-General, he had arrived on the previous day (15th of August) and had taken charge of the Damascus Consulate."

For this arbitrary proceeding it is very difficult to account. The Burtons had made many enemies amongst the Jews and missionaries, who accused them of partiality to the Mohammedans. The Turkish *Wali* hated them, their own Consul regarded them with coldness, the Foreign Office had been worried by sensational reports of its Consul's proceedings, and in a fit of nerves, connected, it is said, with Burton's strange though quite nebulous theory for the conversion of the Sûfis to Catholicism, hastily decided on his removal. This action would appear to have been not only cruelly sudden, but essentially unjust, for he had certainly raised the character of his office, and was doing excellent work in many directions; indeed, with a little more tact and discretion, his firmness, energy, and knowledge of Eastern character and languages, and his Oriental enthusiasm, would have made him an ideal man for the post. His personal influence appears to have been extraordinary. He was "like a loadstone to the natives. Were he in authority the country would flock to him, and obey him, of their own accord." The departure was heart-breaking, and there is no doubt that this dismissal really broke his career; for the last eighteen years at Trieste, although each day was filled with interest and occupation, was really spent in making the best of things, and hoping against hope for some more congenial promotion.

Various reasons are given for Sir Richard's want of success, but perhaps the true one is to be found in the wayward character of the man. He delighted in saying things to "frighten old women of both sexes, and to make servant-maids stare," and was fond of telling horrible stories against himself, many of which had little or no foundation, and these mythical tales clung around his name and inspired a vague apprehension and mistrust. Says his wife:

"Richard was a regular *gamin*; his keen sense of humour, his ready wit were always present. He adored shocking dense people, and seeing their funny faces and stolid belief, and never cared about what harm it would do him in a worldly sense. I have frequently sat at a dinner-table of such people, praying him by signs not to go on, but he was in a very ecstasy of glee; he said it was so funny always to be believed when you were chaffing, and so curious never to be believed when you were telling the truth. He had a sort of schoolboy bravado about these things, that in his high spirits lasted him all the seventy years of his life."

Lady Burton insists very strongly on the various aspects shown by her husband to different people:

"He was as a diamond with so many facets. The tender, the true, the brilliant, the scientific, and, to those who deserved it, the cynical, the

hard, and the severe. . . . He was so great, so world-wide, he could turn a fresh facet and sympathy on to each world."

It is hardly surprising that a character so versatile should sometimes be misinterpreted, yet it is her constant complaint that he was "misunderstood and unappreciated by the world at large." "No one," she says, with bitterness, "ever thought of looking for the real man beneath the *cultivated mask that generally hid all feelings and belief.*"

At the end of the second volume she returns to emphasise this fact, that to the world in general he seemed ever to wear a mask :

"He would throw out his quills like a porcupine, and somebody remarked they seemed to become harder every year. . . . He seemed to have a horror of any one seeing inside him, and if he were caught saying or doing anything good, he would actually blush, and hide it, as if he had been caught committing a crime."

With his wife he was the ultimate authority, as she explains with a strange relish in the confession : "I am glad to say there was only *one* will in the house and that was *his*. He was master and mistress both, but, like all great men, he gave *carte blanche* for all little things ; but if he once put his foot down, and had he chosen to say black was white, white I knew it had to be. I like that."

He used to mesmerise her freely, and could thus make her tell him her inmost thoughts :

"Once mesmerised, he had only to say 'Talk,' and I used to tell everything I knew ; only I used to implore him to forbid me to tell him other people's secrets, and as a matter of honour he did, but all my own used to come out freely ; only he never took a mean advantage of what he learnt in that way, and he used laughingly to tell everybody : 'It is the only way to get a woman to tell you the truth.'"

Another curious practice was adopted, she suggests, to train her to be attentive to his wants and wishes :

"From our earliest married days one of his peculiarities (used rather I expect for training me to observe him, and to understand his wants) would be that he would not tell me directly to do a thing, but I used to find in a book I was reading, or some drawer that I opened every day, or in his own room marked by a weight, a few words of what he wanted, conveying no direct order, and yet I knew that it was one. I grew quite accustomed to this, and used regularly to visit the places where I was likely to find them, and if I missed there was a sort of 'Go seek' expression on his face that told me that I had not hunted properly, and I knew (by another expression) when I had succeeded. I used to call these "African Spoors."

Sir Richard Burton's religious belief was naturally a subject of close heart-searchings to his pious wife, and like his manner would appear to have differed from hour to hour. Lady Burton herself seems to have been puzzled, and to despair that the question of his

real faith, should ever be decided. It is interesting to watch the struggle between her native candour and love of truth, and her desire to claim her husband as a member of her own Church. Here are one or two of the paragraphs in which she endeavours to show on what platform he really stood, and what conclusions he had drawn from the study of all the religions which he so constantly practised :

"It must not be supposed that Richard was the least insincere because he tried religions all round. He wanted to get at the highest, the nearest to God, the nearest to other worlds, and in that respect he was like Cardinal Newman. He always spoke the truth, and if he changed every other day, he would have said so. Every time he was disappointed with a religion he fell back on mysticism."

"There are people," she goes on to say, "who are ready to stone me if I will not describe Richard as being absolutely without belief in anything, yet I really cannot oblige them without being absolutely untruthful. He was a spade-truth man, and he honestly used to say that he examined every religion and picked out its pearl to practise it. . . . He always said that at the end of all things there were only two points to stand upon, 'Nothing and Catholicism. . . . He *never was* what is called *here* and *now* in England an Agnostic; he was a Master Sûfi, he practised 'Tasâwwuf' or Sûfi-ism, which combines the poetry and prose of religion, and is mystic."

After the recall from Damascus the main interest of the life falls off, although in incident and anecdote it is as entertaining as ever. As the years went on and he found himself still chained to Trieste, Sir Richard seemed to lose spirit and hope, and took refuge more and more in his books and literary work. The daily life becomes a series of comments on the people they meet and on public events, and less and less a list of achievements: and soon illness also supervenes to check activity. The last chapters become a tale of disappointment and of bravely supported physical suffering and decadence. However, these eighteen years of the Trieste Consulship still remain full of interest, a varied recital of expeditions and mining ventures, investigations into spiritualism, and experiments in new or sensational medical treatments. Amongst other distinguished visitors came "Chinese Gordon," with whom Burton was intimate, and to whom he was strongly attached.

"The likeness between them," says Lady Burton, "was immense. The two men stood out in this 19th century as a sort of pendant; and the sad fate of both is equal, as far as Government goes. One abandoned and forgotten in the desert; the other in a small foreign seaport; both men equally honoured by their country, and standing on pedestals that will never be thrown down—uncrowned kings both."

After Gordon became the governor of the Soudan he wrote to Sir Richard as follows: "You and I are the only two men fit to govern the Soudan; if one dies the other will be left. I will keep the Soudan and you take Darfur. I will give you £5000 a year if

you will throw up Trieste." The reply was characteristic : " You and I are too much alike ; I could not serve under you, nor you under me."

Sir Richard Burton has left behind him an enormous mass of published and unpublished writings, consisting of accounts of countries which he visited, reports to the Royal Geographical Society, treatises on various subjects connected with his expeditions, a translation of Camoëns, and numerous grammars, vocabularies, and other linguistic works. As an Oriental scholar it is possible that his much-discussed edition of the *Arabian Nights* is his most valuable production ; and it is therefore probable that the destruction of his manuscript, *The Scented Garden*, was, at all events, a loss to Eastern scholarship. Generally speaking, his books, although graphic and vivacious, suffer from the want of a more complete digestion, and greater care in compilation, are too impetuous, and have the air of being written *au courant de plume*, without much arrangement or revision. Such volumes, however, as the famous *Pilgrimage to Mecca ; Scinde ; or, The Unhappy Valley ;* or the Account of his Mission to the King of Dahomé, would alone be a sufficient monument even of an extraordinary man ; but Sir Richard Burton lets them fall by the way as chronicles of his amusements and records of the more picturesque episodes of his career. Such was his force of character that all who came in contact with him were either violently repelled or strongly attracted. He was essentially a man of action, a good master and a bad servant, a born leader of men, one of those marvelously endowed beings who keep alive among us the traditions of hero-worship. In the words of his staunch friend, the late Lord Derby :

" In these days of peace and national prosperity there is a point of view in which such a career is singularly useful. It does as much as a successful campaign to keep up in the minds of the English people the spirit of adventure, and of enterprise that looks to reputation rather than to money, to love of effort rather than ease."

MRS. NEWTON-ROBINSON.

THE SEA : WRECKS AND SALVAGE.

A RESULT of the latter day enormous development of maritime commerce has been the creation of a new industry, or, at any rate, the elevation of a rudimentary industry to the level of a science. We read often enough in the day's news of the loss of a ship and cargo, having perhaps a value of some half million sterling ; but in the recital our interest ends. Of the elaborate planning for the recovery of the wrecked property, and the ingenious, costly, and oft-times perilous measures resorted to by the salvors, we hear little or nothing. Now and again it is true there occurs some disaster of such magnitude, of such national importance, or so close at our doors, that crude references to the salvage operations find their way into the public press ; but such cases are relatively few and far between, and the big work of ocean salvage proceeds for the most part unwatched and, save by the interested few, unnoticed. The interested few are, naturally enough, ordinarily the underwriters. From the philosophical reflection that if there were no losses their occupation would be gone, they doubtless derive such consolation as it affords ; but, all the same, when the loss does come, and comes heavily, the first thought of the underwriter is the prospect of salvage, and to this he turns himself with prompt solicitude. The outcome of this self-protective sentiment has been the establishment of numerous mutual salvage associations and private salvage companies. Chief of these is the London Salvage Association, which, from an unpretending office in a sunless lane within a stone's throw of Lloyd's and the Royal Exchange, organises and directs salvage operations at whatever part of the world these may for the moment be required. Distance is nothing—or nothing, at least, compared with depth. It may, for example, be a comparatively simple matter to save a rich cargo in the distant China Seas, whilst an equally valuable property lying submerged but a few hundred yards from Dover Pier is lost past the reach of recovery. Beyond a certain well-recognised depth—not so very great a depth either—no salvage is possible ; and even at small depths where a heavy swell or a strong ground current has to be reckoned with, the case is often not much better. All these are points which have to be carefully ascertained and considered before salvage operations can be even discussed ; and it is here that the work of the Salvage Association begins. The Association does not

work for a profit. It is primarily supported by a small annual payment on the part of the principal London marine insurance companies, and Lloyd's, and its general direction is vested in a committee of which the members are from time to time appointed by, and as representatives of, these bodies. The manager or secretary, as may be supposed, is an important element in the organisation, and his acquaintance with salvage work and contracts, the law, mercantile, marine insurance and shipping affairs generally, must needs be and is exceptional.

Simultaneously with the posting of a loss in the books at Lloyd's, a copy of the telegram announcing it is sent to the various insurance companies and to the Salvage Association, and probably within a short space afterwards one or two of the companies' representatives on the Association committee will be discussing with the secretary the prospects of salvage. Lloyd's private telegraph code, an elaborate and most ingenious work, of which a copy is in the hands of Lloyd's agents all over the world, will be drawn upon for the compilation of an inquisitorial despatch to the agent nearest to the scene of the disaster—Boulogne; Batavia; Buenos Ayres; as it may chance. And in not many hours will come back in the same code language a detailed reply :—precise locality of the wreck ; depth of water fore and aft ; nature of the ground on which the ship lies ; nature and extent of her damage ; prospects of getting her off ; the nearest appliances for salving ship and cargo ; and so forth. According to the information supplied the Association decides whether to send out a powerful tug and salvage appliances, or divers with their gear ; or to instruct the local agents to do the best they can. Whatever the decision arrived at, there is often the prospect that in a few hours or days the wreck may have slid off into deep water or been broken up in a sudden spell of bad weather. The cases which are surest, at any rate where salvage of valuable cargo is concerned, are those in which the vessel has sunk in smooth water in localities where the divers can moor their cutter in safety and be tolerably certain that nothing except time and labour will come between them and a satisfactory completion of their task. Given indeed a ship in a safe position as regards valuable property on board but an uncertain position as regards diving operations, and she may be to the divers a "stand-by" for years. Notably, for example, in the case of the steamship *Cadiz*, wrecked in 1875 near Ushant, having on board a valuable and practically undamageable cargo of pig-lead and quicksilver in large iron bottles. The Salvage Association had a standing contract with divers, and year after year, when nothing more remunerative was on hand, the diving cutters would sail out from Whitstable for the wreck and grope amongst the thickly overlying and overgrowing seaweed for the lead. As to the quicksilver, before very long, probably owing to galvanic action, the iron bottles

were eaten into holes and their shining contents shed upon the bottom. When the news of the loss of this vessel was first received some chagrined underwriters made known to the Salvage Association that in a box in the captain's cabin was a jewelled hunting-knife valued at £7000, belonging to a Portuguese nobleman. The exact spot in which the box was bestowed was carefully explained to the divers: but all their efforts to find it were in vain: or so they affirmed. Lead they could see in plenty, and quicksilver; but nothing at all resembling a box with a jewel-hilted knife in it. At this stage, however, they were paid not by results but by time, and it suggested itself that the thickness of the water might be cleared by the offer of a special five per cent., or £350, for the recovery of the knife. And, by a singular coincidence, the costly toy was immediately found and brought to the surface. It is not, however, always a jewelled knife on which the diver lays his hand, as a diver at work at the *Tunstall*, a steamer sunk near Corunna a few years ago, discovered to his cost. Groping with bare hand—divers generally work with hands exposed, the dress fitting tightly round the wrist by means of a rubber band—groping in the ship's condenser he felt amongst some broken machinery an object, a something, which froze his blood within him and sent him to the surface a very scared diver indeed. Removing his mouthpiece he reported his experience to his mates, and was laughed at for his pains. Another diver went down, and in response to his signal to "haul away" his companions presently hoisted on board, secured by a masterly sailor knot round its lead-coloured middle, a conger eel of extraordinary dimensions. The uncanny monster was for several days after on show in Corunna, but, none the less, it seems to have proved the death of the luckless diver on whom it had made so great an impression. For, unnerved by his experience, hardly had he made his next descent when he signalled to be hauled up. Finding him in a fainting and apparently inanimate condition, his mates lifted off his ponderous weights, laid him on the deck and unscrewed his helmet; only to find, however, that he had already passed beyond their aid. It seems that the unfortunate man had for some time previously been in bad health, and the shock which he had experienced, acting probably on a weak heart, resulted in his death.

On the above occasion, one of the finny denizens of the realm thus audaciously invaded may be considered to have scored a triumph; but generally it is the fish only who are the sufferers. Submarine blasting, a common incident in salvage operations, plays havoc with them. The usual result of the explosion of a dynamite cartridge off the mouth of the Thames is that the surface of the water is immediately strewn thick with fish of all sorts, sprats, whitebait, whiting, and such like, predominating; and the boatmen ladle them up by the bucketful.

Not long ago, a diving cutter off the mouth of one of the French rivers picked up and packed promptly off to Billingsgate two or three score of fine salmon which were thus "landed" before they had time to come to; and as at that time their pink flesh was worth two shillings the pound, the divers had cause to be thankful that the explosive effects of their dynamite were not entirely downwards. Sometimes in distant latitudes the diver is bothered by inquiring sharks, and there is a rather astonishing account which passes current in the colonies of a goodly shark which used daily to look on whilst a diver plied his work at a vessel sunk in port there. The diver finding him in the way, thrust at him with his iron; not to the inconvenience, however, but to the joy of the monster, who thenceforth presented himself every day to be tickled, for all the world like a huge trout, with the same handy implement. Sailors are proverbially good at a yarn, but the diver leaves them far behind. The diver nobody can contradict; so that it is impossible to disprove, as well as perhaps uncharitable to doubt, the historical accuracy of the incident just related.

Of sharks generally divers are not afraid—that is to say, the professional piped and helmeted men are not. With native divers it is another matter. The Ceylon pearl divers, indeed, subsidise a so-called "Shark Charmer" to accompany their fleet. These holy men claiming, however, a substantial share of the profits, it was a season or two ago resolved to dispense with their services. As ill-luck would have it, the first diver who went overboard was swallowed by a shark, whereupon the scared fisher-folk put back to port for the Charmers, who probably, in their new bargain, did not omit to charge something extra for the affront to their sacred office. But if the professional diver has nothing to fear from sharks or marine monsters, the dangers of his calling are still exceptional. Only the other day, at one of our channel ports, a diver met, according to report, with an accident which was within an ace of costing him his life. Having stopped a hole from the outside in a sunken ship, the powerful pumps of the salvage boat above were set to work, but the leak was not tight. The diver, in further securing it, passed his arm through to the inside, the pumps working steadily the while. No sooner was his arm through, than the rush of incoming water was stopped by his body, and so great was the pressure that unable to withdraw his arm he remained pressed against the iron side of the ship as tight as a barnacle. Fortunately by jerking his signal-line in diver language he was able to indicate to his mates that he was foul, and that another diver must be sent down to clear him; and still more fortunately another diver was obtainable, or like some of the memorials of the kings of Israel, he might be there to this day. The diver, in fact, never knows in what manner he may suddenly find himself threatened. Working in thick water and strong

currents, amongst broken stanchions and twisted and jagged iron wreckage, at any time he may find his air-pipe or life-line so fouled that it may take him perhaps long hours to clear it. There is, too, the risk of getting his goggle eye-piece or one of his windows broken against some projecting wreckage ; but as, in exploring in dangerous places he always walks backwards, this is a risk which does not ordinarily give him much anxiety. Breaking out cargo and sending it up is always more or less a hazardous operation. On making the rope or chain sent down to him secure round a heavy bale or case, he jerks on his line the signal to haul away. But if, when securing the chain, he accidentally so jerks his line as to mislead his mates above ; or if they make a mistake and start the hoist too soon, he may get his hand jammed between the chain and the bale, or, as happened the other day, get a thumb cut off. And not long ago the signal having been misunderstood or imagined, instead of a heavy bale, there promptly appeared above water, hanging by one hand through which the iron hook had passed, an agonised diver.

The British workman, however hard he may work at times, especially when the master's eye is upon him, is occasionally a shirker ; and the diver, who once under water is his own master, is not always better than the land craftsman. Indeed, when paid by time and not by work done, there is something like a premium on idleness. Making his hoist fast, not to a package of cargo but to a fixed beam or girder, the lazy diver will sometimes signal "haul away," whilst himself taking things easy. True, he cannot smoke, but he can sit and meditate and study the subaqueous wonders nearest to hand. Some twenty years ago a notable instance of this occurred. One of a staff of divers sent to work at a steamer—the P. and O. steamer *Carnatic*, if memory may be trusted—sunk in the Red Sea, was seen for several days to seat himself alongside the wreck instead of going on board. Such an inveterate shirker was he that he had to be sent home, the salvors being about £200 out of pocket for his expenses. But of course such cases are exceptional.

Space does not admit of much reference to the numerous cases where divers have brought up from the vasty deep rich store of the precious metals, but the recent and important case of the *Alfonso XII.* must not be altogether passed over. This steamer, having on board ten boxes of gold coin, each box worth £10,000, struck on a rock and sank at Grand Canary, whilst on a voyage from Cadiz to Havana in 1886. It was ascertained that the specie was at a depth of $26\frac{3}{4}$ fathoms—160 feet—and grave doubts were entertained of the possibility of any diver being able to withstand the tremendous pressure incidental to such a depth—viz., some sixty-seven pounds to every superficial square inch of his body.

Experiments at this depth were made off Dartmouth, and two men, Lambert and Tessier, were found equal to the perilous task. Also, dresses were at length made which would remain watertight at so great a depth. An expedition was sent out by the Marine Insurance Company, the divers to receive a reward of 5 per cent., or £500, on each box recovered. Lambert got up seven boxes, and Tessier two. So terrible was the pressure that neither man could stay below for more than a few minutes, and Lambert, for some time after his return, suffered from chronic paralysis of the bowels, by which he was in a certain respect reduced to the helpless condition of a babe in the cradle. Probably a tightly sealed kettle, sent down empty to the same depth, would have been crushed flat. As it was, the divers only succeeded in finding nine boxes out of the ten, £10,000 thus remaining below. A subsequent expedition went in search of this box, and the diver after being down for twenty minutes, was hauled up only to die. Nothing discouraged, a fresh expedition went out with two divers, from Germany. The first of these was promptly hauled up half-dead only to be sent ashore to the hospital, raving mad; the other went down, but returned declaring that no box was there. Whether he really got so far as the lazarette from which the nine boxes were taken, is open to doubt. The pressure at such depths must be positively crushing. In the accounts of one of the deep-sea dredging expeditions, it is mentioned that when the trawl was raised from a great depth, the pressure proved to have been such as to crush together the wood of the trawl beam, so that the knots started out of it. Conversely, fish brought from great depths became blown out like air-balloons when they reached the greatly reduced pressure at the surface. So that Messrs. Siebe & Gorman, the well-known diving engineers, in perfecting the submarine dress to its present water-resisting capacity at great depths, must have had substantial difficulties to contend with. Possibly one of these days these eminent experts may succeed in inventing a dress which will not only keep out the water, but will also take all water-pressure from the wearer's body and limbs and yet leave him free to work, in which case a new diving era will be entered upon.

The diver must needs be a most important factor in salvage operations; but in the majority of cases of wreck-flotation he is what may be termed merely a preliminary incident. He it is who has to go below and close up the fractures made by rock or collision, to shore-up and strengthen, to blast away intruding rocks, to build over or "platform" the holes made by their projecting heads, and to secure in position the cofferdam or cover which shall resist the inrush when the salvors' powerful pumps are set to work. It is his duty to grope his way or break his way amongst swollen, water-blackening packages of foul and rotting cargo; to secure it package by

package, and send it to the surface, till he has cleared the hold. Whilst silently and unseen the diver thus prepares the way, the salvors with their tugs, their mighty pumps, and ponderous steel hawsers are making ready for the supreme effort which is to get the sunken or stranded ship once more afloat and on her way to the repairing dock.* Salvage operations take of necessity a variety of forms, and it by no means follows that it is the vessel which, to the amateur critic on the shore, seems to sit most upright and trim which is the most likely to be got off. She may seem ready to float almost of herself; but the diver's report tells fatally against her. With stern-post gone, keel wrenched off, and bottom crushed in amidship, she must be blown up and dispersed, perhaps at a heavy cost, as a danger to navigation. Or, if the damage be indeed but slight and salvage comparatively easy, if the hull be old or severely strained it would perhaps cost more to repair the ship than she would be worth when repaired; and so to the astonishment, and perhaps indignation, of the shore-loungers, she will one fine day be blown up without, as they will declare, so much as an attempt to save her. Nothing easier to criticise than salvage operations; and the shore-critic is not daunted by the fact that it is quite impossible for him to know the facts on which the salvors have to form their conclusions. Sometimes, indeed, the circumstances are such that the salvors themselves come to different conclusions respecting them. The *Locksley Hall* is a case in point. She was a 1350 ton ship which, in 1887, arriving at Liverpool with a full cargo of wheat from "Frisco," managed to fall across the bows of a vessel at anchor, and shortly after filled and sank. As is common with wheat ships, she carried in addition to her cargo and recognised crew, an army of self-invited rats. These gentry, unable to altogether justify the proverbial reference to themselves, could desert only the holds of the sinking ship, and when boats came from the shore to survey the scene, the submerged vessel's rigging and lofty spars were black with the uncanny vermin. Never before had astonished spectators beheld such a manning of the yards! This, however, by the way. The question was, how to deal with the ship—or obstruction, as the Harbour Board already termed her. To lift such a stupendous weight, said the Liverpool salvage experts, was out of the question: a weight of some 1800 tons was not negotiable. The only course was to blow her up, and disperse the wreck as soon as possible. At the bare mention of this, however, the Mersey Railway people raised a terrible outcry: the ship, exclaimed they, was just over their tunnel, and the Harbour authorities would blow her up at their peril. From this dilemma relief was at length provided by an offer from salvors in London. For £15,000, "no cure, no pay," a small syndicate undertook to lift the ship, cargo, mud and all, and place her on the shore. It was a tremendous undertaking;

but conducted by that skilled salvor, Mr. Charles Wood, of the Thames Conservancy, it succeeded. The method adopted was that by which was lifted the ill-fated *Eurydice*, which capsized in 1878 off Shanklin, I.W., with the loss of some 300 lives. Wire ropes of extraordinary dimensions were specially manufactured by Bullivant & Co., of Millwall—themselves of the syndicate—and four hulks each capable of lifting 500 tons were purchased. These hulks were ranged one over each bow of the *Locksley Hall*, and one over each side aft. Divers carried the wire hawsers under the wreck, and the hawsers were then secured to the hulks, which were strengthened by massive timbers and iron facings. But for such precautions the hawsers would, it is said, have cut through the hulks when the strain was applied, like a wire through a Stilton cheese. At low water the huge wire slings were hauled taut, and as the tide rose, and with it the hulks, the wreck was raised out of her gravelly bed, and hung clear of the ground. Little by little, during each tide, the hawsers having been once more shortened, the ship was brought nearer to the shore, till in due course she was triumphantly there deposited high and dry at low water. The whole operation took about six weeks, and so rotten had the cargo meantime become that when the tide left the vessel the stench from her foul holds was of that substantial and enduring kind which a blind man is popularly supposed to be able to feel with his stick, and complaints from the neighbouring populace were proportionately loud. It is, however, difficult even for salvors to please everybody; but as, after disposing of their plant, the London syndicate are understood to have pocketed £10,000 clear profit, they may, at any rate on this occasion, be considered to have pleased themselves. At the present time the *Locksley Hall* is sailing under another name and the Brazilian flag.

But if the case of the “Frisco” wheat ship is not one on which Liverpool salvors love to dwell, there are plenty of others on which they may look with different sentiments. A recent instance, for example, of first-class work is afforded by the *Marwell*, a vessel which last year left the Mersey with some 3000 tons of coal under her hatches. Driven on to the bar at the river mouth in a violent gale, at high water she was completely submerged. But no sooner had the gale abated than the Liverpool Salvage Association's tug—an old British gunboat, by-the-bye: our Government finds it cheaper to sell its old gunboats to be fitted as salvage boats, and to employ foreigners at heavy outlay for British naval salvage, than to fit out its own tugs, and do its own salvage work—no sooner, I say, had the gale abated than the Association had a tug with pumps and divers alongside the stranded vessel. The latter, though badly strained, was not holed, and at low-water her deck was just awash. The salvors' “Big Ben” and other pumps were promptly set to work; the water over the cargo was quickly discharged overside, and in an

astonishingly short space the vessel, with her 3000 tons of black diamonds, was back in dock. Having regard to the nature and extent of her injuries, however, it was ultimately decided to avoid the cost of repairing her by letting the highest bidder become her owner.

One of the most successful cases of wreck-raising in late years was that of the *Utopia*, the Anchor liner, which, in March, 1891, came across the ram of H.M.S. *Anson*, in Gibraltar Bay, and sank with the loss of some six hundred lives. A contract to raise her was undertaken by Mr. Armit, of the East Coast Salvage Company of Leith—the “Tom Armit,” of salvage fame. The vessel lay in about fifty feet of water, with a hole—a chasm, one might almost say—in her side twenty-six feet long by fifteen feet wide. This hole was in due course successfully timbered over by the divers. But still, how to raise the ship? This problem was solved as follows:—Accurate measurements were sent to Mr. Armit at Leith, informing him as to the various depths of water above the ship's decks throughout her length, for she lay in sixty-three feet at the stern and forty-three feet at her stem. With this knowledge the contractor set to work and prepared what was practically an oak wall, to be attached to the ship at the bulwarks, all round her. The necessary joists, angles and stays were sent with the planks composing this structure to Gibraltar, and before long the divers had got their wall in place and secured it. The top of this wall of six-inch thick oak then showed itself clear above the water, so that the ship was enclosed in a sort of hoarding, over a hundred yards long and covered with canvas the better to make it water-tight. A false deck was built on top for the pumps, which were capable of discharging seventy tons a minute, and before long the space within the enclosure was pumped clear of water down to the deck. Then gradually the water in the hold sank and sank, the ship pulled herself out of the mud, and rose clear. Then on July 8—the catastrophe occurred on March 17—she was towed into the shore and the superstructure removed, her holds washed out and cleared of the corpses still on board, and the ship was ultimately brought to England. Subsequently an action was set on foot to obtain from her owners compensation for the six hundred lives lost, as is alleged, owing to the negligence of their servants. The big Orient liner, *Austral*, which, *Royal George* fashion, sank at her moorings some years ago in Sydney Harbour, was raised much in the above manner. The recent floating of the huge North-German Lloyd steamer *Eider* was a good piece of work, though, as it has turned out, the salvors are not likely to be suitably recompensed, if, indeed, they are not left altogether on the wrong side. Having regard to the nationality of the steamer, her owners employed a German company to float her, which in turn obtained the co-operation of a well-known Swedish salvage company. The place where the vessel

stranded on the Isle of Wight was exceedingly awkward for the salvage prospects, and by many the case was regarded as hopeless; but the value of the ship, which at the time of her stranding was probably not far short of £120,000, apart from the cargo, was a good bait, and the salvors, if successful, were to receive, it is understood, forty per cent. of the value recovered. Eventually, when the salvors had well-nigh despaired, the ship was got afloat in the clayey bed which she had made for herself—she had in fact settled into the blue clay, or the clay had banked itself round her, to a depth of twelve feet—and with five tugs hauling at her she was got into Southampton. Two months' exposure to the elements had, however, greatly deteriorated the ship and her costly fittings, and litigation ensued between the salvors and her owners. As an incident in the proceedings, the ship was the other day sold at auction at Lloyd's for £8000, doubtless grievously to the disappointment of the salvors. A tradition exists among salvage folk that when the vessel was all at once found to be afloat in her bed, no one was so surprised as the salvors. Having knocked off work they were astonished suddenly to notice that the wreck was "alive," whereupon they made all haste, and the tugs being at hand, succeeded in towing her clear.

A wreck which recently hit the underwriters hard was that of the *Port Douglas*, a large steamer bound to Australia, with a valuable general cargo. She managed to get herself ashore on the African coast near Senegal, and was reported to be, with her cargo, a total wreck. The London Salvage Association invited tenders on the "no cure no pay" system, and eventually a very plucky offer was made by the Neptun (Scandinavian) Salvage Company to save on the terms of forty per cent. of the value recovered. No sooner had this somewhat sporting offer been accepted than the contractors were rejoiced by the news that the whole of the 'tween-decks cargo was dry. On the arrival of the salvage tug, this was found to be correct, and the 'tween-decks cargo, having a value of perhaps £15,000, was before long delivered dry in London. Since then, nearly all the remaining cargo has been recovered and sold, though mostly in bad condition. The case is one in which, having regard to the certainty of the expenses and the uncertainty of the results, no one will grudge the salvors their reward.

Further down the African coast, some months before, had been wrecked the African liner *Soulun*, having on board a valuable cargo of palm oil, ivory, and so forth. The Liverpool Salvage Association, having ascertained that the prospects of salvage justified the expense, equipped a tug with divers and salvage plant, despatched her to Sierra Leone, some 600 miles to the south-east of which lay the wreck, a mile-and-a-half from the shore, with heavy breakers rolling completely over her—a most difficult case to work. Fortunately the salvage officer whose credit was at stake in the matter was not a man

to be deterred by difficulties, and the Association by sending Captain Batchelor to the wreck, did their utmost to ensure success. For well nigh six weary months, alternately drenched in the salt spray and baked in the scorching sun, did this indefatigable individual slay at the wreck, and never once during that time was the sea smooth enough to allow his boat to lie alongside. In these difficult circumstances long "falls" or cables were carried from the tug, rove through blocks fitted on to the wreck and carried down into the holds. The diver at work below took the rope, which was fitted with a pair of can-hooks, and attached the latter to a cask of oil. The signal was given to heave away and the cask was dragged out of the hatch and to the surface. Boats were on the look out for the floating cask which was grappled, towed alongside the tug, and hoisted on board. So strong sometimes was the current that the boatmen had to drive a staple into the cask in order to keep their hold of it. The biggest day's work at this business was some fifty casks, worth about £12 each. Sometimes for weeks the eddies about the ship were so strong that if a diver attempted to go down he was turned and twisted about like a stick in a swirl and was glad to be hauled up into safety. If in addition to these difficulties there be imagined some hundred men—crew, divers and their tenders, Sierra Leone boys and Kru boys—all cooped up in the tropics in a small steamer having accommodation for only fifteen men, nearly all discontented and occasionally breaking out into free fights, it is easy to suppose that the salvage officer must be endowed with extraordinary ability to have brought his mission to a successful conclusion, and to have sent home goods from the deep some £26,000 in value. It is not often that a salvage officer does better work or indeed works at all in circumstances so adverse, and a special testimonial presented in consequence to Captain Batchelor by the underwriters was well earned by that popular officer. Captain Batchelor has since then been associated with one of the biggest salvage operations ever brought to a successful issue—that of the recovery of the large steamer *Islam* from a very dangerous position on Conil Beach, near Trafalgar Bay. This was a new steamer on her first voyage, close on 150 yards in length, and measuring 5100 tons gross. Her value, apart from her cargo of coal, was probably not far short of £90,000. A contract was arranged with some German and Swedish salvors on the "no cure, no pay" basis, and, assisted by two powerful tugs, they last June got the ship afloat after she had been for nearly six months hard and fast ashore, embedded in sand to the depth of some twelve feet. Captain Batchelor was present throughout the operations on behalf of the underwriters, and but for his encouragement and example the salvors would, it is believed, have thrown up the work in despair, notwithstanding the heavy expenses incurred in it. The steamer was eventually sold at Liverpool for some £30,000, of which probably

about half will remain in hand after paying expenses. The salvors' expenses must have been so heavy that their profit on their contract is not likely to be considerable. Speculative salvage is a highly precarious business.

In view of the extensive experience of salvage operations which is almost necessarily incidental to our position of preponderating maritime importance, no little surprise and disappointment have been expressed at the fact that when one of our public vessels gets into difficulties it is to foreign salvors to whom the Government turns for assistance. Certainly it was not gratifying to the national pride to find the country committed to pay £50,000 to an Italian for extricating the *Sultan* from her perilous position near Malta, nor does the circumstance that M. Baghino is understood to have cleared £40,000 by the job tend to alleviate this sentiment. Nor is it more pleasing that the "Neptun," a Scandinavian company, was entrusted with the salvage of the *Howe* with the promise of £35,000, as it is said, as the reward of success. But probably it will be found on inquiry that the Government accepted in each case the best offer made, and it is not at all likely that if British subjects could have been got to undertake the work on equally good, or even nearly as good terms, they would have been passed over for the foreigner. But salvage operations such as these are conducted at great cost, and though a successful result promptly arrived at may mean large profits to the salvors there is always the risk, under the generally approved "no cure, no pay" system, that the operations, carried on at great cost for weeks or even months, may prove abortive and leave the salvors heavy losers. The complaint that the Admiralty ought to be in a position to dispense with private aid at all, British or foreign, seems better founded. That our navy should be without a sufficient proportion of salvage boats, the best adapted, best found, and most powerful in the world, is greatly to the national discredit. As it is, when one of our public ships gets well aground, there is straightway a frantic telegraphing to private associations for pumps and appliances, and an invitation to all the world to come and help our navy out of the mess, on liberal terms. What, it may be asked, do the authorities intend to do when war breaks out, and warships of this country, and no doubt of other countries, are run ashore on our coasts, either accidentally or to avoid foundering in deep water? Are the Scandinavians, the Germans, the Dutch, and the Italians to be invited to come and help us then? And the prompt floating of a warship may at such a time mean to us as a nation, who can say how much! If the operations at the *Sultan* and the *Howe* teach us anything, surely the lesson is writ large on the wall; and the £85,000 salvage money in those cases will be but a trifling sum to pay for the learning of it—if we learn it.

DOUGLAS OWEN.

THE ALLEGED DANGER OF THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE "RESOLUTION."

It is no longer a secret that the estrangement of feeling between the educated Indian and Anglo-Indians as a class is daily growing. While the former is beginning to look upon the latter as an interloper, the latter in his turn regards the former as a trespasser on the rights and privileges to which his superior position as a member of the ruling race entitles him. Nor is this state of things improved by the existence of better feelings in the masses towards the Anglo-Indian, who by his cold and haughty demeanour remains always at an unapproachable distance. Fortunately for the stability of the British rule in India, both the educated and the uneducated Indian make a distinction between the English rule and the officers employed in administering that rule. In the midst of the blessings they enjoy, they overlook the vagaries of the Anglo-Indian, and while they are hostile to the latter they are not unfriendly to the former. There is, moreover, growing up in the minds of educated Indians a confidence in the sense of justice of the Liberals in England. It is to the Liberal Government of Mr. Gladstone that they attribute the repeal of the Gagging Act, and the jury abolition orders of the Government of India. The recent Resolution of the House of Commons in favour of holding simultaneous examinations in India and in England for the Civil Service of India has bound still more closely the educated Indian to the Liberal Party. Though Lord Kimberley's transmitting despatch is somewhat disappointing, inasmuch as it leaves entirely in the hands of the Government of India the option of giving effect or not to the Resolution of the House of Commons, the Indians are grateful to his lordship for what he has done. But even this half-hearted measure has dissatisfied some of the members of the Secretary of State's Council, and as the dissentients have thrown into their Minutes the weight of their long Indian experience, and prophesied dangers to the English rule, it is the object of this article to discuss the arguments brought forward by them.

Though the "Resolution" unreservedly throws open all appointments to the result of the "Simultaneous examinations," the Secretary of State has in his transmitting despatch calling for the opinion of the Government of India desired to be informed "in what

mode and under what conditions and limitations the Resolution could be carried into effect." He has, moreover, intimated that it was not his desire to fetter in any way the discretion of the Government of India as to the observations they may think fit to make on the Resolution, and has concluded his despatch by pointing out that it is indispensable that an adequate number of the members of the Civil Service shall always be Europeans, and that no scheme would be admissible which does not fulfil that essential condition. To an ordinary mind there would appear to be nothing objectionable in the above. But in the opinion of some of the members of his council Lord Kimberley could not have done anything worse than send such a despatch. According to these members, there is no difference of opinion between them and the Secretary of State as to the inadvisability of the proposal, the Secretary of State has therefore rendered himself liable to the charge of issuing an insincere and impolitic despatch. "We have," says Sir J. Peile, "rejected this proposal [of holding simultaneous examinations] absolutely, for very sufficient reasons. The Home Government supports our decision. To ask us to invite the Government of India to suggest how that could be done which we are convinced should not be done, is to call upon us to compromise fatally our position in the eyes of the Government of India, and eventually in the eyes of the people of India." This is a grave accusation against Lord Kimberley, and though his lordship does not stand in need of any defence from outside, the object in referring to it here is to show with what bitterness of spirit the dissentient members approached the discussion.

The first objection taken to the despatch by the dissentient members is "that it imposes upon the Government of India an impossible task." "The resolution lays down," says Sir A. Arbutnot, "that all who compete are to be finally classified in one list 'according to merit.' If this rule be adhered to, how, I would ask, can it be secured, either that a certain proportion of the persons appointed shall be Europeans, or that the greater number, if not the whole, of the appointments which fall to natives of India shall not be absorbed by physically weaker and less manly races? The problem I submit, is, from its nature, insoluble." In the opinion of another member, Sir D. Stewart, the conditions laid down for the guidance of the Government of India are "irreconcilable." With all deference for the honourable members holding the above opinion, it is submitted that the problem appears to be far from "insoluble." Supposing the limitation is that one-third of the appointments will be available to Indians, this could be easily secured by rejecting all Indians exceeding that proportion, even though they may be within the list of successful candidates according to order of merit. For example, the number of appointments to be competed for is sixty. The number allotted to the Indians is twenty, and the number of Indians

among the first sixty candidates is thirty, appointments will be given to only those *Indians who occupy the first twenty places among Indians*, the other appointments will be given away to the *Europeans in the order of merit in which they stand among themselves*, and the same procedure might be followed in confining "the physically weaker and less manly races" within a certain limit, *if necessary*. But there is no necessity for it, as will be shown later on.

"The British supremacy in India will be endangered," say the dissentients, "by giving effect to the Resolution." "Naturally the natives hold," says Sir J. Peile, "the vast bulk of the offices; the Englishmen hold those necessary for the exercise of our supremacy, and those in which nerve and impartiality are most essential." Now, though the "supremacy" of England far from being in danger would be more safe by the appointment of Indians even as Governors and Chief Commissioners, when they are found fit for such high posts, as the Resolution does not contemplate this step, it was irrelevant to refer to such a contingency in the present discussion. As regards the charge that natives of India want "nerve and impartiality," the best answer is that they even now hold such posts in which "nerve and impartiality" are most essential. They are not only District and High Court Judges, but are also Magistrates of Districts, and in all these judicial and executive capacities they have displayed as much "nerve and impartiality" as English judges and magistrates. What is at present contemplated is not to throw open new appointments, but to give facilities to Indians for holding an increased number of appointments in offices in which they have already distinguished themselves. In the face of overwhelming evidence proving the "fitness of natives," the most recent of which was that recorded by the Public Service Commission, is it not rather too bold an assertion on the part of the dissentients to say that "Englishmen are recruited and sent out to perform duties which the natives are not yet competent to undertake?" (Sir J. Peile.)

Already a sixth of the appointments as Judges and Magistrates is set apart for the Provincial Service, to which natives of India, are, as a rule, appointed, though the system of nomination in vogue does not satisfy Indians who believe that only those that can cringe and flatter, and not those that are most deserving, get these prizes. When, therefore, advocating simultaneous examinations the friends of the Indians do not advocate that the present arrangements as to the Provincial Service should continue. What they advocate is fair play and *no favour*. Whatever proportion of appointments is thrown open to the Indians it must include the appointments reserved for the Provincial Service. It has been contended that the Public Service Commission (including "Native" members) were against the proposal of holding simultaneous examinations. But the revelations lately made by one of the Indian members (Sir Romesh Chunder

Mitter) at a meeting held in Calcutta, show that the Commission were not unanimous in their opinion on this subject, and that all the Indian and some English members were in favour of holding simultaneous examination, but that the opinion of the majority prevailed. It is, however, immaterial whether the "Native" members of the Commission were in favour of or opposed to simultaneous examinations. The voice of the people of India, expressed through Congress meetings and the Press, has been from the beginning against the Public Service Commission's recommendations.

"The facilities which they (the Natives) enjoy for obtaining high and honourable appointments in India are," says Sir J. Strachey, "really greater than those open to Englishmen, who for the most part can only enter the public service through the narrow door of competition in England." The natives of India do not, however, want facilities. They want to enter *the service of their country* "through the narrow door of competition." All that they want is that the examination should, in the first instance, be held in the country of employment as well as in England. They further offer to come to England to complete their education when they have passed the preliminary examination.

Say the dissentients, competition is not the best method to apply to natives of India. A purely educational test as the "substitute for patronage" is not sufficient for gauging "the strength and vigour of character in the candidates." In the discussion of a question such as this it is useless to use *a priori* arguments. The best method to arrive at a correct conclusion is to judge of the probable effects, in a new line, of the adoption of a scheme already tried in another and a similar line. Patronage was the only door through which candidates for posts of Deputy Magistrates and Deputy Collectors could, until 1868, enter in Bengal. In that year, Sir William Grey, Lieutenant-Governor, introduced a system of competition among nominated candidates. The two next Governors—Sir George Campbell and Sir Richard Temple—also made education a test in the selection of a certain proportion of candidates. Most of the appointments made by Sir Ashley Eden were from amongst candidates who had passed examinations in the two preceding Governments. But it is to Sir Rivers-Thompson that the credit of introducing a purely competitive test is due. Both Sir Stewart Bayley and Sir Charles Elliott have followed in the steps of Sir Rivers-Thompson. It is not to be supposed that these two later rulers of Bengal would have adhered to the "purely competitive test" if they had not found it satisfactory.

The Subordinate Executive Service is only next in importance to the Civil Service. A Deputy Magistrate's duties require in their performance, though in a narrower sphere, as much "strength and vigour of character" as those of a District Magistrate. The superi-

ority of the competitive test has been established also in another way. The Statutory Civilians used at first to be appointed on recommendation with special reference to social position. It is also to Sir Rivers-Thompson that the credit is due for throwing open these appointments to competition. Sir Stewart Bayley also adhered to the same system. During Sir Charles Elliott's Government, the system of nomination to what is now called the Provincial Service has again been introduced. But it is useless to state that it will be impossible to select out of large bodies of distinguished officers only a few to fill up the new appointments. It is feared that those, especially amongst Deputy Magistrates, who are capable of accommodating themselves to the whims and caprices of the District Magistrates, and not the ablest and the most deserving, will be so fortunate as to get these prizes.

In the face of the above facts whatever might hitherto have been the recognised policy of Government in respect of giving to natives of India a larger share of employment in the administration of their own country by careful and cautious selection and promotion, according to tried ability from the Uncovenanted to the Covenanted service, the time has come when both for the interests of public service, and for the general satisfaction of the Indians themselves, the system of selection carefully and cautiously exercised by the various Governments in India must be abandoned in favour of an extension of the system of competitive examinations. After an officer has once entered the Covenanted Civil Service, his further career should be dependent on the opinion of his official superiors, but for admission into that service there should be but one door—the door of competition.

In the opinion of Sir J. Peile should the system of competitive examination be adopted, there will be introduced into the Civil Service an element of home-staying youths drawn from races the cleverest doubtless in preparing for that test, but not, therefore, the fittest of our Indian subjects for places of grave responsibility. The experiment would further be very distasteful to the Indian aristocracy, and to the stronger races of India, who respect strength of character in those who are set in authority over them more than literary proficiency. Another member, Sir J. Strachey, almost forgets the dignity of his position when he speaks about the "physical inferiority of the intellectual class in India—a class infinitely small in proportion to the population, a class intellectually acute, but composed almost entirely of the very feeblest element of the people of the vast continent of India, of men who are looked upon by the more vigorous and politically important races as being as much foreigners as we are ourselves. And, as a climax of absurdity, for it is nothing else, these men are to be selected from that class by literary examination only. For those who, like myself

and many of my colleagues, have passed a great portion of our lives in India, who ought to know, if any can know, what India is, and who through a long course of years have taken no small part in its actual Government, it is difficult to speak with patience of a measure which it is not denied may have as one of its results the attempt to govern strong and martial communities, 'Sikhs and Rajputs and Pathans, by men drawn from a race which they regard as feeble and effeminate, and therefore unworthy of respect."

It is a pity that members of Council who, like Sir J. Strachey, plume themselves on their knowledge of India gained on the spot should be ignorant of the teachings of the past and present history of that country on the subject of the Government by races other than Sikhs, Rajputs, and Pathans. The Maharattas who, at one time, contested with the English for the supremacy of India and the Bengalis (Raja Raj Bullubh, and his son Kishen Das) who fought on the side of the English, in overthrowing the Governments of Sirajud-Ulla and Mir Kasheem were neither Sikhs, Rajputs, nor Pathans. Sir T. Madhab Rao, who commenced life as a clerk, and rose successively to the Prime Ministership of Travankore and of Indore, was a poor Madrasee. The honourable Dadā Bhai Naoraji, who, at the present time represents an English constituency in the House of Commons, is a Parsee. He was not born of aristocratic parents, yet his services were courted by Barodā, the second native State in India. Baboo Nilambar Mukarjee, a Bengalee, and one that does not belong to the "aristocracy," held for many years the highest judicial post in Kashmir, a State in which the inhabitants are chiefly if not wholly composed of "Sikhs, Rajputs, and Pathans." Babu Sital Chandra Mukherji, who was once a Munsiff in Bengal, but whose contributions to the press lost him his situations, is now the chief secretary to the Seths of Mothurā, held to be the Rothschilds of India. Another Bengalee, Baboo Hari Mohon Sen, was the Prime Minister of Joypur, a Rajput State. The physically weak Bengalees occupy honourable posts in several other Native States, and were it not for the circumstance that all the weight of Anglo-Indian influence is directed against Bengalis, they would occupy still higher positions in those States.

The fact is, that intellectual superiority is and has always been accorded a higher position than mere physical superiority, even amongst races noted for physical strength. Were not this true even the Englishman, with his boasted "muscularity," would be nowhere compared with the "Sikh, Rajput, and Pathan," and the robust, warlike, and fierce Afghan would not have been so completely and shamefully beaten by him. The reason why Afghanistan has not been annexed like Burmah is not because the occupation of the former would have been more difficult than that of the latter, but because from a commercial point of view it would not have been

paying, the country being comparatively poor. There is not on the face of the earth as physically strong a race as the Mongols of Tartary, and yet the more civilised but less robust Russian rules over them. Mere brute force was the *sine quâ non* for success in fights with clubs and spears, but in these days of long-range fire-arms, a representative of a weakly race is on a footing of equality with one belonging to a strong race if he possesses a good supply of "nerve" force. That the much-abused Bengali with all the disadvantages of a weak physique is not wanting in manly vigour is proved not only by his circus and balloon performances, but also by the circumstance that he has been repeatedly knocking at the door of the military service, and has been applying, though in vain, for admission into the Volunteer corps. If he keeps himself aloof from the army it is simply because the service is not, in its present state, attractive to him. The rather too numerous cases of rioting which annually crop up in Bengal, and in which all castes figure more or less, show that the fighting quality is not yet quite extinct from the race. If an Englishman occasionally sends to rout a larger number of Bengalis, it is not because they are afraid of him as an individual, but because they know from experience that whatever may be the enormity of an Englishman's crime, and however untruthful he may be, it is almost an axiomatic truth that the English Magistrate trying a case between an Englishman and an Indian will believe his countryman more than the Bengali, and so the latter tries as much as possible to keep out of the reach of the former. But with a better knowledge of laws, a more learned Bar, and a more enlightened Press, the Bengali is gradually losing his dread of the European, and signs are not wanting of an awakening of a spirit in the former to return a blow for a blow.

The appointment as a Judge or a Magistrate of one belonging to a weakly race in a "Sikh, Rajput, or Pathan" district is not likely to give rise to any administrative difficulties. It could, however, be easily avoided, as the country inhabited by the "Sikh, Rajput, and Pathan" forms only a moiety, or even less than a moiety, of the Bengal Presidency, while the remainder of that Presidency, the whole of the Presidencies of Bombay and Madras, the whole of the Central Provinces, Assam, and Burmah are inhabited by races other than "Sikhs, Rajputs, and Pathans," in all which countries a Parsi Mahratta, Madrasi, or Bengali would not be misplaced. As the majority of the Judges and Magistrates will continue to be Europeans under any system, there should not be any difficulty in finding officers for the districts inhabited by the "Sikhs, Rajputs, and Pathans," even if none but Europeans can be entrusted with their administration.

It has been alleged by the opponents of the scheme of simultaneous examinations that the effect of it will be to unduly reduce the number of Englishmen in the Civil Service. "The number of

English Civil Servants has been reduced to a minimum compatible with the efficiency of the administration" (Sir A. J. Arbuthnot). "It would reduce the supply of English administrators below the minimum essential for the efficient administration of the empire" (Sir J. Beile). The questions that would naturally arise out of such assertions are: (1) What is the minimum of English Civil Servants essential for efficient administration? (2) Do the rules, at present in force, authorise any such minimum? The answer to the first question will, depend on what is meant by an efficient administration. If the essentials of such an administration in India are that the Judges and Magistrates employed there should be honest and impartial, and be capable of performing efficiently the duties entrusted to them, then it is immaterial whether they are Indians or Englishmen, so long as they fulfil those conditions. The Indians who, up to date, have held the posts of District Judges and Magistrates have discharged their duties quite as efficiently as Englishmen, and not a breath has been whispered against their honesty and impartiality. The interests of India do not, therefore, require that all the Judges and Magistrates, or even the majority of them, should be Englishmen. If it is said that the safety of the British rule in India requires that the majority of the chief judicial and executive officers should be Englishmen, that object can be secured by throwing open to Indians two-fifths of the appointments, and reserving the remaining three-fifths for Europeans. By this arrangement an English Judge or Magistrate will always be in the neighbourhood of an Indian Judge or Magistrate, and serve as a check to the latter if necessary. The answer to this question is, accordingly, that no minimum of English Civil Servants is necessary for the purposes of efficient administration, but to provide against any possible combination amongst Indian Judges and Magistrates for the overthrow of the English rule, three out of every five appointments may be reserved for Englishmen, and only two thrown open to Indians.

The question next to be considered is: Do the rules, at present in force, authorise any minimum of English Civil Servants? One-sixth of the appointments of the Judges and Magistrates is already reserved for the Indians in the Provincial Service, and as they, the Indians, are further allowed to compete for the Civil Service at the examination held in London, there is at present no such thing as a minimum of appointments reserved for Englishmen. It is true that Englishmen have hitherto carried away almost all the prizes. But, considering the fact that the number of Indian candidates is daily increasing, and that, with all its advantages, the Indian Civil Service is not half so tempting to the Englishman as it is to the Indian, what guarantee is there that more than half the appointments will not in time fall to the share of the Indians, though it may take a very very long time for such a thing to happen?

Those who, like Sir J. Peile, accuse the Indians with being "home staying," forget that an Indian youth has seldom any friends in England, where temptations of many kinds and degrees surround him in his everyday life, and that it is on this ground specially that Indian parents and guardians are at present so very unwilling to send their sons and wards over to England. The number of young men who have gone astray in England is already alarmingly large, and if the Indians want that the examination should be held simultaneously in India and in England it is not because they are "home-loving," but because they want a sort of guarantee that their sons and wards would not be thrown into a land of temptations on the mere chance of entering the Indian Civil Service. They are quite willing to send them over on passing the preliminary examination. And as regards the knowledge of English life and institutions, a student is quite as likely to pick it up in one year as in two. An officer appointed after such an examination will, at the end of a year's stay in England, begin his official life with far greater advantages than one selected from the subordinate judicial or executive service, in which there is hardly any room for the development of an independent and self-reliant character. This statement is based on personal experience extending over a quarter of a century. Woe unto the deputy magistrate (a member of the subordinate executive service) who even in the performance of his judicial duties fails to carry out the wishes of his superior, the District Magistrate, having the control of the police as well! It needs no great stretch of imagination what the character of the Provincial Service will be when it is recruited from officers trained as Deputy Magistrates.

It is alleged by the opponents that the proposal to hold the open competitive examination in India as well as in England was fully considered, and was decided "less than four years ago by the Secretary of State and Council, in concurrence with the Public Service Commission and Government of India, to be inadmissible," and that it is too soon to reopen it again. As has already been said, the recommendation of the Public Service Commission and the action of Government thereupon have failed to give satisfaction to the educated natives of India. None can therefore charge Her Majesty's present Government with fickleness if they give effect to the resolutions of the House of Commons. All the arguments used above in reference to the Covenanted Civil Service apply equally to the other departments of service for which examinations are held only in England. One of these services—namely, the Police—deserves special mention. The late Sir George Campbell, one of the ablest Governors that Bengal has ever had, held that the police was not "to be a separate caste and service; that the district superintendents should not have any assistants, save in exceptionally heavy or difficult districts; that the inspectors were their assistants for most

practical purposes ; and that for the appointments of district superintendents, either officers of the subordinate executive service or junior civilians would be eligible." Unfortunately for the interests of good government, the above resolution of Sir George Campbell is now a dead letter.

The Anglo-Indian would, if he could, shut out the Indian from holding even subordinate posts. The "subordinate offices," says Sir J. Peile, "have always been held practically by natives only. The offices of the next higher rank (salary Rs. 2400 per annum and upwards) are jealously secured to natives by executive rule, none but a native being eligible, if a competent native can be found. In regard to the right to office, the privilege of the Indian subject is greater than the privilege of the British or colonial subject." The fallacy of the above mode of reasoning will be obvious to any one who looks at it closely. It was not a love for Indians that made Government rule in their favour with reference to subordinate posts, but a desire to take into its service the most efficient men. Englishmen or Anglo-Indians, available for the low salaries attached to the subordinate posts, are nowhere in point of fitness compared with Indians, and Government would have made itself ridiculously partial, and lowered the character of the administration, if it had acted otherwise. The Indians, however, do not want any special rules in their favour in respect of any class of appointments whatever. All that they want is that their claims for holding appointments in the Government of their country should be dealt with justice and fairness, and they will not cease knocking at the door of England until they obtain the same. Those politicians are but short-sighted who think that the supremacy of England will be maintained by reserving all or most of the higher appointments ; on the contrary, that supremacy will be best maintained by an equal treatment of Indians and Englishmen. The Indians are not blind to the advantages they have derived from the English rule, nor are they so very stupid as to think that if left to themselves, they could govern their country as well as it is being governed by England. They value English literature and science far too much to think of a change. They know that with all her shortcomings England has given them a far better government than they could expect from France, Germany, or Russia ; and they also know well that if once the conscience of the great English nation is awakened to the justice of their demand, they will not be long in having it granted. English education has awakened a sort of national feeling in India, and the wisest statesmanship will consist in giving a free play to the legitimate aspirations and ambitions of Indians.

P.S.—Since the above was written there have occurred those unfortunate riots in Bombay which have furnished the "Anglo-Indian" with an opportunity to say that there is no agreement between the Hindus and Mahomedans residing in India, and that, therefore, it would not be politically wise to adopt a scheme of competitive examinations whereby the number of Hindu civilians would be considerably increased. In a matter of this kind none are better judges than the Mahomedans themselves. At a meeting of the Calcutta Mahomedan Union, a society of educated Mahomedans, it was lately unanimously resolved to express perfect sympathy with the simultaneous examination scheme and to give it the fullest possible support. The fact is an educated Mahomedan and an educated Hindu look upon one another as brothers, just as an enlightened Christian and an enlightened Jew residing in England would do. The rioters in Bombay and in other towns were all uneducated mobs, and the fact that Government has, in order to secure permanent peace, invited the aid of the leaders of the Hindu and Mahomedan Societies shows that the safety of the Empire depends more on good feeling between the rulers and the ruled, and between the Hindus and Mahomedans themselves than on the mere strength of British arms. A Hindu or a Mahomedan Governor or Chief Magistrate, who has received high English education, would discharge his duties as impartially as an Englishman, in quelling riots between Hindus and Mahomedans. If a Jew could be the Prime Minister of Christian England there is no reason why a Hindu who has shown his fitness for high charge by undergoing competitive examinations, and has further shown his emancipation from the superstitions of his religion by crossing the seas and thus breaking through caste rules, should not impartially administer justice between Hindus and Mahomedans. There would have occurred a serious riot between the Hindus and Mahomedans of Calcutta last year out of a cow-killing dispute but for the timely intervention of Moulvie Abdul Jubhar, the then officiating Presidency Magistrate, who by his good advice to his co-religionists averted the catastrophe. Would that there was a Moulvie Abdul Jubhar in Bombay to avert the recent calamitous and disgraceful riots that took place there! By employing the Indians more largely in the higher offices the supremacy of the British rule will be more firmly established than at present. But there is no reason to fear that all the appointments will be carried away by the Hindus as there are already two Mahomedan civilians who have entered the service through the door of open competition, and there are signs of more and more getting in gradually. So long, however, as the Hindus will exceed the Mahomedans so vastly in number as they do at present there will always be more Hindus than Mahomedans in the Civil Service.

IBSEN AS 'AN ARTIST'

DESPITE the endless amount of argument which has taken place about Ibsen as a moralist and the real significance of his complex writings, the appreciation of his dramas as works of art, and of Ibsen himself as an artist, can scarcely be said to have met with full justice hitherto. Again and again we find depreciation, either in the form of petty carpings in print or of ill-timed laughter by members of audiences at the performance of the plays, which fully prove that those who adopt this style of criticising do not realise at all the significance of Ibsen's dramas as works of art. They only look at the situations, the characters, the details, by themselves, in their relation to reality as far as these critics see it. And many even of those who would fain understand and admire the author, fail in their earnest efforts to do so on account of their incapacity to see his works in the light of artistic production as a general phenomenon. Music, painting, dramatic art and literature each have their own special characteristics; but it very often happens that we can only understand one by studying the other.

Now, before submitting to the readers of this Review a few reflections which occurred to me when attending the highly interesting series of Ibsen performances recently given at the Opéra Comique, I will take the liberty of answering in advance an objection which the steady growth of literature on Ibsen in England is sure to raise in the mind of the general reader. He may ask whether this foreign author, who by prominent (?) English critics is said to have produced nothing but nonsensical, incomprehensible, ridiculous, immoral, untheatrical, dull plays—I hope I have not forgotten any of the courteous adjectives which many critics indulge in hurling against this unfortunate poet—really deserves so much attention as has been paid to him of late years. To this I will not reply with argument, or with eulogies of Ibsen, as these would only be of a very relative value against the vituperation just alluded to; but I will simply defend my position with the shield of facts. Here we have an author who, though his writing in an almost unknown language and living himself in the utmost retirement separated him from the civilised world at large, has won fame throughout the whole of Western Europe, and is considered the herald of the younger generation, both among those nations whose origin tends to a similarity of character

with his own, and even more among those who are of entirely alien descent. Not only have his dramas been translated into German, English, and Dutch, but into French and Italian as well; and when, during the last winter season, Antoine and his *Théâtre-libre* company made a tour through Southern France and Northern Italy, it was—as M. Antoine told me himself only a few months ago—with *Ghosts* that they roused the highest enthusiasm. At Marseilles it had to be performed for twenty-two consecutive nights, and at Florence the success was even greater. Moreover, those who feel interested in modern French dramatic art are fully aware that all throughout the struggle made by the younger dramatists to work themselves out of the rude and elementary naturalism which was the sole creed of the *Théâtre-libre* when it originated, these authors look to Ibsen with his impressionism and his symbolism as the man to lead them on towards new realms of art.

“Wherever I perceive a great effect I must suppose a strong cause;” to quote Goethe’s words on Uhland I make bold to say that a man who like Ibsen has conquered a world, fully deserves to be studied with devotion. Or I would rather put it in this way, that no nation, desirous of taking its part in the evolution of civilisation, can afford to remain indifferent to the work of a man who is, by so general consent, acknowledged to express the feelings, thoughts, sufferings, aims, and longings of the living and coming generation. The fame and glory of Ibsen we can scarcely magnify or diminish—“for all that, Ulrik Brendel remains the man he is”—but we ourselves can only derive profit from the study of his works.

As I pointed out before, there are many people who will only look on Ibsen as a *moralist*. They do not consider his artistic powers at all, but are eager for his teachings, his views on men and life. And those who oppose these views on account of their being totally independent of, and moreover detrimental to, almost any tradition dear and sacred to them, and who on this account would fain get rid of this restless inquisitive mind, declare that his moralising has killed his art. Now, to make such a statement really requires a considerable amount of intrepidity, unless those who make it rely upon the blindness of their readers to the fact that, since *Æschylus*, no tragedy has ever been built on any other basis than lies underneath the dramas of Ibsen. It is the conflict of moral principles that carries them on, and the further we advance in the history of civilisation, the deeper we find this conflict in the soul of the *dramatis personæ* of all great tragedies. With *Sophocles* already the tragic crisis lies no longer outside men, it is a part of their inner life, and when Christianity is all-powerful over the human mind, we find the moral struggle penetrating so much the deeper in the soul of the heroes of tragedy. It may be a case of individual will opposed to

the temporary laws of state, society or morality ; desire and longing of the senses opposed to self-abnegation on puritan principles ; thirst for freedom and power in rude selfishness as opposed to altruism ; there may be differences in the outer forms, the principle remains. But, since Shakespeare showed us Richard III. and Macbeth overcome by a higher morality and sense of good, made the pride of Coriolanus give way to the gentler feelings of human nature, and Hamlet fail by the crush of his will under his contemplative mind, mankind has developed. The increasing study of philosophy, the awakened spirit of austere puritanism among the Protestant German race, the refinement in analytic power, the cares of social life, the victory of law over arbitrary ruling, of democracy and industry over adventurous chivalry, this and other causes have all tended to make life more serious, man more self-conscious, conscience more subtle, nerves more sensitive ; they have unnerved the will, fettered daring individuality, cast a gloom over mankind. Old England's justly renowned merriment, broad and full, has vanished, and Hamlet up to date would be still less a man of action and of a more brooding nature than the original given us by Shakespeare.

Compare, indeed, merry old England with our daily life, and it will be immediately seen that tragedy in our time cannot but be of a totally different character to that of Shakespeare. The scene itself has altered. With Æschylus we are among demi-gods ; with Sophocles, Euripides and Shakespeare among the great of earth. Now life has become more "cabined, cribbed, confined ;" among the denser population of to-day our movements are hampered, and action has become more difficult. Life is more introspective, consciousness of duties and rights has been far more widely spread ; it is no longer princes and statesmen alone who have to undergo moral conflicts ; these are everywhere. For to know is to think, and to think is to become conscious of our own inner life. So in this democratic age of ours we find tragedies all around us. Doubtless they were there before, but no one had an eye for them. To realise the change brought about in art by this altered condition of things, just compare Dutch art of the seventeenth century with that of our own day — Steen, Ostade, with Jozef Israels. There are traces of grinding toil on many of the faces painted by the two first-named, but their owners face life boldly and are not crushed by it ; they find enjoyment in it—an enjoyment of a rude and brutal sort. But now look at the poor folk painted by Israels : there is a cloud of melancholy hanging over them, the cares and sorrows and hardness of their toils never seem to leave them, and the painter depicts them with pitiful tenderness in their dreary existence. It is not only in the expression of the faces, the action of the figures, that this difference is to be found ;

it is in the painting itself, and even more strongly marked there. With Steen, Ostade, the texture of the painting is quite smooth, even refined, colour steady and bright, the chiaroscuro gradual and clear. But with Israels the texture becomes confused, almost over-laboured, colours are mixed up on the canvas, worked with brush and knife, the chiaroscuro is diffuse, the figures mysteriously wrapped up in the surroundings. So the gloom of their existences lies over them, becomes part of them, and the impression we gather is one of pitiful deep dreariness all round.

It was in listening and watching during the performance of *Rosmersholm* that I was suddenly struck by the resemblance of this product of dramatic art to these pictures of Jozef Israels.

Here, in fact, I see the same texture, the same identification of figures and surroundings, all the same sadness of life. *Rosmersholm* is the seat of the austere past, of devotion to austere duties. Never has the joy of life penetrated through these walls; never has a cry of individual sorrow and longing for liberty been allowed to rise here. It is the symbol of all that is venerable, noble in the adherents to puritan and patriarchal Christianity, but also of their narrow-mindedness, their severity towards all who are not with them. And in this dismal, brown-coloured, ancient room, with its close atmosphere, we see move and hear talk, in subdued tone, a man and woman of our day, struggling to find their way out of this closeness, to see clearly into the complex life of their souls. There is exactly the same labour bestowed by the artist to make his figures hold their own amidst these toned-down colours, and still to keep them enveloped in the mystery of the surroundings; the same diffuse texture, result of long researches, the same infinite tenderness and sympathy with the suffering creatures, as in Israels' paintings. A bright, high-yellow light of rejoicing in life has from outside penetrated into this room, but before it has reached the two figures it is subdued, made delicate and almost sad, for once that it is absorbed in the gloom that fills this ancient building. Here she has come with her strong, rebellious, reckless desire after happiness, her fierce energy and unconscious conscience, that girl from the North, daughter of Lust herself, but with aspiration towards the highest pitches of free thought, reminiscent of the Vikings, who knew no law but their desire. And she meets the noble and high-minded man with the tender heart: humanity, refined and unnerved by Christianity and civilisation, by sternness of inherited principles. In this meeting, the one influences the other. Her reckless activity is slowly absorbed by his brooding nature; her sleeping conscience is awakened by the touch of his moral sensibility. And she comes to him with voices of the outer world, of humanity in its struggle on towards dazzling light of truth; and the longing for activity

springs up in his contemplative mind. Then both unite in the desire to go about and bring the gospel of brotherhood and innocent joy among the people struggling in needless bitterness. But between those two worlds which they represent, there stands the obstacle of traditional and even venerable duties, and to reach each other this obstacle has to be overcome. *He* never will, so *she* recklessly pushes it away. But in doing this, she kills the very idol of happiness, which alone is to be found together with him—joy in innocence. This indeed is the tragedy of modern humanity, of those who must go and struggle to reach a new and higher form of life. No step out of the world in which they are placed by birth and education is possible without relinquishing the power and memory of traditional duties; and for those who have something in them of Hamlet's subtleness of conscience, such a relinquishment is never possible without pain to their most tender feelings. They must stab the king, but their hearts are too weak to allow them to kill. So their end very often is that of Rosmer. They cannot live their lives without moral ideals; they have not the strength to live according to their rigorous demands. If they won't bend under the necessity of "willing no more than they can," they have to come to his self-abnegation; and if they lack the courage for this, to fall into worse. Not to feel the wide-spread and deep significance of this tragic doom is to plead guilty to moral unconsciousness. To have felt this struggle, to have painted it out with such infinite tenderness and sympathetic sadness, renders Ibsen the tragic poet who represents the very best of our generation. And the subtlety of his touch, the penetrating power of general tone and mood, makes *Rosmersholm* a picture of the highest artistic value.

There is another obvious reason for my referring over and over again to the comparison of this play of *Rosmersholm* with a picture of the impressionist schools. Art criticism had as a whole reached a higher level in this country than that on the drama. The eyes of the public art-teachers in the daily papers have of late been far more widely opened to the real character of pictorial art. Looking at a picture, a drawing, an etching they no longer fail to acknowledge the value of style, of colouring, tone and general mood above the subject, nor to realise that by colour and lines no reality itself, but only the image of it, the essence, is given. Bring an ordinary man before an artist's sketch or an etching, and he will be utterly at a loss not only to see the beauty that may be in it, but to make out for himself the relation of the image in these spontaneous lines and any reality known to him. Artistic education is needed in order to understand the artist's language, and whilst you will find very few people ready to acknowledge that it is their fault if they don't understand an out-of-the-way play, you

will find a greater majority acquiescing in the verdict that they are unable to really enjoy a picture, and even more that they have still to learn how to appreciate fine artistic etchings or sketches.

Now what I want to impress on the mind of my readers is simply this: that in making this difference between a play and a work of pictorial art they are simply misleading themselves; and that when they read the assertion of a critic that such plays as *Hedda Gabler* and *The Master Builder* are incomprehensible, they ought to look at this statement simply as a confession that this critic's sensitiveness has not been educated to realise the value of literary and dramatic etchings. For if *Rosmersholm* may be compared to an elaborate, impressionist, grey-brown-toned picture, both *Hedda Gabler* and *The Master Builder* are like etchings. Compare the successive plays, *Rosmersholm*, *Lady from the Sea*, *Hedda Gabler*, and *The Master Builder* as regards the artistic methods of their conception, and you will see how the author has gradually worked himself out of the elaborate, diffuse painting up to the light and clear etching. In the *Lady from the Sea* we have no longer tone in colour, but simply tone in black and white, light and shade: a charcoal drawing; in *Hedda Gabler* nothing but lines and very light shading in one tone for the sake of intimacy; in *The Master Builder*, delicate and deep lines, crossing and parallel, a bright and rich etching, overspread with the glorious light of a high-flowing idealism, like some of Rembrandt's, and with the same immanent mystery, beyond which art has no real value for our own mysterious souls.

No, these works are not "mere realistic photographs," and still less pure moral treatises; and if so many have failed to realise this, it is only owing to their having been misled by outward forms. We certainly see shapes and forms of reality before us, nevertheless dramatic art gives us no more of actual reality than painting does. It is a vision of the poet's imagination in the form of things real; and if we want to understand this, it is not to be done by the comparison of the image with reality, but by trying to penetrate the character of his imagination. Ibsen might have had recourse to the unreal world which he depicted in his *Peer Gynt*, but though he has chosen to take his forms out of the everyday life around us, it is only our own fault if we are misled by this, and are unable to understand the fine blending of real forms and imaginative symbols. Since *A Doll's House* Ibsen has felt more and more the necessity of raising his picture of everyday life to a more lofty plane of wider range; he did not want to depict reality as it was, but to recreate it as a thing of his own. It was not so much one special case that occupied his mind, but this special case simply as an image of the immense struggle he felt going on in humanity of to-day. Not the facts of history but the strife of civilisation. He was not a specialist like Tesman, but a man of daring and far-seeing mind, a

creative genius like Ejler Løvborg, in whom this whole intricate human world of ours, with its physical, mental and moral processes vibrated, and whose mind and soul had been fed with the essence of his own people's history, sagas full of wild and brutal heroism and legends of weird fancy. He had begun his literary career by drawing from their sources; then, like his Master Builder, he forsook the high towers of his imagination to deal thenceforth with everyday life pure and simple. But this was a strain upon his fancy which he could not endure for any length of time; gradually we see awakening in his mind the yearning towards his old beloved visions of the legendary world, and with his symbol of the ghosts that hover around us, of the wild duck that is shot in its wings, of the white horses round Rosmersholm, he tries to give wings to the depressing reality of our present existence. Still, this light of his imagination is not strong enough to pierce through the heavy gloom of his analytic art, and in *The Lady from the Sea* he ventures on a daring experiment. Amidst a group of living creatures he places a personage, similar in shape to them, actually, however, nothing but an image, a personification of the sea, which itself is, in the poet's eyes, the symbol of Ellida's longing for adventurous freedom. Since Shakespeare caused to appear before our eyes the ghost of Hamlet's father, such a daring attempt has seldom been made by any dramatist as this introduction of the weird stranger, who remains a mystery in human shape.

Ibsen, however, was not yet satisfied. This personification of Ellida's vision must, after all, have proved too material for him; and his analysis of Ellida's state of mind, by its very heaviness, held the drama down in materialism. Then he wrote *Hedda Gabler*. Analysis was given up altogether and replaced by synthesis. The characters and situations are no longer shown with their roots deep in the earth; they have them outside, in the open air. We have once more indications, symbols to the mind. Hedda dreams of vine-leaves round the head of Løvborg, reminiscent of Bacchus, the ancient god of luxurious joy and wild pleasure, of the antique world with its veneration of beauty. And the manuscript becomes alive for us, as the child of Ejler's and Thea's soul—a beautiful image, surely! Then, listen to the way in which those people converse. What an intensity in this very plain prose, with its suggestive indications of far deeper and mysterious thoughts and feeling than are expressed in the words. The lines of the etching are simple and pure, but the atmosphere pervading it makes us think of much more than their simplicity tells. It is as if we hear the bytones of tuning-forks sound away long, long after the forks have been touched. And so, in listening to these words, which sound like the far resonance of very deep inner life, we are brought

under a charm such as music gives us, giving reins to our imagination, and driving us far, far away from the reality before us.

The Master Builder goes still farther. There is so much less of easily grasped realism in the characters and situations, so much more of fascinating fancy. None of the characters are human beings pure and simple—they stand on earth, but, in the light of illuminating imagination. They are the images of the poet's inner life; the whole of his struggle out of slavery to principles up to the freedom of his mind and fancy is in them. He has gone through the awesome pain of auto-vivisection, and sacrificed his blood, his rest, the sacred inwardness of his soul; and once again, at the end of his career, that old beloved imagination and creative power of his comes to him, knocks at the door of his soul, and in glorious idealism synthesis makes him dream of lofty and fascinating castles in the air. Don't you see them rise at the background of his fantastic etching, in subtle lines and hardly perceptible forms, veiled in the transparent mist of all idealistic art?

The Master Builder is a fairy tale, a *Midsummer Night's Dream* in modern forms and dress. To criticise it as to the possibility and reality of its characters and situations, would be the same as to question the reality of the adventures of Hermia and Lysander with Puck and Oberon. But it is not simply a tale to amuse. We find in it the essence of the great strife of this almost outlived century. A sickness of analysis and materialism, and a feeling that the building homes for people to live in is hardly a task worth while for an artist. Once more the longing soul wants to find the unity of mental and moral phenomena, of the visible and invisible world—looks out for a new and lofty ideal—is going to try once more to build a universe by the power of synthetic thought. The old generation, to which Ibsen himself belongs, may strive to live for this new ideal and reach the top of the tower; they can't hold their own, weakened as they are by the long, long struggle, and the sacrifices of their blood under the analysing instrument that lie behind them. It is only a fresh generation that can start onward, with strong will and healthy consciences.

But how can those, who have been blind amidst this life's struggle itself, succeed in understanding the imaging forth of it in symbolic lines and forms? If a man has never seen a river or the sea, and is unaware of the existence of these phenomena, how could he recognise the water in the outlines of an etching?

L. SIMONS.

HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF 'SAVAGE LIFE.

It is very pleasant to stand on some vantage point of our lofty civilisation and to glance back through the long vistas of time on the progress of mankind. From the arboreal man—first cousin of the anthropoid ape—to the fashionable loungeur in Bond Street or the savant at the Royal Society, is a powerful stride, and one that has taken æons in the making. "The mills of the gods grind slowly," and the processes of evolution are unceasing. Therefore we must not suppose that we have witnessed their highest efforts. Much still remains to be accomplished. And possibly there may come a time when the lowest section of society will be equal to the most perfect of to-day.

Man at a very remote period learnt to be imitative, conservative, and gregarious. Hence habits and customs. For an act often repeated becomes a habit, and a habit widely imitated becomes a custom. Thus habits and customs form the larger part of the history of mankind. Could we accurately know them, then the ingrained ideas and feelings of the people of the past would be palpably presented to us. The growth of action and the lines of thought would be clearly defined. And by starting from primeval and savage life to the present, by comparing habit with habit, and custom with custom, by following their courses, their additions, suppressions, mutilations and conversions, we should discover the origin and meaning of many existing institutions and ideas that would otherwise have been inexplicable. The investigation is a salutary one, but produces a kind of moral and mental cold douche. We gasp a little at first, but are all the stronger for it afterwards. Many of our cherished notions that we have set up as idols are rudely destroyed. Even our most sacred institutions are seen to have a very earthy origin. The germ of our glorious Westminster Abbey was conceived in the brain of a cunning savage; the ancient prototype of the Archbishop of Canterbury was a naked or half-naked "medicine man."

"It is unquestionably true," says Herbert Spencer, "that the first traceable conception of a supernatural being is the conception of a ghost." He shows how belief in ghosts arose from primitive reasoning on shadows. Everything has its shadow, therefore all

things, animate and inanimate alike, possessed its double or spirit. This belief was almost universal, and gave rise to numberless habits and customs. The fear of spirits impelled to acts of worship, sometimes of defiance and abuse. Next spirits were differentiated into comparatively good and bad. Thus we have other groups of customs varying outwardly according to the intelligence or idiosyncrasies of the believers, but substantially the same. Superstition was now ripe for intermediaries between men and spirits. There was no sooner existed than it was met by a supply. Sorcerers, witches, wizards, soothsayers, prophets, priests, come on the scene. Ancestors and heroes develop into gods. The phenomena of Nature, sleep, disease, death, and the accidents of life, are due to the agencies of ghosts and family, tribal, or national gods. These are propitiated by all manner of grotesque rites and ceremonies. Transmigration, with its plant worship and animal worship follows, and then Sabaism with its idols. The air is full of unseen spirits ever on the watch to inflict evils. Thus arose prayer, sacrifice, images, and a host of customs, many of which exist to this day. The habits of nomads and other wanderers took them to a distance from their ancestral dead, and thus the land of spirits often became a far-off land, beyond the rising or the setting sun. Frequently a difficult stream has to be recrossed before reaching it. Originally, the same spirits did good or evil as they chose, having the like emotions, wants, and sensations as those whose bodies they had abandoned. It was left to the illogical conceptions of more civilised races to make them without wants, purely good or completely bad, and above all to endow them with artificial wings.

Some of the ideas and customs referred to are very singular. Names of the dead were not to be pronounced for fear of injury from the spirits, nor the names of the living if a relative had recently died. Usually in the latter case the survivor changed his own name to obscure his identity by the spirit. Next the names of chiefs and great men were tabooed, and finally those of the gods. Instance the third command of the Decalogue, and the fear of Mahometans to tread on paper lest it should bear the name of God. Echoes are the voices of the dead. Pictures or photographs of the living give a magical power over them to their possessors, thus savages rarely permit their likenesses to be taken. By sorcery images or pictures are made the instruments of causing disease, pains and death to enemies. This custom pervaded all America, and has not yet died out in Europe. The Devil of the Whites is black, that of the Black is white. With some a stone was placed in the mouth of the dead for the spirit to enter and settle in. The analogues of the mythologies of the Old World are found in the New. The Pantheons of Greece and Rome are surpassed by those of the Red-Indians. The latter contain Jupiter, Mars, Venus,

Priapus, Ceres, Janus, Momus, and the rest under other and presumably older names. But these gods of the Indians were of far purer and nobler character than our classic ones. The Indians had also their immaculate conceptions, new births, and transmigrations, baptisms, holy water, circumcisions, and Eucharists, relics and fastings, their Romulus—Tiri, suckled by a jaguar—their deluges, fairies, giants, hobgoblins, and all the other phantasies which for ages have troubled the brains of Indo-Europeans. Many of their legends are very beautiful. Shakespeare might have gone to the Ojibways for his fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Thousands of them find shelter in a flower, or sport on a sunbeam. They transmigrate into insects, and their little voices could be distinguished in the soft hum. One of their folk-tales relates how a lovely, contemplative maiden haunted a forest of pines, the resort of little wild men of the woods and turtle-spirits or fairies, and therefore avoided by men. While reclining pensively against a broad-topped young pine she fancied she heard a voice addressing her. From a sigh it became a distinct whisper, and is so poetic that with the slightest paraphrasing from Dorman, we are able to give this tree language in English verse :

“ Maiden ! Think me not a tree,
 But thine own love, fond to be ;
 Thine in all my strength and bloom,
 Waving o'er thee my green plume.
 Thou art leaning on my breast,
 Leelinau ;
 Lean thou ever there and rest,
 While I watch above thee so.
 Fly from false and cruel men ;
 Quit the tumult of their strife
 For this quiet shade, and then
 Be my own and only wife.
 Over thee my arms I'll wreath,
 Fairer than the lodge's roof,
 Flowery perfumes o'er thee breathe
 From my scented, leafy woof,
 Whilst thou sleepest, Leelinau.
 In my bark canoe we'll go
 O'er the dancing, sky-blue lake,
 And thy mantle's folds I'll deck
 With the sun's last rays, and make
 Every spot a golden fleck.
 Come, and on the mountain free
 Rove, a fairy bright like me.”

Of course Leelinau pined for her fairy lover and wasted away until she joined him in the Spirit land.

“ In one of the great salt plains of the Saline River,” says Irving, “ is a large rock of pure salt of dazzling whiteness, which is highly prized by the Indians.” This pillar of salt is the *metamorphosed*

wife of a great warrior chief. Want of space compels us to omit the story. Sorcerers controlled the elements. "A Cree sorcerer sold three days of fair wind for one pound of tobacco."

Dreams were revelations of spirits and were thus prophetic. Dreamers were a class and interpretation was a profession.

When the first Spanish ecclesiastics reached Mexico they found a priesthood as regularly organised as any in the Old World. "The Mexican priests were mediators between men and Divinity. They brought the newly born infants into the religious society, they directed their training and education, they determined the entrance of the young men into the service of the State, they consecrated marriage by their blessing, they comforted the sick and assisted the dying." "A wrong or sin confessed to the priest, and expiated through the medium of a penance imposed by him, was blotted out and placed beyond the reach of human justice or secular power." Herrera says: "They had priests who preached dreadfully in the temples, putting men into horrid frights, by which means they moved them to do whatever they directed." As many as five thousand priests were attached to the principal temple in Mexico. Thrice during the day and once at night they were called to prayers. They practised flagellation and pierced their flesh with the thorns of the aloë." They had a parochial clergy who administered the rites of confession and absolution. Priestly absolution averted legal punishment of offences and procured acquittal in cases of arrest. The conversion of the Red Indians, therefore, to Roman Catholicism was of the easiest, and to-day the priests and their flocks of South and Central America are the most ignorant, most venal and besotted of all the so-called Christians in the world. The priests, with few exceptions, are the foes of all progress and enlightenment. They are steeped in self-indulgence and debaucheries, although the formulæ of religion are ever on their lips. With the strictest rules they manage to practise the utmost licence. In one of the Central States, for instance, the "social evil" is altogether forbidden, and illicit intercourse between the sexes is severely punished. With ecclesiastical assistance, however, the immorally disposed can indulge themselves at a slight outlay. A couple go to a priest who marries them in the evening and divorces them the next morning!

The collective spiritualism of the aboriginal Americans is the most perfect and most consistent of all that have been developed. With them universal life is a fixed quantity and capable of entering all material bodies and passing from one being to another. Thus a man might have many souls, and souls might be divided just the same as bodies. In the spirit world they required and enjoyed the spirits of things used in this life, so that slaves and horses, food and arms, tobacco and drink, were offered for the sustenance of the dead. Thus, too, the spirits of the animals or men devoured by the living

were supposed to communicate the qualities they had possessed in life. The heart of a lion or a brave enemy increased the courage of him who ate it. Their spirit animated and fed his. Hence among all savages the propitiation by sacrifices and blood. Even among the Hebrews the Lord was appeased when he smelt the sweet savour of the burnt-offering whose odour ascended to heaven. The Indian Eucharist was one of blood and bread—a paste which they called “food for souls,” and was taken in silence with prayer and adoration. Their idols and temples were smeared with oil and blood, because their god-made ancestors used that custom upon their own persons. Prayers are an important part of savage customs. The Society Islanders prayed before almost every act of their lives. In Guinea a daily prayer is: “O God, help us; we do not know whether we shall live to-morrow; we are in Thy hand.” A Bushman says: “O Cahu, give us food; both hands full.” Another tribe: “Give me to-day rice and yams, gold and aggrry beads, slaves, riches, and health; make me active and strong.” But a savage in his prayers thinks neither of morality nor of a future state. The Hervey Islanders pray for success when on a thieving or murdering expedition. In the Fiji Islands the priest receives food from the parents of a newly born child to present to the gods before the birth-festival, and thus prays: “This is the food of the little child, O gods. Be kind to him. Do not pelt him, or spit upon him, or seize him, but let him live to plant sugar canes.” Among the Cherokees, Aztecs, Mayas, and Peruvians “the rite of baptism was of immemorial antiquity.” After confession, too, the Peruvian Indian, plunging in the river, said: “O river, receive the sins I have this day confessed unto the Sun. Carry them down to the sea and let them never more appear.” The Chinese to-day deposes the gods who become unpopular from any cause, such as through not sufficiently answering prayer.

The moral philosophy of savages is difficult to describe. A Bushman's notion of a good action was the stealing of some one else's wife, and of a bad one, of losing his own. Secular punishment and spiritual terrors, however, assist in checking the indulgence of passions. The Sioux Indians dreaded the vengeance of the murdered man's ghost; the cannibals of Samoa feared the deceased's tutelary gods. But human flesh exposed for sale in the markets of Peru was adorned with flowers. A Carrier Indian did not think murder worth the trouble of confessing. A New Zealander and a Fijian gloried in the act. But the murder of a man of one's own tribe or people required expiation. A few strings of shell-money, beaver skins, cattle, or some suitable compensation had to be made to the survivors. In many cases blood only could satisfy. Revenge was a duty. It was a sin to escape drowning when one fell into the water, to commit involuntary homicide, to fall into the fire and

escape burning, to be bitten by an alligator without dying, because the spirits of the culprit's ancestors had caused these acts and had been defrauded by his escape. Such impiety was severely punished by judicial death or boycotting. We may take it that, as a rule, what we understand by "conscience" was unknown to savages. They were actuated alone by fear of punishments and hope of rewards. They claimed the same rights over those in their power as the cruel among us claim over the inferior animals.

In their political life and penal laws we find the extremes of freedom and bondage. Some, like the Esquimaux, are "destitute of the very shadow of a civil polity." Others choose temporary rulers only for war or the chase. With some age gives authority; with others, merit. The enormous vanity of savages causes more distinctions of rank with them than with civilised communities. Frequently the rank is hereditary. Often it is the only passport to Paradise. So conservative are savages that the most despotic king is unable to alter established customs, however cruel they may be. His control is thus limited, even in Dahomey. Farrar states: "It is no paradox to say that human life, even in Dahomey, enjoys more efficient legal protection at this day than it did in England in times long subsequent to the signature of Magna Charta." Savages had ordeals of fire, water, eating, drinking, and many others. Suspected wives were tried by the sorcerers by the waters of adultery just as were those of the Jews. Taxes were disguised under the form of presents, and the periods of payment were made occasions of general rejoicings. But one of the most singular customs was that of having a court language, an official language, and a common one for the same nation. This custom still survives in semi-civilised China, and in various parts of Asia and Africa.

Many anomalies occur. White is sometimes the colour to denote mourning; and to turn one's back on another is a sign of respect. The Garos of India expect all proposals of marriage to come from the female side. For a man to propose to a woman would be an insult. When they are married, the bride is bathed in the nearest stream and taken to the bridegroom's house. He runs away, but is caught and also bathed, and is then taken forcibly, amidst the pretended lamentations and resistance of his parents, to the house of the bride.

No one would be simple enough to suppose there could be any historic connection between the Basques and Red Indians. Yet both these and also tribes in Africa and Asia practise a custom so wildly grotesque that it has never been interpreted. When a woman is confined, the husband goes to bed, remains there, and receives sick nursing, while she goes about her ordinary work. He is treated in all respects as if he had been delivered; she, as though nothing had taken place.

One beautiful and redeeming trait is the universality of maternal love. All writers and travellers agree in this. Savage mothers exhibit a tenderness for their offspring which might put our fashionable matrons to shame. Even where the sacrifice of children and infanticide are practised, this love exists; for these have their origin in other causes, such as religious customs, which make them appear meritorious. Children respond to this affection, and thus a girl at her marriage is really or fictitiously torn from her parents. Even when she desires it she is expected to be bashful and unwilling. In South-Eastern Russia to-day, the bride goes round the village, kneels before the head of each house, and begs his pardon. Some go through the form of capture before marriage; some have their hair parted with a spear; others run away after marriage, and are brought back. Frequently, as with the Circassians, Hottentots, Aleutians, and others, husbands and wives must not be seen speaking, and must visit each other in secret. At the weddings of agricultural labourers in Suffolk it is or was recently the custom that the parents should not attend the wedding of their children. In Russia they are forbidden to be present.

The life of the unmarried girl was a life of freedom and comparative happiness, and was cheered by song, dances, and flowers. The moment she was married she became a slave. Often she received the badges of servitude as the legal witnesses of her condition thereafter. "What is marriage, mother?" goes the Spanish proverb. "Spinning, child-bearing, and weeping, my daughter," is the reply. A woman of the Orinoco, when reproved by Father Gumilla for destroying her female infant, replied, "I wish to God, Father, I wish to God, that my mother had by my death prevented the manifold distresses I have endured and have yet to endure as long as I live." Enumerating the tyrannies and cruelties of the husbands, she added: "What kindness can we show to our female children equal to that of relieving them from such oppression, more bitter a thousand times than death? I say again, would to God that my mother had put me underground the moment I was born." In the first book of the *Iliad*, Achilles says to Agamemnon when robbed of Briseis: "Another thing I will tell thee; record it in thy soul. For a woman these hands shall never fight, with thee nor with thy foes." In the comedies of Plautus and Terence, married women are treated with very little respect. An inquisitive wife is told if she offend again she will be divorced. In England women were refused the benefit of clergy until the reign of William and Mary, and until that time women of rank never appeared in the streets without a mask. The male contempt for women has survived until this day, and is the cause of unequal conditions and abundant miseries. The proverbs of savages are shrewd and pithy. The Basutos say, "The thief catches himself;" the Yorubas, "He who

injures another injures himself;" the Wolofs, "Before healing others heal yourself." In Accra they say, "Nobody is twice a fool;" among the Oji, "The moon does not grow full in a day;" "The poor man has no friends." A Paahto proverb says, "A feather does not stick without gum." Others are: "A crab does not bring forth a bird;" "A razor cannot shave itself;" "Cross the river before you abuse the crocodile;" Truth is only spoken by a strong man or a fool;" "Perseverance always triumphs;" "The thread follows the needle;" "Preparation is better than afterthought."

The conservatism of habits and customs is exceeding strong. We may observe this particularly in all that relates to marriage. The first marriages were effected by capture, the next change was by purchase. By both the wife was a slave. But the forms of capture or purchase, and sometimes both, were gone through after the realities had disappeared. In the early civilisation of all countries we find this so, and often so prolonged that men scarcely understood their meaning.

In bringing these observations on savage customs to a close, we would like to note the bearing they have on mediæval and modern habits and customs. This, however, must be reserved for a future occasion. It will be obvious, however, that in much that is called civilisation we have not improved very greatly over the savage, and that many hardships of civilised life, notably those that relate to women, have come by direct descent from the savage. Looking back through the mists of primitive life, with all its cruelty and abominations, we find the position of woman that of a universal drudge and slave. Captured or purchased, she forms part of the goods and chattels of man. We see her toiling over mountain and plain, following in the wake of her owner bearing, like a beast of burden, his bedding and cooking utensils. We see her scourged at his will, buried or burnt alive when he dies, so that she may still minister to his wants and gratification in the world of spirits. In whatever quarter of the globe we look it is the same, she is ever subjugated by his brutal strength. Might is right. He can put her to death when and how he likes; her life is in his hands. We see her fearing to sit in his presence, crawling to him on her hands and knees, submitting passively to his neglect and insults, watching his will like a whipped spaniel. Two feelings alone, constantly cherished, preserve her and become instincts: the desire to please and maternal love.

In cold and heat her little one is fastened to her back from morning to night. She lavishes on it the affection refused by her master. She gashes herself with huge scars to make her person more acceptable to him. She adorns herself with shells and bones and flowers and feathers. Spurned and kicked, she still submits to any sacrifice to please him, and readily dies for his sake. What, then, but her devotion and loyalty have preserved mankind, and prevented the

earth from becoming a huge den of wild beasts? Woman's love and that alone has saved us. And shall she not in the lapse and fulness of time receive her due reward? Will this slave ever be a companion, this equally gifted inferior ever become an equal? Perhaps. But not in ancient nor in mediæval times will it be accomplished, and alas, for the modern! Throughout the ages the processes of equalisation are at work, but so slowly that epochs only can effect marked changes. All cunning forces are arrayed against her to hinder her free development: customs, religions, laws, jealousy of power. Yet her strength of character, her true equality, her sweet influence, have broken one shackle after another, and the day is approaching when she shall be absolutely free, when laws shall know no distinction of sex, and when men shall guard against all infringements of her freedom with the same jealous care that they have hitherto devoted to the maintenance of their own supremacy.

LADY COOK

(*née* TENNESSEE CLAPLIN).

," NEW AUSTRALIA."

COMMUNISTIC WORK AT THE ANTIPODES.

THE quest of the ideal is sufficiently rare in our matter-of-fact age for its pursuers to arrest attention and attract general interest. Whatever the peculiar form of their mania—so we are apt to term all aspirations above the conventionally humdrum—whether their dream be of art, holiness, or social reform, the mere fact of their having the power to dream at all arouses the curiosity of the many whose energies are absorbed in grappling with the material aspect of life. As a rule, the dreamer is classed with the idlers, with those favoured few whom fortune has set apart from the universal struggle for existence, and the busy man speaks of them contemptuously, albeit perchance enviously, as visionaries who "lack something better to do." When, however, the visionaries are found arising from the weary ranks of the workers, when numbers of their fellow-labourers rally to their call, and when their visions finally take form in the shape of a movement which, if sufficiently widespread, may revolutionise the social economics of a nation, then the hard-headed, practical man begins slowly to realise that there may be, after all, "something in it," a something which sorely puzzles his conservative brain and gives him considerable food for reflection.

Such a movement is now taking place in Australia. In itself it is but a symptom of that general upheaval which is unobtrusively disturbing the social systems of Western civilisation. From time immemorial we have been subject to periodic waves of thought, producing simultaneous reaction at various points. In this way, religion, art, scientific discovery, have all had their ebb and flow, their phases in which prophets have arisen as one man to give expression to the general dumb aspiration. In the present day the thought-wave runs on the lines of social economics. A great cry is ringing through all lands, the cry of the labourer who earns his hire in bitterness of spirit, the cry of the man who dimly realises that the sweat of his brow brings him in scarce that which would suffice to the beast that perishes, and that his higher and inner nature is starved in the often futile attempt to satisfy his material wants. Blending with this is the cry of the humanitarian and

philosopher, of him who, relieved from the personal struggle for existence, dreams of racial redemption and deploras the advance of a civilisation which only implies an advance in material comfort for the favoured few, a decrease in comfort, material or otherwise, for the unfavoured many. For our boasted latter-day civilisation, with its nominal obliteration of class distinctions, has established a classification of a far more cruel nature than the caste of blood ; it has initiated the money test, which is more grinding than pride of birth and pride of place. The working-man of to-day finds that the slavery of the earlier centuries, and the unpretentious comfort of later days, are exchanged for a competitive independence that bears bitter fruit, that creates suspicion, jealousy, selfishness, animosity, and converts many a harmless nature into an Ishmael with his hand against every man.

A vague discontent is in the air. We see it in its higher form in that restless craving after the ideal or unattainable in harsh, materialistic surroundings ; in its lower form in that spasmodic increase of unnatural crime which staggers philanthropists. Hitherto we have attributed these characteristics to the results of overcrowding and senility in worn-out nationalities ; but a new phase has arisen, and an exodus of earnest workers from the young, semi-peopled continent of Australia points to another conclusion. Australia has, so far, been the land of promise to which the exhausted Briton has turned his weary eyes ; a land where work was supposed to be plentiful and highly paid, where life was easy-going, and untilled ground obtainable at a nominal price. That the suffering of the Old World should be repeated under these new and promising conditions, that a band of thrifty, hard-working men should deem it advisable to leave this paradise and thereby flee from the evil to come, is sure evidence that the evil lies in social system rather than in social circumstance, and that a new scheme of economics must be devised ere we attain to peace and prosperity which shall reach the individual worker. In Australia, as elsewhere, modern civilisation has meant plethora in the towns, stagnation and poverty in the remote districts. In Australia, as elsewhere, high wages have raised the price of necessities, with inevitable reaction in the form of reduced rates, financial crises, a hand-to-mouth struggle between labour and capital, strikes, and their consequences. And the immediate result has lately burst upon an astonished continent. On the 16th of July a party of some two hundred emigrants left Australian shores, as the pioneers of a movement for founding a free and communistic " New Australia " in Paraguay.

The history of a movement is the history of its leader, and hence the main interest centres round William Lane, who is, for all practical purposes, the founder of New Australia. Born into English agricultural life, with Irish and Cornish blood in his veins, with an

adventurous spirit, inherited from the old seafaring stock from which he sprang, the dreary, studious boy, lamed from birth, learned early to ponder on the sufferings of the labouring class to which he belonged. The hard struggle and premature age of his mother, in particular, sank into his heart, inspiring a chivalrous respect for woman in the abstract, and a practical sympathy for the working-woman in the concrete, which characterise him to this day. When not thirsting for a sea-life, picking up scraps of Latin from a somewhat superior village schoolmaster, or busy with the many tasks allotted to the children of the poor, the boy Lane was studying life-problems with large, short-sighted blue eyes, and learning to clothe his thoughts in language culled from the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. At the age of fifteen we find him in America, earning his own bread, learning the compositor's work, picking up Yankee "cuteness" with the Yankee twang, devoting all his spare time to reading, and preserving the nerve and bravado which enabled him defiantly to swim a rapid shunned by his comrades as fatal. It is this indomitable "pluck," in an apparently frail body, which has stood him in good stead in later days, enabling him to surmount obstacles before which many a stout-hearted man would have quailed. From the compositors' he drifted into the reporters' room, and was soon wielding a vigorous pen. Some few years later, having married a large-hearted, broad-minded wife, American-bred, but granddaughter of a shrewd Scotch University professor, William Lane migrated to Queensland, and became one of the most successful freelances on the Australian press.

His worldly prosperity was now assured. Had he so willed, he need never have given a thought to aught save his personal advancement; but William Lane still clung to that class from which he sprang. His heart was with the labouring man whose lot he sought to better, even as his own had been bettered. He espoused the labour cause and brought to it the aid of a facile pen, a magnetic power over men, and a lasting personal influence. Quietly, unobtrusively, his spare hours were spent in striving to solve the knotty problem which tangles labour and capital, carrying on a species of propaganda whereby the labouring man of Australia learned to think of himself less as a suffering individual than as the member of a brotherhood striving for a common weal. The old unionism was effete, but there was a new unionism ready to take its place, and William Lane dreamed of a federated unionism which should link together all the component parts of the labour world, and thereby secure peace with honour, comfort with self-respect, for the worker. It was with this object that he mixed himself up with strikes, albeit recognising, with most far-seeing thinkers, the absolute futility of strikes save as an evidence of strength and solidarity; it was with this object that he cemented the bonds between labour in far-apart

lands, instigating the magnificent contribution of the Brisbane Wharf labourer to his starving brother, the London docker; it was with this object that he gradually became known as a secret power in all labour agitations, that he was credited with the wire-pulling of many a movement in which he took no apparent part, that he grew to be looked upon by more than one as the most dangerous man in Australia. But, dangerous or not, Lane was primarily a humanitarian and only secondarily an agitator. If he sympathised with labour against capital, it was simply because he deemed that labour needed sympathy, and capital could do well without it. His real dream was to enable man to raise himself, and, inasmuch as the working-man was the one who apparently required most help in that direction, to the working-man his humanity went out, not for being a working-man, but for being at a disadvantage in the struggle for life. Lane might have class sympathies; he had no class prejudices; and this accounts for the extraordinary attraction he had for those to whom his views were most antagonistic. In his hospitable home, where a spare knife and fork were always laid for the casual dropper-in, all were welcome, whatever their social position or their private views, provided they had the one recommendation of earnest faith in the possible redemption of humanity, and to this catholicity was probably due much of the misapprehension of his character among the narrow-minded.

But with patient endeavour, patient energy, patient hope, came the inevitable reaction which assails all would-be reformers in our complicated age. Successful in his private career, with the ball at his feet if he chose to kick it, William Lane felt the slow influence of that depression which attacks all the humanitarians of our day. He gradually realised that custom, not accident, was at fault; that with our cumbersome social machinery, universal reform was impossible; that the gain of one was the loss of another throughout the whole social strata, and that his life-work was but a mockery, inasmuch as he could only attack symptoms, while the root of the disease remained untouched. It was in this mental attitude that he paid one of those flying visits to Sydney, wherein he renewed his worn energies and his life-zest, visits in which he used to drift from one Bohemian household to another, discussing, into the early morning hours, the innumerable books he had read and digested, the social theories he had thought out for himself. On this occasion Bohemia brought to him his life-crisis. In one of these drawn-out midnight *causeries*, some chance words, some haphazard views, the intangible influences, which at a given moment may leave a permanent impression, found a responsive echo, and gave him a momentary glimpse of possibilities hitherto neglected. For three days after that none of Lane's friends saw him; probably he himself could not have told where he had wandered. His life-test had come to him, and once more he was

nerving himself to face the rapid which might sweep him away; only, in this case, the rapid, if unmastered, would engulf others with him; if successfully crossed, would bear others to a land of Canaan. When he reappeared, with the light of self-surrender on his face, his friends learned that he had cast aside all personal aspiration, and that henceforth his whole life was to be dedicated to the cause of man's temporal salvation.

With a different life-partner such a complete sacrifice might have proved impossible, but Mrs. Lane was her husband's helpmeet in every sense of the word, an absolutely unworldly woman who saw life with his eyes, as a gift, held in trust for others. Within a few weeks of his return to Brisbane, Lane had thrown up a lucrative journalistic position, had gone with his family into a small working-man's cottage, and had started a labour organ, the *Worker*, conducted on co-operative principles, for which he received a working-man's weekly wage. A few months later, his scheme, evolved out of those Sydney days of mental conflict, had taken form, and the prospectus of the New Australian Co-operative Association was issued, by a curious coincidence, in the month, and almost on the day, when Professor Hertzka, in far-off Europe, was signing the preface to his work on an imaginary free land.

Free land is no longer imaginary; it has already its prospective citizens, its propagandist paper, and is expected soon to have tangible existence in Central Africa. New Australia has gone a step further, and its pioneers are rapidly nearing their chosen home in South America. That two similar movements should take place simultaneously at opposite corners of the earth is sufficiently significant; we need no further proof that philosophers consider the old social systems worn out, the old remedies useless save for purposes of temporary expediency. There are many points of difference between the prospectus of Freeland and that of New Australia: the one aims at philanthropy combined with almost sybaritic luxury, the other at co-operation and severe simplicity. In the first, individualism is a marked feature, each man works according to his pleasure, his profits are according to his production, and a single tax is levied; in the second, communism reigns supreme, all share and share alike, and a minimum amount of labour is compulsory. But both experiments aim at the same results: at remedying the evils of competition; at slaying the selfishness which is born of the struggle for wealth; at the general distribution of comfort, health, and happiness; at a total absence of anxiety for the future of children, who are in both instances the care of the State. It is this prospect for the children that has induced many an Australian man and woman to join in the New Australia enterprise; and it is to the children that Lane really looks for the assured success of his colony. To the young children, secure from the influences of sordid anxiety and self-

interest, reared in an atmosphere of communistic freedom and independence, ignorant of a hand-to-mouth struggle, of class prejudice, of inborn discontent, to them he looks for the unfettered public spirit, the unselfish independence, the true bond of brotherhood which shall save New Australia from the dissension and failure which have so often attended similar schemes. A greater and nearer earnest of success, however, is his own implicit confidence in his enterprise and in those who have joined him. It is this faith which has drawn so many to the cause and kept them true to it, despite all obstacles; and it is doubtful whether, without Lane's peculiar personal influence, a large body of men, hard-working, practical, long-headed, could have been drawn to an undertaking that was commonly pooh-poohed as chimerical. In July 1889, New Australia was but a dimly seen dream. In July 1893 two hundred of its pioneers were leaving the old Australia for the new, a thousand male adults were inscribed on the Association's lists, representing, with women and children, a total of two thousand, and these members, whose numbers are daily increasing, devote all their hard-earned savings to the common fund. No impersonal influence could have procured such a result in so short a time, but William Lane, strong in that enthusiasm which has been defined as the "genius of earnestness," spared no effort to inspire others with his hopes. When his work of central organisation was achieved, when he had rallied to his side efficient co-leaders, he retired from the *Worker*, by that time the one successful labour organ in Australia, and started on the task for which he was eminently fitted, that of organisation in the back blocks.

Only an Australian can fully realise all that this implies, and the amount of conviction necessary to impel a man to such a course without personal object or personal profit. Organising in the back blocks means submitting to hourly discomfort and privation; riding, day by day, ten, twelve, sixteen hours, in parching heat, over an arid, burnt-up land, carrying your food, in the shape of flour, in your saddle-bag, moistening your lips at long intervals with the water in the flask you so jealously guard; trusting to Providence, in the form of a brackish, cattle-trampled pool, for your nightly cup of tea and damper, bivouacing *à la belle étoile*, with your saddle for pillow. But there are compensations. They come when you reach the lonely outpost where a station-hand, who for weeks at a time sees only his sheep and his dog, welcomes you to his bark "humpy"; when you meet the wayfarer who, one piece of job-work done, tramps wearily ahead seeking other labour; when you stumble on the camp-fire of those bush-nomads who spend months of every year taking their horses from one spot to another in search of fairly fresh grass; when you cross the path of the kangaroo-hunter bound for the wilds, where he can secure the skins he deals in; best of all,

when you light on a shearing-shed and gather round you the eager, aimless men who are only too glad to hear of a possible life which includes a home, a hearth, and an object, for the average shearer's lot is but a shiftless, thankless one at best. Sometimes he is a small cockatoo farmer who cannot make both ends meet, and who goes out shearing while wife and daughters do the farm drudgery as best they may. Sometimes he is a married man with a wife exposed to the temptations and contagion of a small bush-town, while he wanders abroad to seek the needful; more often he is single, and feels doomed to celibacy, with no prospect of offering a permanent home to a decent woman. Light-heartedly enough he clips through his shearing season and pockets his cheque to go and spend it on drink and vice in the next town, for there is no one to work for or save for, no prospect of the future bettering the present, and so long as he has his fun and his fling the rest matters little.

To such men, strong, stalwart, full of grit, with secret yearnings after a higher life of which they were but dimly conscious, men who had already come under the power of the Union and felt the first stirrings of a tie of common brotherhood, Lane came with his gospel of temporal salvation, and they heard him gladly. He told them of a community of life in which each should be for each other, not against each other; of a possible home where all should be part-holders of the soil they tilled, sharing equally the produce of their labour; of a land where a minimum of capital should be as profitable an investment as that of the millionaire, for man should be valued by his labour and not by his gold; of a country where neither the landlord nor the bailiff should be known, but where each should have his own freehold fireside, where he could claim his own wife and rear children without dread of their poverty-hunted future. All this might be theirs if they would but put their hands in his and work with him for the common good. And the men who had learned from sharp experience that the small capitalist plays a losing game on Australian bushland, the men who had abandoned hopes of a pure home and honest fatherhood because they saw no prospect of keeping that home in decent comfort, felt new desires fermenting in their hearts, stretched out their willing hands to this strange leader, stayed their foot from the bush "pub" and the gambling-table, and set aside their savings for the good cause which was to make new men of them. Sixty pounds was the minimum entrance fee to the Association; those who had more to give and were genuine communists at heart were welcome to pour it into the common fund, as many did. But in all cases the £60 were exacted; not in a lump sum, the payments might extend over a period of months or even years, but paid it must be ere a man earned the right to become a colonist. In the first place, capital was absolutely essential to success, and capital could only be obtained by each member contributing a certain definite sum;

in the second place, a given contribution was essential to a general feeling of independence and equality; in the third place, the fee was a test, for the working-man who saves up £60 thereby proves not only his working capacity, but his thrift, self-denial and perseverance, all necessary qualities for a colony founded on economic principles. The test worked well, the bushmen rolled up with their savings which they handed over in absolute faith. "It brings tears in my eyes," Lane once wrote to a friend, "to see how my bushmen trust me, how they hand me over their hard-earned money without a doubt or question as to the use I make of it. I would rather die than betray such trust."

To understand this faith one has to understand the personality of the man and the peculiar attraction he exercises over those who most differ from his views. Quiet, pale, delicate-looking and small, with clear blue eyes gleaming through gold-rimmed spectacles, you would pass Lane over in a crowd as an inoffensive, intellectual person of Teutonic origin. Public speaking is his aversion, though the very few occasions on which he has been heard have won him the reputation of being the best labour-speaker in Australia; unsympathetic company is also his aversion, and you have only to place him in a mixed society of uncongenial conventionalism, or introduce him to the utterer of social platitudes, to ensure his obstinate silence. But once let him become conscious of a bond of human sympathy, and he plunges into some favourite topic with a flow of ideas that seems absolutely inexhaustible. The Bohemian circle in which he rotated during his flying visits to Sydney was accustomed to see him drop in at all hours of the day, or more habitually of the night, take up position by the wood fire or on the verandah, and glide straight into the subject of the moment. Hour after hour slipped by as Lane, very slowly and deliberately, in short, nervous sentences, uttered dreamily between puffs of his inseparable pipe, and Johnsonian draughts of tea, his only beverage, exhausted his theme from every point of view, quoting philosopher, poet, historian, to illustrate the various aspects of the case. The morning would draw nigh and the lids of fellow-Bohemians grow heavy, but the necessity for rest never seemed to strike the dreamy smoke-puffer, and only with the dawn could he be induced to retire for the snatch of sleep which usually satisfied his peculiar requirements; but ere that time he had invariably won over any opponent to his particular views. An unconscious magnetism, a far-away look of mysticism which his practical remarks often belied, an unbounded tolerance and pity for all forms of human failing, above all a command of language which adapted his conversation to all cases, these had worked the spell, and these, combined with a wondrously unselfish nature, knit unto him firm friends who readily overlooked his eccentricities in matters of detail. The command of English appropriate to all occasions is one of the

striking features in this self-educated man. Speaking with a slight Yankee twang, he can write, when it pleases him, pure Yankee journalese. When it pleases him, also, he can pen eloquent, vibrating, absolutely pure Anglo-Saxon, with an old-fashioned simple grandeur which he himself attributes to the early influence of the Bible and John Bunyan. This power is nowhere more manifest than in the one book he has published, *The Working Man's Paradise*, a hastily thrown together, loosely constructed story, written for the benefit of the Union Prisoners' Defence Fund after the Queensland bush strike of 1891, and insufficiently revised. For some reasons Lane's friends wish the book had never been brought out, as many a line bears evidence of how much better he could have done had he given his work more leisure; for others they are glad that it saw the light with all its imperfections, as there are pages upon pages of grand, rhythmic, soul-stirring prose, such as seldom gets printed in these modern days—sonorous prose, fruitful in ideas, which the world cannot afford to lose and which leaves a lasting impress on the reader.

This was the speaker and writer who had won the bushmen's hearts, and, once won, he kept his hold with the unfailing grip of sympathy. Six months of active organisation, over dry plain, across flooding waters, had done the work; the Association was already an assured success as far as numbers were concerned, the rest was comparatively plain sailing. Prospectors had been sent out to South America to seek a happy homing-ground, the Argentine Republic having been first thought of, but the Argentine proved unpromising and Paraguay was decided upon. The Government offered a grant of forty leagues of land, free entrance for tools, furniture, arms, seeds, and other necessities, with free railway carriage from Asuncion to the nearest point, on condition that 800 families be settled on the land within four years. The country was good, the conditions were favourable, the land granted was 110 miles from the capital, with a railway communication at fifteen miles' distance, and water carriage, suitable for small boats and rafts, running through; the bargain was clinched, and one of the prospectors returned early in the present year with his report. From that moment only the working details of the departure of the pioneers had to be seen to, and from that moment the fierce opposition began. Already, the less reputable journals, bent on sensationalism, had attacked the enterprise, indulging in vituperation and descending to personal abuse of its leaders, who were classed as land swindlers on an extensive scale: but the general public treated the scheme as chimerical, and never believed in its realisation. When it became known that matters were well forward, that a sailing ship had been bought by the Association and that preparations were progressing, the alarm spread, the denunciations grew loud, and the indignation was freely

expressed. The *Royal Tar* was to start from Sydney, and it was pretty widely known that the Government looked with marked disfavour on this exodus of able-bodied, hard-working men, who were taking money out of an impoverished country. Only 100 male adults were going with the first batch, but 1000 were hoping to leave ere the end of the year, and this represented over £60,000 taken from Australia for profitable investment elsewhere, to say nothing of the accompanying energy and muscle. A thousand unemployed might have cleared out with their wives and families and welcome, but these earnest, thrifty men were "another pair of sleeves," and no effort was spared to bring them into disrepute. They were fanatics, lured to destruction by evil counsel; they were taking women and children to a land full of ogres in the shape of wild Indians, a land of decimating wars, revolutions, and yellow fever; a land where man's life and woman's virtue were counted as naught; a land whence an impoverished remnant would have to be brought back; they were unpatriotic, rats leaving a sinking ship when men were required to devote money and muscle to a failing country.

The emigrants ignored reviling, misrepresentation and personalities, and held on their way rejoicing; held on in the face of exactions, impositions, unnecessary delays, for which they knew they would not easily gain redress and which threatened well-nigh to swamp their funds. The two weeks they had reckoned on for necessary preparations in the Sydney docks extended to two months, and during that time the popular tide turned. Their perseverance, determination, and conviction impressed the public mind, and the public press changed its attitude. The inferior journals ceased their attacks, the representative papers, hitherto silent, chronicled the doings of the pioneers and admitted favourable letters and articles; the untravelled wiseacres, who had denounced Paraguay as a God-forsaken land, were openly contradicted by travellers who knew what they were talking about; and the thinkers who deplored the emigration to another continent rather than village settlement on this, admitted the honest purpose of the leaders. By the time the *Royal Tar* left Sydney Harbour the sense of justice common to all humanity had asserted itself, sympathetic interest was widespread, a flotilla of boats crowded round the ship, many who had no personal interest in the venture thronged to wish Australia's first emigrants God-speed, and Lane and his pioneers set sail under a volley of blessings from those who, two months previously, would have come to curse.

With them now rests the success of the enterprise, for on the first six months of settlement all the rest will hinge. They go forward with an enthusiasm which has no religion for rallying-point, no sectarian fanaticism to keep it alive, which must feed itself merely on the sense of common brotherhood and common interest. But, for the time being at any rate, their leader's views are theirs,

and to that leader socialism is in itself the highest religion, witness his preface to *The Working Man's Paradise*.

"All that any religion has been to the highest thoughts of any people socialism is, and more, to those who conceive it aright. Without blinding us to our own weaknesses and wickednesses, without offering to us any sophistry or cajoling us with any fallacy, it enthrones Love above the universe, gives us Hope for all who are down-trodden, and restores to us Faith in the eternal fitness of things. Socialism is indeed a religion—demanding deeds as well as words. Not until professing socialists understand this will the world at large see socialism as it really is."

In order to experiment freely with this new form of religion, William Lane and his followers have deemed it necessary to seek an alien land. To those who reproach him with leaving Australia, where he could have obtained a grant, he replies that, apart from certain physical, financial, and legal objections which he considers serious, there were moral objections which he deems more serious still. On the principle that the individual turns over a new leaf and reforms more effectually under a new environment, cut off from old temptations and associations, he considers that an aggregation of individuals, starting life under new auspices and on new lines, will be freer and stronger when cut off from the old surroundings with their associated bitterness. He deems that Communism would be more difficult if cultivated in the old home, with class distinctions near at hand, with the old sores still rankling, with the old complaints still reaching the ear in familiar accents. In Paraguay, with nought to remind of anti-communistic days, surrounded by an alien population, speaking an alien tongue, the settlers will be better able to cling together in their first loneliness, and to carry out from conviction these principles of communism which their children are expected to carry on by intuition.

As for the country itself, it could scarcely be better selected, despite all assertions to the contrary. The semi-tropical climate is well suited to the constitutions of the settlers, the bulk of whom come from Queensland and South Australia. Well-rievered, sufficiently moist, with a temperature only varying some forty-five degrees, the land yields readily to the most careless cultivation, a couple of acres comfortably supporting a whole family of easy-going shiftless natives. What it can do for enlightened cultivators has been proved by some wealthy planters, who have succeeded in producing every variety of fruit, from the Northern apple to the Southern mango. A bad place for the ordinary labourer, who will find few employers, it could scarcely be improved upon for a body of small capitalists who are their own labourers, and who take with them practical experience and British-born energy. The latest authority, Dr. E. de Bourgade La Dardye, in a book recently published after a

two years' official engineering stay in the country, gives 'an account which is encouraging enough to silence opponents of the scheme on climatic grounds. The land, after the rough clearing, which is the native style of cultivation, will, within a few months, produce £8 per acre in return for an investment of a few shillings, nineteen bushels of maize having been known to yield 14,990 bushels. The orange is indigenous and can be cultivated to vie with that of Brazil; tobacco of the finest quality grows well; timber of peculiar excellence is plentiful; the Jesuit's tea, or "Yerba-Mate," the universal drink of the country, and a valuable article of commerce, grows wild; wheat, at present scarce, could be made profitable with proper care and skill; rice, manioc, beans and tomatoes, are grown on the roughest homestead; cattle and horses are reared successfully, though sheep have hitherto proved a failure. In fact, save for the slight drawback of snakes and alligators, to which Australians are used, not to mention insect pests, the colonists might be said to have stumbled on an earthly paradise. Other colonists seem to have shared this view, for there is already a "New Germany," and the Government has established two colonies of its own.

As a matter of fact, any danger which may assail the New Australians is the danger from within, that exhibition of human frailty which has already brought so many promising enterprises to self-extinction. Such a contingency has been guarded against as far as human foresight and careful organisation can provide; it remains for the members of the Association to prove themselves worthy of their leaders and true to their motto, "All for each and each for all." The colony is to be strictly communal in every sense of the word, an aggregate of self-governing villages, with duly elected leaders, under the general supervision of a director, also elected. It may be as well to quote the rules of the Association, to which every member has to subscribe.

Production.—Ownership by the community of all the means of production-in-exchange and distribution. Conduct by the community of all production-in-exchange and distribution. Superintendence by the community of all labour-saving co-operations.

Allotment.—Maintenance by the community of children under guardianship of parents. Maintenance by the community of all sanitary and educational establishments. Saving by the community of all capital needed by the community. Division of remaining wealth production among all adult members of the community equally, without regard to sex, age, office, or physical or mental capacity.

Authority.—Subject to the supremacy of the laws of the State settled in, which all members pledge themselves to observe loyally, the following authority and regulations shall be observed between the members of the community: Ballot vote of all adult members

to be supreme authority. Director, elected by two-thirds majority of general ballot, to be sole executive authority, advised by Board of Superintendents. Superintendents, elected by two-thirds majority of departmental ballot, to be sole departmental authorities, subject to director.

Regulations.—Regulations affecting the community at large to be confirmed by a two-thirds majority of all adult members. Departmental Regulations to be confirmed by a majority of all adult members interested. All Regulations to be submitted annually for continuation or rejection. Disputes arising between the community and any member or members, to be decided in equity by an arbitrator mutually agreed upon between the communal authority and the member or members interested. Disputes arising between members to be decided in equity by an arbitrator mutually agreed upon by them. Dismissal from the community, for persistent or unpardonable offence against the well-being of the community, to be decreed only by a five-sixth majority of all adult members.

Elections.—All offices to be vacated annually and whenever occupants cease to retain the confidence of their constituents.

Individuality.—The individuality of every member in thought, religion, speech, and leisure, and in all matters whatsoever whereby the individuality of others is not affected, to be held inviolable.

Sex Equality.—The sexes to be recognised as equally entitled to membership.

Religion.—Religion not to be officially recognised by the community.

Amendment.—Amendment of this basis for co-operative organisation to be made only by a two-thirds majority of all adult members.

To these may be added, among other items, that the community will carry on its affairs without currency, that any offence against morality is to be punished by dismissal, that a dismissed member has all his contributions returned to him, that widows and orphans declining membership receive back all payment made by the deceased husband or father, and that, although no rule is at present laid down, the community is expected to carry out temperance principles, the present inclinations of the majority of the members being towards Blue Ribbonism.

It will be seen that the goodwill of the women members has been enlisted by a double appeal, that of absolute sex-equality and that of provision for children. This last has been paramount with many, for in this young land of Australia the dread of poverty has already produced the dread of motherhood, and philosophers are mourning the national results. But the woman's equality, it must be understood, includes equality in labour, and she is individually expected to contribute her daily quota to the community which has received her, and supports her and her children without premium. The

manner of work is to be left to individual choice ; those who prefer labour in common, and those who prefer home labour, being absolutely free to please themselves, so long as they contribute that small amount of daily toil which is incumbent upon all, and from which only child-bearing and nursing mothers are exempt. For invalids and the aged there are, of course, special clauses. The details of social life are to be left to the decision of the larger number in each part of the community, but it is expected that a co-operative system in detail will find the greatest favour, and that common laundries, common kitchens, common sewing establishments, common housemaids and charwomen, will find general favour, each woman choosing her speciality, and giving a definite portion of her time weekly to the community. The housewife, however, who prefers the old ways and the old home-life will be let alone, and her home work counted as that of her sister in the public department. Moreover, all forms of labour are thrown open to women, and if she fancy any of the avocations usually reserved for man, she is at perfect liberty, just as she is free for election to the various offices and functions of the community.

Schools will be started almost on arrival, two or three teachers having gone out with the pioneers, while more follow. Newspapers will also be published, more than one journalist being numbered in the first batch. The Association already owns one small monthly sheet in Sydney, which is expected to enlarge as the scheme progresses. A good library and a fair sprinkling of educated and professional men, ensure the young colony from mental stagnation, even at the outset. Artisans of every description, and all the necessary materials for starting manufactures, are aboard the *Royal Tar*. In fact, every provision possible to human foresight has apparently been made, including the desirable items of a hospital nurse and a medical man. A second batch, of single men only, is to leave three months after the *Royal Tar*, and about the end of the year a large contingent, numbering some 800, of whom a goodly proportion are expected to be single girls, sails for New Australia. Thus, within the first year the Association will have brought out some 1200 settlers, as a preparation to the 400 families which it has agreed to settle within two years. It is expected that, in congenial circumstances, with community of interest, the single men and women will speedily drift into family life, and it is with this object that the emigration of single girls has been energetically organised, mainly in Tasmania, where "unappropriated blessings" are common, and where housewifery and home-life are singularly developed. William Lane, when thinking out his scheme, recognised the fact that there was no hope for general purity of conduct without marriage facilities, and one of his main aims has been to bring, without delay, the number of the female population up to that of

the male, to give every inducement to legal marriage according to the recognised law of the land, and to declare that any offender against morality must be "slung out." At the same time, no disability is attendant upon a single life, if preferred, and any girls who, on arrival, are disappointed in their expectations, will be conveyed home again in the *Royal Tar*, free of charge. Intermarriage with natives entails expulsion from the community, and though all white-blooded nationalities are admitted to membership (French, Germans, and Swedes have joined the pioneers), coloured blood, of whatever race, is a hopeless bar.

The result must be waited for. Co-operation and Communism have many a time been tried and found wanting. Co-operation and Communism have also been tried on more than one occasion and brought success, and we have one or two notable examples in the midst of our old-world civilisation. To those who object that human nature, with its intense selfishness, can never realise an ideal existence, we can only offer the strong, hopeful words written early in the year by the founder and leader of the movement.

"But New Australia won't work, critics say. Why not? Do we labour for gold, think you? Why, no man who is a man would trade the kiss of a woman, or the hand-clasp of a friend, or the arm-clinging of a little child, for the wealth of a Tyson. Give the average man a cottage home, the woman he loves, children in whose eyes his own life laughs back at him, friends who esteem him, food for mind as well as for body, and then see if he will not toil to fence his home from all ill. And he won't toil the less because the fence he works at is a ring fence, which guards his mates' home as it guards his, when he understands that by co-operation he can make it higher and stronger and thicker than any fence he could possibly put up round his own small yard.

"It is through humanity alone that we are men. By the blood of the martyrs human truths have come to us; by the rebel-blows of patriots liberty-thoughts have been revived in us; by the brain-sweat of inventors machine-power has been won for us. Line by line our literature has been piled up; rhyme by rhyme our songs; atom by atom our mentality; inch by inch the knowledge that touches the skies, but is as nothingness amid the immensities beyond. Brain and muscle, blood and bone and body, are but inheritances in each from a common past—a common race-effort. We are of humanity, in every truth, and when we deny humanity in our living we oppose the laws of human being—and justly suffer thereby."

A. J. ROSE-SOLEY.

EMMA WILLARD, THE PIONEER IN THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

IN order fully to appreciate the obstacles which the pioneers in the higher education of girls had to encounter in the United States, we must review some of the most painful facts in the social development of woman; for although she necessarily had some share in the general advance of civilisation, her progress was always overweighted with artificial limitations. While all the opportunities of life were open to boys, the most ordinary advantages of education were denied to girls. The question with the dominant sex was never what are girls capable of doing, but what shall we allow them to do?

Although the foundations of the free-school system were laid only twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, yet the words "children" and "youth" had long afterwards a restricted significance, meaning boys alone. Nearly a century and a half passed before the authorities awoke to the fact that girls were of some importance in the scale of being, and that some of the advantages of education should be extended to them. But this was done with most invidious distinction. While the whole field of knowledge was open to boys, girls were allowed only to sew, read the catechism, write the alphabet, cypher in addition and practice good manners. They had inferior and cheaper teachers, at inconvenient seasons and hours, from six to eight in the morning and during the boys' vacations. They had what were called "Dame Schools," taught by old ladies for ten shillings a year. The cultivation of the female mind was long regarded as a dangerous experiment.

Not until the dawn of the nineteenth century were any suitable provisions made for the education of girls, except in Pennsylvania among the Quakers, where more liberal ideas prevailed. In these schools, chartered by William Penn as early as 1711, girls had equal advantages. To appreciate this step we must consider the general hostility to any education for women beyond the domestic accomplishments, and the general ignorance that prevailed as to their nature and capabilities. Men thought that if women acquired a love of science, philosophy, literature and art, they would neglect their homes and children, their husband's buttons and stockings, and the general welfare of the family.

We need not wonder at this feeling centuries ago, when we see

what women have encountered in our own day in every onward step they have taken. When academies were first established and endowed by the State, girls were admitted, but still with certain limitations in their studies. The higher mathematics and the languages were forbidden them. The classics were thought to contain many things that might shock the delicacy and refinement of young girls.

To none of the heroes of the past do we owe such a debt of gratitude as to the pioneers in the great battle for the education of woman; and among these the name of Emma Hart Willard must ever stand first in the list. She established the first school in America for the higher education of girls nearly a quarter of a century before Mary Lyon opened her far-famed school at Mount Holyoke, Massachusetts. Let those of us who have shared the benefits of her persistent labours, amid great discouragements, ridicule and bitter opposition, ever hold her name in grateful remembrance. She will always stand forth on the page of history one of the marked characters of the nineteenth century.

In a quiet country farmhouse in the parish of Worthington, Berlin county, Connecticut, February 23, 1787, Emma Hart was born of the best New England stock and inherited the noblest qualities of her parentage. Her father was a man of great will power and clear, cultivated intellect. Her mother had rare practical talent, great tact, shrewdness, and executive ability. Their home life was unusually happy, marked by tender affection and most liberalising influences. While gathered round the big wood fireplace in the long winter evenings, the children listened to the father, who read aloud by the hour to the happy group choice extracts from the classics, history, or stories to interest the younger children. In such a genial atmosphere the virtues and graces of Emma's character were naturally developed.

In the many obstacles she was destined to encounter in her life-work she always had the sympathy and active support of her family. Being one of seventeen children she tested her capabilities as a teacher in training her own brothers and sisters and thus cultivated her love for that profession. Her biographer says this admirable home training, with two years' study in the village academy, just then opened under a skilful teacher, brought our heroine to the beginning of her life-work. Her powers of observation and her practical judgment had been equally tasked in the discharge of her duties in this large family.

In literary attainment and the capacity to concentrate her thoughts Emma Hart far exceeded her years. A young lady of fourteen, who,

¹ The author of this article was one of Mrs. Willard's most distinguished pupils. Mrs. Stanton graduated from the Troy Seminary in 1833.—Editors of the *WESTMINSTER REVIEW*.

on a cold night in mid-winter, wrapped in her cloak, with a horse-block for an observatory, could learn her lessons in astronomy, had already shown some of the elements of character which ensure success. When just passed her seventeenth year she was installed as a teacher in one of the village schools. Her first experiment was considered in the neighbourhood a marvel of the times. As a teacher and disciplinarian she was at once successful. She inspired her pupils with interest in their studies as well as respect for herself. She had no use for the rod nor any form of punishment. With oral teachings and happy illustrations she secured the attention of the duller scholars.

Miss Hart's reputation soon brought her calls from many other places, which from time to time she accepted, until in 1814, she opened a boarding-school of her own for girls in Middlebury, Vermont. In making her plans for an ideal school, with a curriculum worthy the ambition of superior students, she was pained with the inferior grade of all schools for girls, as compared with the colleges for young men, and decided at once to raise the standard of her own school. But such was the ignorance and indifference as to the higher education of women, that she encountered the most active opposition to every advance step she proposed.

Miss Hart was married early in life to Dr. Willard, and for a few years devoted herself to domestic life. In 1818 she removed to the State of New York. De Witt Clinton, a broad-minded, liberal man, was then Governor, and to him she unfolded her plans for a seminary for girls, with all the advantages that boys enjoyed in their various institutions of learning. He was deeply impressed with the appearance and ability of the woman, and the wisdom of her propositions, and at once recommended to the Legislature an appropriation for the education of the daughters of the Empire State. After one or two unsuccessful attempts, an institution was incorporated and a Bill passed, giving an equal share of the literary fund to seminaries for girls. This was the first State fund appropriated in the United States for the education of women, and this action was due to the persistent efforts of Emma Willard and De Witt Clinton.

Mrs. Willard's first experiment was made in Waterford; but the liberal people in Troy, N.Y., offered to put up for her a commodious brick building if she would remove to that city. This she did in 1821, and established the far-famed Troy Seminary, which has flourished there ever since.

All through her career, while teaching others, Mrs. Willard diligently pursued her own studies in the sciences and languages. Having the foresight to know that when her dream of a grand institution for girls was realised she would need teachers for all departments, she early adopted the plan of giving a free education

to promising young girls, on condition that, in return, they would teach for her a specified term. Thus she provided herself with a corps of good instructors, bound to her by the strong ties of gratitude and affection.

In opening the Troy Seminary, she could not find young women capable of teaching the higher branches; hence her first necessity was to train herself. Professor Amos Eaton, of the Rensselaer Polytechnic School for Boys, in Troy, told me that Mrs. Willard studied with him every branch he was capable of teaching, and trained a corps of teachers and regular scholars at the same time. She took lessons of the professor every evening when he had leisure, and studied half the night the branches she was to teach the next day, thus just keeping ahead of the classes. Her intense earnestness and mental grasp, the readiness with which she turned from one branch to another, and her retentive memory of every rule and fact he gave her, was a constant surprise to the professor. All her vacations she devoted to training teachers. She was the first to suggest the normal school system.

In the course of her thirty years' service, Mrs. Willard taught over 5,000 girls, one in every ten of whom became teachers. Her profession, says her biographer, was an art. She loved it as Palestrina loved music, and as Michael Angelo loved painting, and it was its own reward. Her regular duties and her never-ending struggle for self-improvement, for better methods of instruction, kept her busy often fifteen hours a day.

Though professors of colleges attended Mrs. Willard's examinations, they advised her not to attend theirs, "as not *becoming a woman*." Hence she says, "I had no model for my system of teaching or examinations." In 1820 she examined a class of girls in geometry, which called out a storm of ridicule.

The commencement exercises at the Troy Seminary was one of the great events of the year to many of the first families throughout the State of New York. Parents came from all quarters; the *élite* of Troy and Albany, the State capital, assembled there. Principals from other schools, distinguished legislators and clergymen, gathered to hear girls scan Latin verse, solve problems in Euclid, go smoothly through fractions, and read their own compositions to a promiscuous assemblage. A long line of teachers anxiously awaited the calling of their classes; and over all our queenly Mrs. Willard presided with royal grace and dignity. Two hundred girls in gala-day attire, white dresses, bright sashes, and coral ornaments, with their curly hair, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, all flitting to and fro, some rejoicing that they had passed through the ordeal, some still on the tiptoe of expectation, some laughing, some in tears—altogether it made a most beautiful and interesting picture.

Conservatives then, as now, thought the tendency of the higher

education of girls would be to destroy their delicacy and refinement. But as the graduates of the Troy Seminary were never distinguished in after-life in our best circles for the lack of those feminine virtues, the most timid even 'gradually accepted the situation and trusted their daughters to Mrs. Willard. But that noble woman endured for a long period the same ridicule and persecution that women now do who take an onward step in the march of progress.

We have no longer her difficulties to overcome, her trials to endure; but the imperative duty is laid on each of us to finish the work she so successfully began. Schools and colleges of a high order are now everywhere open to women; public sentiment welcomes women to whatever career they may desire to enter; and our work is to help worthy girls struggling for a higher education, by founding scholarships in desirable institutions in every State of the Union. The most fitting monument we can rear to Emma Willard is a generation of thoroughly educated women. Her name is dear to all of us. To know her was to love and venerate her. She was not only good and gifted, but she was a beautiful woman. She had a finely developed figure, well-shaped head, classic features, most genial manners, and a profound self-respect (a rare quality in woman) that gave her a dignity truly royal in every position. Travelling in the Old World, she was noticed everywhere as a distinguished personage. And all her rare gifts she dedicated to the earnest purpose of her life—the higher education of woman.

Neither were Mrs. Willard's efforts in this noble cause confined to her own country. In her travels abroad she became deeply interested in the women of Greece, and laid the foundations for a school in Athens, to which she gave not only the aid of her advice and enthusiasm, but generous financial help also. From her more than any one person the education of women received new inspiration the world over.

The alumnae of the Troy Seminary will be rejoiced to know that stately new buildings, more artistic and substantial than the old ones, are now rising; and though the familiar haunts have vanished for ever, sweet memories of bygone days will linger round that place. For this transformation our gratitude is due to Louis E. Gurley, Mrs. G. V. S. Quackenbush, and Russell Sage, the well-known New York financier, who will need no other monuments to make their names immortal; for, as time rolls on, the importance of woman's education, as the chief factor in civilisation, will be more fully understood.

Having settled the question of the higher education of women in England and America in such institutions as Girton, Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith College; and having settled, too, the experiment of co-education, by opening to girls all the State Universities of the West, Cornell University and so many old-esta-

blished colleges in the East, where the female pupils have proved themselves worthy competitors for all the highest prizes, it is too late for any sensible people to wave the black flag of despair over the danger of abstruse studies for women. And yet we have a few philosophers, here and there, who, like Poe's raven, sit and sing the old refrain "for evermore."

Miss Naden, who had written some remarkable essays on Induction and Deduction, died in England a few years ago. In complimenting her remarkable productions, Herbert Spencer said, "Mental powers so highly developed in a woman are abnormal, and involve a physiological cost that the feminine organisation cannot bear without injury more or less profound."

This is the last stronghold of the enemy. I do not know whether the strain of writing essays on induction and deduction was the cause of Miss Naden's death, or whether she died from some of the ordinary diseases that all flesh is heir to; but Mr. Spencer would have us believe that she was a victim of abstruse thinking. This has been the bugbear ever since the system of co-education was proposed, though statistics have proved all along that fewer girls fall behind in their classes from ill-health than boys, and that girls in regular college life are more vigorous in body and mind than the butterflies of fashion; still we are warned that woman's organisation is too delicate for high scholarship! Every time a gifted woman dies it is attributed to the mental strain on her physical powers. These croakers say, moreover, that the higher education of woman will ultimately enfeeble the race and decrease the population. Well, suppose it is so, shall we reverse the wheels of progress, close the college doors, and send the rising generation of women back to worsted work and bed-quilts, to be satellites ever more of the churn, the spinning-wheel, and the cook-stove, in order to bless the world with sturdy plough-boys and mechanics?

And what is to be done with our literary *men*? When we consider how many poets, philosophers, scientists, and statesmen, have pursued their career at the expense of their physical organisation, so many made invalids for life, and so many more falling into an early grave, it is evident that some new system of education for our young men is imperative. Buckle died at an early age, leaving his *History of Civilisation* but half-finished. Clifford, Professor and Fellow in Trinity College, author of an able series of essays on applied mathematics and mechanics, was always in delicate health and died early. Carlyle suffered with dyspepsia all his life. Old Sam Johnson had all the diseases in Pandora's box showered on him. Darwin was an invalid all his days, and so, to a greater or less degree, were Young, Keats, Lamb, Washington Irving, De Quincey, Burns, Dickens. Francis Parkman has always been in poor health. Herbert Spencer himself has long been on the invalid list, suffering

with insomnia. He travelled in America several years ago in search of health. No doubt if he had worked on a farm in his young days, raising corn and cabbage, and contented himself with the rudiments of education, he would have had a simple life of health and happiness. It may be asked whether his essays on social statics have not been too great a strain on his physiological organisation. It may be added, moreover, that in order to have a strong progeny, vigorous fathers, as well as vigorous mothers, are necessary.

While deploring the invalidism and early death of so many promising men, we point with pride to the distinguished women who have reached the sixties, seventies, and eighties. Amelia Opie, Miss Edgeworth, Caroline Herschel, Mary Somerville, Maria Mitchell, George Eliot, George Sand, Harriet Martineau, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances Power Cobbe, Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Emma Willard and her sister, Mrs. Almin Lincoln (both thinkers and writers on many scientific questions), and many others have enjoyed sound health through long laborious days. I doubt whether as many women die annually from writing essays on induction and deduction as from reproduction, and yet no flags of danger are raised on the house-tops where mothers of a dozen children languished and die, or on workshops where multitudes of feeble women labour from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. These warnings spring from no feeling of respect or tenderness, but from the old bias of sex, that cannot bear competition with women in the higher realms of thought.

However, we have abundant facts to show that in the case of both men and women the development of all the faculties tends to prolong life, and that those who use their minds the least, soonest fall into their dotage. And surely those enjoy the most happiness who have in themselves the most resources, who can make a world of their own, and in the solitude of self find that peace that passeth all understanding.

Mrs. Emma Willard is a shining example of the good that education produces when bestowed on women. For this it is that I have written for the English public this brief sketch of this remarkable American woman of intellect. And it afforded me no little pleasure to see how she was remembered at one of the sessions of the great Congress of Educators held at Chicago during the Exposition. On that occasion Mrs. Russell Sage, of New York, President of the Emma Willard Society—for the graduates of the Seminary have an excellent Association—occupied the chair, and occupied it with ability, while speeches devoted to the memory of Emma Willard were delivered in the presence of a large and sympathetic audience. Thus was the memory of a noble educator honoured at the grand Columbian Exposition.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

CRUEL SPORTS.

ON no subject that affects the attitude of man towards the lower animals is there a more widespread humanitarian feeling than on the question of sport. The vivisection controversy, as might have been expected, has evoked a far stronger and more passionate expression of opinion; but if a poll could be taken, I believe that sport would be condemned by a larger number of persons than could be mustered on any other humanitarian issue. Nor is it difficult to see why sport, at any rate in its more objectionable forms, should be thus widely deprecated. For whereas on other lines there has been a considerable amount of humane progress during the last thirty or forty years, which has taken visible effect in legislation—as, for example, in the rules and restrictions concerning cattle-traffic, knackers' yards, vivisection, and the general treatment of all animals recognised as “domestic”—there has been no corresponding improvement in the modes and methods of sport. Since the Acts of 1849 and 1854, there has been no further mitigation of our national love of “killing something,” with the exception of such measures as the Wild Birds Protection Act of 1880, an enactment of a close time which was perhaps framed more in the interests of the sportsman than the quarry. Still worse, the Bill for the Abolition of Pigeon-Shooting, which was carried in the House of Commons in 1883—a sure sign of the tendency of popular opinion—was thrown out by the Lords, by which action a specially barbarous form of sport has thus been unduly prolonged. The position is therefore a very peculiar and anomalous one, for while humane feeling has steadily progressed, legislative action has obstinately stood still, and since the prohibition and gradual disuse of bull-baiting, bear-baiting, badger-drawing, cock-fighting, and the cruel sports of our grandfathers, nothing more has been done to satisfy the undoubted growth of humanitarian sympathies. We shake our heads in pious horror at the cruelties perpetrated forty years back, yet we are absolutely powerless to stop present brutalities which are quite as intolerable to humane thinkers *now* as were bull-baiting and badger-drawing *then*.

It is my purpose in this paper to speak of immediate practical issues rather than of abstruse ethical problems, of certain cruel sports in particular, and not of the practice of sport in general. But for the sake of consistency and principle, a few words must first

be said on the larger and wider subject—the inhumanity of seeking amusement and recreation in the death or torture of sentient and highly organised animals. In a civilised community, where the services of hunter and trapper are no longer required, sport is simply an anachronism, a relic of barbarous savagery which time will gradually obliterate; and already, even among those who defend the practice of vivisection on the ground of its alleged utility, there are many who admit the utter folly and wantonness of thus making a pastime of unnecessary death-dealing. In the words of the Chartist poet, W. J. Linton :

“ I know not that we have this absolute right
Over all animal life for human use ;
But this I know, the slaying in mere sport
Without or skill or danger, without need,
Moves my abhorrence. I were shamed to own
A nature so ungentle, yes, so base.
A gentle and a manly game, forsooth,
Your amateur butcher’s ! ”

The fact that “ manliness ” and “ gentleness ” are the two qualities so assiduously claimed by sportsmen, seems to indicate that sport, or “ amateur butchery ” as it is more properly called, is not only cruel to the victims of the chase, but ruinous to the mental capacity of the gentlemen who indulge in it. What could be more flagrantly and miserably *unmanly* than for a crowd of men to sally forth, in perfect security themselves, armed or mounted, with every advantage of power and skill on their side, to do to death with dogs or guns some poor skulking terrified little habitant of woodside or hedgerow ! The thing is so utterly despicable —so ludicrously and pitiably mean. It can hardly be doubted that this comical aspect of modern “ sport ” will more and more force itself on the attention of all persons who are gifted with a saving sense of humour, and that our poverty-stricken caricaturists will some day relinquish their immemorial threadbare witticisms over the blunders of the hunting-field and the shooting-box, to discover that the subject of sport is rich in comedy of a hitherto unsuspected kind—the essential silliness of the habit of sport itself, and the amazing absurdity of the arguments used by its apologists.

The sportsman’s claim of manliness is comical enough, but what shall be said of his still more marvellous assumption of humanity ? “ If we stay fox-hunting,” said the writer of a recent typical article in a London paper, “ foxes will die far more brutal deaths in cruel vermin-traps, until there are none left to die.” How tender, how considerate, this disinterested regard for the welfare of the animals ! It is the merciful sportsman who, to save a noxious species from extermination, has stepped in and “ preserved ” it, and who now demands in return that the grateful fox shall be content to be hunted and worried and dismembered for the amusement of his gentle

benefactor. This humane characteristic of sport may be aptly illustrated by a passage in De Quincey's grimly humorous essay on *Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts*, in which he affects to regard murder, as the sportsman regards sport, in the light of an exalting and ennobling profession. "The subject chosen," says De Quincey, "ought to be in good health, for it is absolutely barbarous to murder a sick person, who is usually quite unable to bear it. And here, in this benign attention to the comfort of sick people, you will observe the usual effect of a fine art to soften and refine the feelings. From our art, as from all the other liberal arts, when thoroughly mastered, the result is to humanise the heart." Even such is the plea of the "humane sportsman."

All sport, then, in so far as it implies the destruction of sentient beings for the purpose of mere amusement, must be condemned as quite incompatible with any civilised ethic. "Sport is horrible," says Lady Florence Dixie.¹ "I say it advisedly. I speak with the matured experience of one who has seen and taken part in sport of many and varied kinds in many and varied parts of the world." But as there are gradations of inhumanity in sport, as in all other cruel practices, and as humane reform, like all other reform, can only come by instalments, it is of great importance to show how a practical step may be immediately taken, without attempting to solve the further questions which only a more educated public opinion can decide. And this brings us to the main subject of the present paper—that particular class of "cruel sports" where legislation has too long been delayed.

It so happens that the distinguishing feature of these practices is quite clear and unmistakable. By far the meanest, most cruel, and most demoralising forms of sport at present tolerated by the law, are those which consist in the shooting, hunting, or baiting of certain so-called "wild" animals, which are not pursued or killed in a true state of nature, but are first captured and confined in some cage or enclosure in order that they may be afterwards turned out and worried for the amusement of the assembled "sportsmen." Pigeon-shooting, together with all kinds of trap-shooting, is a well-known example of this debasing class of pastime, and, as was shown by the division-list of the House of Commons as long ago as 1883, is viewed with strong public disapproval. "The offence made punishable," said Lord Balfour, when he introduced in the House of Lords the measure for the prohibition of pigeon-shooting, "was not the shooting at a bird, but the shooting at a bird out of a trap or other contrivance. There was a marked difference between confining a bird in a trap for the purpose of shooting at it, and seeking it in a wild state."

Again, take the case of rabbit-coursing, that common half-holiday amusement of colliers and other working-men. The cruelty is

¹ *The Horrors of Sport*: Humanitarian League Publications, No. 4. 1892.

admitted by every one who has witnessed the scenes to be horrible. "The rabbits, often half-starved and with their legs broken, are huddled together in a sack, with no more consideration than if they were so many bundles of wood, brought on to the course, and turned loose to be chased by greyhounds and other dogs. Often they are dangled before the noses of the dogs so as to give them the scent. Seldom do the dogs kill them outright. Sometimes their legs and ears are bitten, their skin torn away, and even their bowels torn out. Sometimes, too, the starter or referee will poke out an eye with his finger or stick a pin in it, so as to blind the animal on one side and cause it to run towards the side of the dog which the book-maker wishes to win."¹ Numerous other testimonies might be cited to corroborate this account. The Vicar of Cardiff, not many months ago, wrote in the columns of the *South Wales Daily News*, on the subject of rabbit-coursing, that "it is utterly impossible to exaggerate the hideous details."

Stag-hunting, in all cases where the stag is taken from a park or paddock, disantlered, carted to the "meet," and turned out to be mobbed and worried in a strange country (often in a semi-urban district where barbed wire fences and other death-traps abound) must be classed in the same dismal category as rabbit-coursing and trap-shooting. It is, as Mr. Frederic Harrison recently described it, a "disgusting tomfoolery." I need not waste words on proving the utter brutality of this sport, for even sportsmen themselves are beginning to be ashamed of it. "If we look at this fiction of chase," said the *Field* (September 3, 1892), "from an unprejudiced standpoint, we must admit that it is only prescription and usage which enable us to retain it in our sporting schedule, and to tolerate it as legitimate. Strictly speaking, it stands on the same footing as bull or bear baiting, both of which have had to go to the wall under the influence of what is called the march of civilisation. . . . Nothing but the prescription and ægis of royal patronage has saved it from being consigned to limbo, like bull-baiting and bear-baiting. If any one in the present day were to capture badgers, aniseed them, and turn them out in the open, with five minutes' start of a scratch pack of terriers, we fear there would be a fearful outcry in much of the press against the depravity and cruelty of such a pastime; and yet the badger could take better care of himself, when brought to bay with his back in a quickset hedge, than can the dishorned buck of modern stag-hunting, that 'soils' in a river or shelters in a cowshed; and the badger is more wild in nature than the park-reared deer."

There is not the least doubt that public opinion, while as yet divided on the question of field-sports in general, strongly reprobates the barbarous practices above mentioned, and favours their speedy repression. But the existing law is utterly powerless to repress

¹ *Rabbit-Coursing: an Appeal to Working Men.* By Dr. R. H. Jude.

them, and for this reason, that the protection accorded by the Acts of 1849 and 1854 includes none but *domestic* animals, so that the carted stag, the lagged rabbit, and the caged pigeon, being legally regarded as *feræ naturæ*, may be shot, or hunted, or torn to pieces, or even burnt alive, with impunity. Let me give two typical instances. In 1877 a prosecution was instituted by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in a case where a hind had been worried for more than an hour and fearfully mutilated by the hounds. The most ample evidence was available, and the skin of the animal (which may be seen to this day at the office in Jermyn Street) was to be produced by the Society's officers; but it was all to no purpose—the magistrates dismissed the case on the ground that a stag is a wild animal and outside the pale of the law.

So, too, as regards the coursing of rabbits. In a case tried at Tynemouth, in December 1892, the magistrates were fully satisfied with the evidence adduced as to the ill-treatment and cruelty, but they were compelled reluctantly to dismiss the summons on account of the "wildness" of the rabbits, although the unfortunate animals had been five or six days in captivity before they were turned out! An appeal was carried to the Court of Queen's Bench, but this was dismissed by the judges with an emphatic statement that the appellants had no legal ground for their contention.

It is perfectly evident, then, that unless the grossest cruelties under the name of "sport" are to be permitted to continue unchecked, there is need of further restrictive legislation, and that the object of such legislation must be to afford protection to those animals which though at present nominally *feræ naturæ*, are practically in a state of captivity and dependence on man. The Home Secretary has expressed himself as personally in favour of some such humane reform, for in replying to Colonel Coulson in September 1892, on the cruelties of rabbit-coursing, he wrote that "he would be glad to see the law strengthened so as to deal with the subject, but that experience shows that there are great difficulties in the way of legislating at once effectively and impartially against the more brutal development of sport." The word *impartially* contains the gist of the whole matter. Rabbit-coursing, pigeon-shooting, and stag-hunting, together with all similar recreations, have this one common characteristic which differentiates them from ordinary forms of sport. They deal with a captured animal, and not a *bonâ fide* wild one; and therefore, whether regarded from an ethical or legal standpoint, they ought to stand or fall in unison. It is impossible to demand that the working-man's amusement, however brutal it may be, shall be suppressed by law, without at the same time demanding the suppression of the corresponding aristocratic practices of stag-hunting and pigeon-shooting. These are no doubt the "difficulties" to which Mr. Asquith alludes, and very real difficulties they are.

For the question is further complicated by the awkward fact that, among the ten or twelve tame-stag-hunting establishments which exist in this country, there is one—the Royal Buckhounds—which is carried on in the Queen's name, and sanctioned and subsidised by the State. Undoubtedly, therefore, it would try the ingenuity of the astutest politician to legislate "effectively and impartially" against the brutalities of rabbit-coursing; for it would be necessary either to prohibit rabbit-coursing only, and so incur the just reproach of attacking the poor man's sport while tolerating that of the rich, or to prohibit stag-hunting also, in which case the proceedings of the Royal Hunt would be made punishable by law! This dead-lock is clearly indicated in a letter recently addressed to the Home Secretary by the Committee of the Humanitarian League: "The existence of the Royal Hunt as a national institution immensely increases the difficulty of all humane legislation. It cannot be wondered at that working-men, when taxed with the cruelty of rabbit-coursing, should refer to stag-hunting as affording them at least a comparative justification. FOLLOWERS OF HER MAJESTY'S BUCKHOUNDS AND OTHERS, was the heading of an advertisement issued a few months ago by a provincial Terrier Coursing Club, on an occasion when a plentiful supply of rabbits was ostentatiously guaranteed. It would be difficult to imagine a more significant comment on the demoralising influences of the Royal Sport."

It is for this reason, and not because stag-hunting is of itself more cruel or demoralising than several other kinds of sport, that the Humanitarian League has been agitating since 1891 for the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds, and by giving continuity to a protest which had previously been raised only in an occasional and desultory manner, has brought the movement to the verge of a successful issue. At the time of writing, the Government's decision is still unknown; but whatever the immediate decision may be, it is not probable that so decayed an institution as the Royal Hunt, disliked as it is by the Queen herself (this we know on unquestionable authority), disliked by public opinion—disliked, in fact, by everybody except those who profit by it—will survive many more seasons of unremitting exposure and criticism. I can assure Lord Ribblesdale and his sporting coadjutors, those modern Sir Galahads who (to quote Mr. Edmund Tattersall's delightful expression) "ride to save the deer for another day," that their chivalrous deeds will no longer be done in the dark, but that henceforth they will enjoy the constant attention of a growing public indignation.¹

A possible temporary compromise may be found in Lady Florence

¹ A memorial asking for the discontinuance of the Royal Hunt has just been presented to Mr. Gladstone. It has received representative signatures of the most varied kinds, including those of the Lord Chief Justice, Frederic Harrison, Dr. Newman Hall, Dr. J. Clifford, William Morris, Professor F. W. Newman, the Assistant Bishop of Peterborough, Canon Scott Holland, the President of the Secular Society, John Burns, Walter Crane, the Hon. Auberon Herbert, W. M. Rossetti, &c.

Dixie's ingenious suggestion that the Royal Stag-hounds be converted into the Royal Drag-hounds. From a purely humanitarian point of view, there could, of course, be no objection to this arrangement; but, although the cruelty to the stags would be thus avoided, it is scarcely likely that the nation will for any length of time be willing to pay a large annual sum for a Royal Drag-hunt, which would exist simply for the pleasure of some idle gentlemen and the profit of some Berkshire traders. There is not the remotest chance that any such items of expenditure will find their way into a new Civil List at the commencement of a new reign.

Let me return for a moment to the question of the legislative prohibition of certain cruel sports. The Home Secretary, in his correspondence with the Humanitarian League, expressed his willingness to consider carefully any practical suggestions with a view to legislation, and a short Bill has accordingly been drafted with the object of extending the protection of the existing Acts to those animals which, if not actually domesticated, have at least been taken from a wild into a captive condition, or even (as in the case of the Ascot stags) bred and reared in captivity. The simplest method of effecting this result appears to be to extend the definition of words *domestic animal* so as to include the stag turned out from a cart, the rabbit from a sack, or the pigeon from a cage; and the Bill is therefore framed on those lines. I subjoin an epitome of it, from which the parliamentary jargon has been for the most part eliminated, so that I trust it may be intelligible to my readers.

A BILL to amend the Acts (12 & 13 Vic. cap. 92 and 17 & 18 Vic. cap. 60) for the more effectual Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

WHEREAS it is enacted (12 & 13 Vic. cap. 92, section ii.), That if any person shall cruelly beat, ill-treat, over-drive, abuse, or torture, or cause or procure to be cruelly beaten, ill-treated, over-driven, abused, or tortured *any animal*, every such offender shall for every such offence forfeit and pay a penalty not exceeding five pounds:

And whereas it is further enacted (17 & 18 Vic. cap. 60, section iii.), That the word *animal* shall in the said Acts mean *any domestic animal* of any kind or species whatever, and whether a quadruped or not: And whereas the said provision in the last-named Act has failed to effect the sufficient prevention of cruelty in the case of certain cruel sports and amusements:

Be it enacted that the words *domestic animal* shall in the said Acts and in this Act be taken to mean and include any stag, deer, hare, rabbit, fox, otter, pigeon, or any animal of any other kind or species whatever, whether a quadruped or not, which has been captured and kept in confinement in any paddock, stable, cage, or other enclosure, and thereby removed from a veritable state of wild nature; and it shall be an offence against the aforesaid Acts to turn out any such animal from or in any paddock, stable, cage, or other enclosure, for the purpose of hunting, shooting, baiting, or in any way worrying and abusing the same for sport or amusement.

Nothing short of a measure of this kind will properly meet the

requirements of the present position—a position which, as I showed at the outset, is logically and practically untenable, inasmuch as the private moral feeling of the community has for the past forty years been steadily outstripping the public enactments of the law. The legal condemnation of those particular cruel sports to which I have directed attention would for a time satisfy the just demands of humanitarian reformers, and would bring the Prevention of Cruelty Acts of 1849 and 1854 into a line with modern sentiment. If our opponents insist on denouncing this proposed legislation as “the thin end of the wedge,” and on sounding the tocsin for a general rally of the sporting brotherhood, that is their own affair; the public are not likely to be hoodwinked by this very transparent manœuvre. For every instalment of social reform is, in a sense, the thin end of the wedge, the principle of reform itself being progressive and continuous, and there being no point at which finality can be justly demanded by one party or honestly promised by the other. No sensible reformer will desire that humane legislation should precede the existence of a strong public opinion; but we assert that in the present instance this condition has already been fulfilled, and that further legislative action has long been overdue. For the rest of the matter, those more genuine sportsmen who (to their credit, so far as it goes) hunt or shoot in the open, instead of trapping their quarry before they maul it, must look ahead and set their houses in order. They will not ultimately strengthen their own position by “retaining on their sporting schedule” (to repeat the words of the *Field*) such forms of sport as can only be tolerated by the influence of “prescription and usage.”

The new humanitarian and democratic feeling of the present time is a growth which sportsmen, like all other predatory classes, have yet to reckon with; for it is altogether a different thing from the old-fashioned “philanthropy,” or “kindness to animals,” as the case might be, which is now intellectually, if not externally, on the wane. The older humanitarianism was, and is, a somewhat conservative, orthodox, and pietistic form of benevolence, which regarded the objects of its compassion, whether “the lower orders” or “the lower animals,” with a merciful and charitable eye, but from a rather superior standpoint of irreproachable respectability. It lopped assiduously at the branches of the tree of human suffering, but had no real insight into the underlying economic causes which are at the root of that suffering. It condemned the ill-usage of animals, and in particular vivisection, as cruel and inhuman, but it did not even consider the vast ethical vistas opened out by the new phase into which the animal question, no less than the human social question, has been carried by the new democratic ideal and the discoveries of evolutionary science. It still believes that poverty is a heaven-ordained evil, which may be mitigated, but not eliminated from

society ; and that there is a great gulf fixed between the dominant human race and the so-called "brutes," which were created for the use, "but not the abuse" (it is careful to add), of man. In a word, the older humanitarianism is a survival of a kindly, benevolent, but utterly unscientific mode of thought, which is as certainly doomed to be presently superseded and extinguished, as is, for example, the Manchester school of *laissez-faire* politicians.

The new humanitarianism, on the other hand, sees clearly that the day of the beneficent "Superior Person" is past, and further, that specific practices of tyranny and cruelty can only be successfully combated on the ground of a broad democratic sentiment of universal sympathy. Humanity and science between them have exploded the time-honoured idea of a hard-and-fast line of demarcation between white man and black man, rich man and poor man, educated man and uneducated man, good man and bad man. Equally impossible to maintain, in the light of newer knowledge, is the idea that there is a difference in kind, and not in degree only, between human and non-human intelligence. Democracy has become a necessary and essential element in every vital philanthropic cause ; and it is only by the spread of the same democratic spirit that animals have a chance of obtaining their due share of that immunity from tyrannical ill-treatment for which even men have so long struggled in vain.

Meantime the legal prohibition of the more brutal forms of sport is a small but absolutely indispensable step in the course of progressive civilisation.

H. S. SALT.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

A VERY valuable work on *The Sahara*¹ is that just published by Dr. Henri Schirmir through Messrs. Hachette & Co. It is a scientific treatise in the best sense of the word, and discusses the various problems connected with the great Desert with unusual ability and an unusual command of exact and detailed knowledge. It is so complete and comprehensive, in fact, that it will be only possible to refer here to a small portion of its contents, and that with a view of indicating the nature of the volume rather than that of criticising the conclusions put forward.

The first question considered by the author is the cause or causes which have produced this enormous expanse of desert and that in such near approximation to the Mediterranean. The older writers attributed its origin to various causes, such as the heat of the sun, the waves of the sea, and the nature of the soil, but in more modern times the atmosphere has been generally regarded as the most potent factor in the process. As is now generally admitted, the older theories lacked the necessary basis of fact, and were scarcely theories at all in the strict sense of the term. That of Humboldt, which rested on the hypothesis of a great polar atmospheric current, deflected westwards by the rotation of the earth, is regarded by the author as little if at all superior, and he has little difficulty in showing that such a current has no actual existence and is a mere figment of the brain. The still later theory of Peschel, which regards the Sahara as an effect of the north-east trade wind, he considers somewhat more satisfactory, but by quoting several series of meteorological observations made by competent observers, he shows that even this is not in accordance with the facts, seeing that there is no such regular wind as it requires blowing across the Sahara from the north or north-east towards the equator. These theories disposed of, he proceeds to put forward one of his own, which certainly seems much less open to objection and fairly meets the difficulties of the question. We cannot give the details of the theory, but it may be stated that it is based upon the distribution of the areas of high and low barometric pressure in

¹ *Le Sahara*. Par Henri Schirmir, Docteur es Lettres. With fifty-six cartes and gravures and six phototypes. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1898.

the region of the Desert, at different periods of the year, and the nature and direction of the winds that result from these conditions. Though not so simple as the theories previously rejected, it is founded on actual facts and accounts in a more rational way both for the existence of the Sahara and the dryness by which it is characterised.

Having found the principal cause of the Sahara in the atmospheric currents which prevail in northern Africa, the author next deals with the secondary causes which co-operate therewith. These he finds in the presence of the adjacent mountains and the colder waters of the west coast, and with much ingenuity he traces out their influence in emphasising the effects produced by the atmospheric conditions.

Passing on from these matters, the author proceeds to consider the rains, the temperature, and the evaporation of the Sahara, to each of which a special chapter is devoted. In doing so, he criticises adversely some of the views that are current on these subjects, and puts forward his own in a way which, if not quite convincing, will at least secure for them the attention which they deserve. On the question of the origin of the rains which, though very irregular in their appearance, do actually fall in the Sahara, he appears to have come nearer the true solution than any previous writer. It is in favour of the views he advocates, that while based on fundamental and well-established principles, they recognise the necessity of finding different causes for the rainfall, according as the mountainous region or that of the plains is in question. In the next chapter he discusses whether or not the Desert has undergone a change of climate within the historic period, as is maintained by some authorities. After an examination of the evidence in favour of and in opposition to this hypothesis, he concludes with reason, as we think, that on the whole it points to a very early origin of the Sahara, since when there has been no change of climate, although the dryness has been slowly increasing. The next two chapters are on the transformation which is going on at the surface of the Desert by erosion and the transport of the eroded materials by the agency of the wind, and a third deals with its subterranean waters.

From this point onwards the volume becomes, if possible, still more interesting, as the author takes up the questions which pertain to the flora and the fauna of the Sahara, the peoples which inhabit it, whether nomadic or sedentary, and their relation to the climate. The student who is interested in the adaptations of animals and plants to the environment in which they exist, will find the chapter on this subject an admirably lucid essay, and one in which even the most critical botanist or zoologist will detect little or nothing to which he can, with justice, object.

The remaining chapters, on the pathways of commerce which cross the Desert, the present condition of that commerce and the attempts made by Europeans to share in it, will prove interesting to a wider circle of readers perhaps, and form a fitting conclusion to so excellent a work. In closing it, we feel more impressed than at the beginning with its solidity and high scientific value, and may compliment the author on the successful completion of what must have been a task of exceptional difficulty.

M. Dybowski's narrative¹ of his journey through Central Africa, from Loango to the river Chari, which flows into Lake Tchad, is one that will be read with absorbing interest by all who have a leaning towards the records of geographical exploration. The object of his journey was, in the first place, to ascend the Congo and the Oubangui, cross the country which divides the latter river from the Chari, and strengthen French influence in these regions by establishing permanent stations; and in the second, to join hands with an earlier mission under Crampel, and by carrying to it new elements of strength, endeavour to ensure its success. M. Dybowski appears to have been unusually well adapted, both mentally and physically, for the rôle of an explorer, and his account of the incidents of the expedition is a modest and sober narrative, which bears the impress of truth upon every page. In some respects it bears a family likeness to other records of African travel, but in others it has characteristics which give it an individuality of its own. From the outset it was determined to avoid all hostilities with the natives, and special precautions were taken on all occasions to impress them with the peaceful intentions of the travellers, precautions which appear to have been unusually successful. Hence, the narrative is wanting in the descriptions of battles and conflicts which most African explorers have unfortunately to place on record, and there is a corresponding increase in what may be termed the scientific part of the story. Thus the reader will notice that the author, with some detail, carefully notes the racial and other characteristics which distinguish the various tribes of natives through which he passed, and even makes a creditable attempt to trace out their relationship to one another. Their social condition too, and their attempts at artistic work, are also referred to, together with their mode of fishing, their pottery, weapons, &c. In all this the reader will feel that he is under the guidance of no ordinary traveller, who notices these matters casually and by the way, but of one whose previous training and knowledge enable him to recognise their significance from the scientific point of view. Similarly, the fauna and flora met with

¹ *La Route du Tchad du Loango au Chari.* Par Jean Dybowski. Ouvrage illustré de 136 dessins, inédits par Mme. Paule Crampel, MM. E. Loëvy, Montader, Clement, et Binéteau, d'après les photographies, dessins, aquarelles de l'auteur, et les documents rapportés par lui. Paris: Librairie de Firmin, Didot et Cie. 1893.

along the route are dealt with as occasion serves in a way which will give both botanists and zoologists confidence in the author as an observer. On the other hand, little or nothing is said about the geology, but this is probably due to the fact that a large part of the journey was made by boat, a mode of transit which would allow few opportunities for geological work.

As for the special objects of the expedition, we have again the old story of African exploration. While still a long way from the place where he hoped to fall in with Crampel's mission, M. Dybowski received news of the massacre of Crampel and most of his following by Mussulmans. Hence, so far as one of his objects was concerned, all that he could do was to avenge the destruction of the mission, which he did on coming up with the Mussulmans in the territory of the native chief Yabanda. For the rest, he advanced northwards some distance beyond the river Chari, one of the affluents of Lake Tchad, and renewed friendly relations with the N'Gapous, the Dakouas, the Langouassis, and other tribes along the route. With the chief Yabanda he made a treaty of alliance, and posts were established at certain points, all of which will doubtless strengthen French influence along the route to Lake Tchad and prepare the way for future occupation in the interests of commercial enterprise. Excellent maps enable the reader to follow the author's journey with ease, and there are many plates and woodcuts dispersed through the text.

To those who want an interesting narrative of travel and geographical research in the Arctic regions, we can recommend M. Petitot's account of his explorations in the region of the Great Bear Lake.¹ He has previously published four works dealing with his discoveries, missions, and adventures in the extreme north of America, and this is the fifth, completing the story. It contains his experiences and observations during eight visits to the Great Bear Lake, where on each occasion he remained several months at a stretch, and had good opportunities for making himself acquainted with it and its surroundings. He claims to have made important additions to our knowledge of its geographical and other features, and to a large extent the claim is a good one. This seems to be especially true with regard to the boundaries of the lake itself, as he has filled in many details which were left blank in the maps previously published. To afford some idea of the work done in this direction, he gives, along with his own map of the country traversed and the lake, a reduction of that made by the English expedition under Sir John Franklin in 1825. The book is interesting, however, not merely for its geographical details, but also for the prominence

¹ *Exploration de la Région du Grand Lac des Ours*. Par Emile Petitot. Ouvrage accompagné de gravures et de deux cartes dessinées par l'auteur. Paris : Téqui, Librairie-Éditeur. 1893.

given to those incidents of travel which bring into relief the habits, manners, and characteristics of the people met with.

In this small volume¹ the author has given a short account of the French Soudan and Tonkin, in both of which places the recently developed zeal for colonial enterprise may be expected to have aroused considerable interest among the French people.² In each case the author deals with the physical features of the country, the means of communication, the climatology, the agriculture, the domestic animals, and their hygiene and diseases. The facts are clearly put so far as they go, and to those who have not the time to study larger works the book will be found useful.

The next little volume,³ which has the Marquis de Folin for its author, is an elementary guide to the collection and study of zoological specimens. As such it will be useful to beginners who want to know where polyps, worms, sponges, molluscs, crustaceans, and other "beasts" are to be found, the methods by which they may be captured, and the more salient points in their natural history. It should be noted that the localities recommended for natural history work are mostly continental, and hence can only be available on special occasions to Englishmen. With this exception, the contents of the volume are such as may be studied with profit by young zoologists in this country, but the illustrations are decidedly of an inferior kind.

The discussion on the nature and limits of heredity is being carried on with unabated vigour, but it is doubtful whether much is being done beyond what Professor Huxley once described as "marking time." One of the latest contributions⁴ to it is from the pen of Professor André Sanson, who in the main writes in support of the older views and against the theories so ably maintained by Weismann. His volume should certainly be carefully studied by all who are following the recent developments of biological theories, as it contains a rich store of facts bearing upon heredity, especially as it presents itself in some of the lower animals. But as an attempt to settle some of the much disputed questions connected with the subject, we doubt whether it will meet with much success. At the very outset we have a definition of heredity which assumes one of the points on which the opposing schools are still at issue and without any signs of reconciliation, and introduces a restriction which many biologists will regard as at present without justification. He maintains in fact that biological heredity is the transmission, from ancestors to descendants, through sexual generation, of properties or qualities, which are natural or *acquired*, and this, too,

¹ *Notice sur le Soudan Français et le Tonkin.* Par T. Bourguès. Paris: Asselin et Houzeau. 1893.

² *Pêches et Chasses Zoologiques.* Par le Marquis de Folin. Paris: Librairie J. B. Hachette et Fils. 1893.

³ *L'Hérédité, Normale et Pathologique.* Par André Sanson, Prof. de Zoologie et Zootechnie à l'École nationale de Grignon et à l'Institut National Agronomique. Paris: Asselin et Houzeau. 1893.

although he seems perfectly familiar with the views of Weismann and his followers. Moreover, admitting his inability to deal with plants, the evidence they offer on the various questions discussed is almost entirely ignored, a course which leaves the reader with the unpleasant impression that the conclusions of the author are not based upon the whole of the evidence at his command. On the subject of individual heredity, the author does good service in emphasising the fact, well known to breeders of domestic animals, that there are great differences in the capacity of individual parents to transmit their special qualities or peculiarities to their offspring. But the cases cited as proving the transmission of acquired characters seem to us capable of explanation, quite as easily, by natural or artificial selection, and consequently can scarcely be claimed as supporting the author's position.

The most important question of the determination of sex, the author discusses in a chapter which is one of the best in the book. This is due to the fact that in it he deals with the results obtained in breeding certain domesticated animals, which his official position gave him the opportunity of studying for himself. He gives, indeed, numerous statistics showing the number of males and females born among certain flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, studs of horses, &c., which he has himself submitted to careful investigation, with special reference to the causes and conditions which determined the sex of the offspring. In these he finds abundant confirmation of Giron's hypothesis, which connects the sex of the offspring with that of the more vigorous parent, and comes to the conclusion that the determination of sexuality results from individual heredity and in no way depends upon the nutrition of the embryo. Though indisputably strong, we do not think the evidence for this is absolutely conclusive, as it still leaves room for the possibility that, after all, nutrition was a factor in bringing about the results described. Then he appears to take no account of Yung's experiments on tadpoles, which show the influence of food in determining sex, while his own experiments with bees do not nullify the fact that for a few days of larval life an increase of food will determine the structural and functional differences between a worker and a queen.

The next chapter, on family heredity, is devoted to the question of consanguineous marriages and the widespread notion that they are a fruitful source of many of the maladies that flesh is heir to. Against this view much has been written in recent years, but as it is still upheld in certain quarters, the author is justified in adducing fresh and additional evidence to show that it rests on no substantial basis. It is shown that hereditary influences come into play here as elsewhere, and as a result consanguinity becomes a power for good or for evil according to the nature of the qualities, &c.,

which are brought into union. Atavism, or racial heredity, is the subject of the following chapter, which, among other matters, shows the fallacy of certain opinions on the durability of the effects of impregnation, and will be found as important, in a theoretical sense, as it certainly is in a practical one. Then we have a good chapter on the convergence and divergence of the various hereditary influences; and this leads up to the transmission of pathological states, to which the remaining portion of the volume is devoted. Into this part of the subject, which concerns the physician more than the ordinary student of science, we have not space to enter. We may mention, however, that the mode of treatment is very thorough, but, in our opinion, somewhat damaged by the assumption that acquired characters may be transmitted to offspring. Thus we are told that the functional lesions produced by the abuse of alcohol are hereditary, and that this view is so generally held that there is no need to make any attempt to establish it. So in the case of insanity, he maintains that heredity does more than merely transmit a predisposition to lunacy, and that it is an error to restrict it to that alone. On many other points the author differs from the best medical opinions of the day, but whether or not with justice we will not undertake to say. We are free to confess, however, that he writes with vigour and confidence, is strong in facts which bear upon the points discussed, and relies to a large extent upon the results of his own observations and inquiries.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

MR. ALFRED SIDGWICK has done a very useful and welcome piece of work in his book on *The Process of Argument*,¹ which, though "a contribution to logic," has no resemblance to ordinary introductions to that art. In an appendix, reprinted from *Mind*, the author does not hesitate to say that the best thing one can propose is to let the technicalities of "logic" drop quietly out of use and remembrance. They are of interest only to the student of the history of philosophy, but they now only cause confusion in a subject which is difficult enough without them. The aim of "argument," used in a broad sense in these days, is not to vanquish an opponent, but to exclude error and to arrive as nearly as possible at right knowledge. Mr. Sidgwick very clearly brings out the difficulty of arriving at the truth about things, and shows that the supposed short cuts of logic are not to be relied on. We are commonly taught that the chief

¹ *The Process of Argument. A Contribution to Logic.* By Alfred Sidgwick. London: Adam & Charles Black. 1893.

source of error is "false inference"; but we are just as likely to be misled by false "facts." Our facts themselves are in a sense only inferences, and need careful observation and criticism (analysis) before we are justified in deducing from them further inferences. Even in argument so much is taken for granted that we are easily liable to be deceived. We assume sharp lines of distinction where none exist, and separate cause from effect in our minds in a way they are not separated in nature. All this and a great deal more Mr. Sidgwick clearly brings out, and a careful and repeated study of this small book would go much further to make a student a just and careful reasoner than many a mighty volume of formal logic.

*The Social Question*¹ is the question of the day not for the first time, but in these days it is pressed upon our attention with an insistence unknown at any other period. Many people are inclined to think that the social reform in the largest sense can be accomplished at a stroke, while an opposite party appear to think that no great alteration is possible, that the social condition, however disagreeable it may be, is determined solely by evolution, and that, whether we like it or not, things cannot be materially altered. Professor Ziegler, whose work, admirably translated by Professor Palante, is before us, offers for our consideration a middle course. He feels as profoundly as the Social Democrats the evils of our present social arrangements, and he sees no reason why they should not be considerably reformed or modified; but at the same time he does not accept the Socialist solution. In a brief but clear introduction, M. Palante describes Ziegler's doctrine as opposed to that of the disciples of Marx, which may be summed up in the formula: "Change the world and you will have a new humanity." According to M. Ziegler this influence of the external on the internal does not exist. On the contrary, it is necessary to act on the internal to develop the social spirit in men's minds in opposition to the individualistic spirit. Social reform must be a moral reform. M. Ziegler is not an economist, but a moralist, and we may regard him very largely as in sympathy with J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer. In a brief introduction M. Ziegler gives a sketch of the development of the doctrines of the Social Democracy to which his book is a kind of counterblast. M. Ziegler's teaching may be expressed in a few words, and it is that individuals, as individuals, should become more deeply penetrated with the "social spirit," and while there is that in the social spirit which does not forbid every man seeking his own happiness, it renders him capable of renouncing his own happiness, or such portion of it as may be necessary, for the general good, and thus the condition of society would be gradually ameliorated by the increase of the number of individuals penetrated with the social

¹ *La Question Sociale est une Question Morale.* Par Th. Ziegler. Traduit par G. Palante. Paris: Felix Alcan. 1893.

spirit. Our author, not content with showing the fallacy of the Socialist proposals in general, and offering a more practical solution, very cleverly carries the war into the enemy's camp, and affirms that Socialism is really anti-social. Anarchy is the logical product of Socialism. And this anarchy and indiscipline, this rebellion against all order and all organisation, are precisely the negation of Socialism, which is a doctrine of moral order and of reciprocal respect. So we can say that the Democratic Socialist party ignore the A B C of the social spirit which they incessantly talk about. M. Ziegler also gives a very lucid and convincing account of the relations of Liberalism and Socialism, and while admitting that without Liberalism Socialism would be impossible, he shows how now they have nothing in common. Liberalism is essentially individualistic, but its weakness is in its non-recognition of the necessity of the cultivation of the social spirit. M. Palante's translation is from the fourth German edition, which shows that the work has met with a favourable reception so far, and we should imagine it would be well received in England, for its doctrines are in accord with prevailing English sentiment.

It may at first appear to be a little out of place to notice in this section *La Légende de la Morte*,¹ which consists of a most curious collection of legends and accounts of customs believed and practised by the peasants of Lower Brittany. But if the beliefs and customs of ancient people are a proper study for the student of religion, those still existing amongst a people so near to us as the Bretons are none the less so. This book opens a most interesting field for speculation on what we may call religious psychology. The stories themselves are often remarkable enough, but what is still more remarkable is the mental condition of the people amongst whom they originate. M. Marillier, in his introduction, gives us a glimpse of this mental condition, and it is as impressive as it is strange. For one thing, he tells us that all the stories are recent, or at least renewed forms of older stories. Some have originated within the last few years. The legendary transformation of one event, which occurred in 1886, is already complete. In Brittany, we learn, no wall separates the marvellous from the real. The Bretons are still in that spiritual condition where the explanation of a natural phenomenon, sickness, death, or tempest, which comes immediately to the mind, is a supernatural explanation. For them the distinction between the natural and the supernatural does not exist. These stories are not marvellous tales which they relate for their own amusement by the fire-side, "They are the relation of events which they believe to be real, which have happened in places they know, often even where they live, and in which they have been concerned either as actors or

¹ *La Légende de la Morte en Basse-Bretagne, Croyances, Traditions et Usages des Bretons Armoricaïns.* Par A. Le Braz, avec un Introduction par L. Marillier. Paris : Honoré Champion. 1893.

spectators." The dead and the living are to them equally the inhabitants of the country. The intention of M. Le Braz in producing the collection was to write a chapter on the religious life of the actual Bretons, but he has also furnished material for general mythology and the comparative study of religious rites. No welcome could be too warm, either for the legends themselves, for which we are grateful to M. Le Braz, or for the intelligent introduction of M. Marillier, which is of the greatest assistance, especially to a foreigner, in helping to a due appreciation of the extraordinary stories which the book contains.

In what is little more than a pamphlet Professor F. W. Newman¹ starts a question of great importance to students of New Testament Christianity. Everybody knows there is a great gap between Paul and the Gospels, and a great difference between Paul and Peter and James. Orthodoxy conveniently ignores this *hiatus*, but theologians are conscious of it. Professor Newman insists upon it not without justice and it leads him to the search for an explanation, and, as he thinks, a possible discovery of one missing link in the person of Stephen. The fact that Stephen was stoned indicates that he had introduced some new and offensive articles into the Christian Creed—in fact he was not only the first martyr but the first heretic. This is disguised in the Acts, but the Professor supposes that there is something intentionally suppressed. Paul, whose mind was influenced by the cruelty to Stephen in which he was a participator became the subject of illusions, revelations, and visions concerning Christ, for which the words of Stephen and not the preaching of the Apostles was accountable. He henceforth denounced the law which had commanded him to behave with inhumanity to Stephen. It is not an impossible theory, but it is not quite easy to accept. The book generally is a little disconnected, but it contains some pregnant hints, and ample justice is done Paul in other respects.

*Princeton Sermons*² is, as the title tells us, a collection of sermons by the professors in Princeton Theological seminary. Most of the professors, we note, are D.D., LL.D.; we may therefore assume they have high qualifications, but the sermons are not marked by anything unusual. They are of the conservative orthodox type, and have no particular literary merit.

¹ *The Gospel of Paul of Tarsus and of his opponent James the Just.* By Francis W. Newman. Nottingham: Stevenson, Bailey, & Smith. 1893.

² *Princeton Sermons*, chiefly by Professors in Princeton Theological Seminary. Edinburgh & London: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Abnormal Man*¹ will be found to be as interesting and instructive as its title would probably lead one to expect. Dr. MacDonald is a member of the United States Bureau of Education. His "proper study is man" in a particular aspect. He has devoted himself to the investigation of crime and pauperism, he has set himself, in his own words, "to analyse the antecedents or causes of social disease as a necessary preliminary to its prevention or amelioration." The book before us deals with the power of education to effect a cure.

"The average man," says Dr. MacDonald, "may be considered the backbone of the human race: the abnormal classes are divided into—(1) paupers, (2) criminals, (3) the 'defectives,' (4) 'men of genius or great talent.' It is quite cheering to have this fourth class run in with the others, though it drops out of consideration straightway and only comes up later in a different line of argument. The deaf, dumb and blind are reckoned with the insane as "defectives," but the reasons for and against this classification are noted. However, the leading subject in the book before us is the relation of education to crime: the argument is supported by excellent statistics and a full discussion of the principles of criminology, of the effect of alcoholism, and of literature give the work a unique value. It is the most complete work of the kind which has yet been presented to the public. Its bibliography is marvellously complete; rightly may the author claim that "no such bibliography exists in any language."

The book teems with matters of interest. "Hypnotism and Crime," a section based on Dr. Charcot's book, is a subject which at the present time will attract attention. We are sceptics as to hypnotism, but admitting that certain weak natures are subject to it, the danger of its use is clear, whether these persons are made the subjects of crime or the media of committing a crime. Analogous is the liability to crime by suggestions in sleep, which is also referred to.

The section on criminal aristocracy, or the Maffia, is another piece which arouses particular interest. It introduces the chapter on "Criminal Sociology," a term which appears open to objection, if, as we think, Dr. MacDonald uses it of the effect of association of minds upon one another in producing or increasing crime. That chapter is full of interesting instances of such effects.

"Insanity and Genius" is another part of the work which will be intensely interesting. We need not be particularly anxious to be

¹ *Abnormal Man: being Essays on Education and Crime, &c.* By Arthur MacDonald. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1893.

"geniuses," for there is a general consensus of opinion that it is a dangerous privilege :

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

Dr. Anderson supports the quotation with instances, including many of the greatest men of the world. We think he has rather overdone them ; but a perusal of the very interesting narrative of all the bodily and mental weaknesses of great men confirms us in our favourite view, that a man should be an athlete first and a scholar afterwards. And here is a fact which is of interest: "The largest brain has been found in a lunatic, and the next largest in a genius." Let us give genius one more knock-down blow : "Some characteristics of genius are originality, egotism, vanity, indiscretion and lack of common sense."

*La Question Ouvrière*¹ is not a very original work ; it gives a very fair sketch of the "question sociale de l'heure présente," and lays its solution in the hands of the Roman Catholic Church. For "clericalism" as France's enemy the Abbé substitutes "capital"—"c'est le capital qui exploite, le capital qui gruge, dévore, nime ; le capital dont les appétits ne savent jamais dire Assez !" This is the Abbé's text, and he proceeds, amongst other things, to define what is fair remuneration for the labourer, and to declare three principal methods of arriving at a sufficient and even superabundant return for work done. We do not find his definition very practical, and his three methods are by no means new, or with suggestion of new development. Apparently the establishment of guilds, or trade-unions and co-operation, are the methods in his mind.

The chapter on the doctrine of Malthus is of interest, not less from its general neglect of the real difficulties which meet the sociologist in an increasing population, than from the suggestion that by its tardy birth-rate France is falling behind other European nations in strength. This is a matter upon which we hesitate to agree with M. L'Abbé.

Mr. Gibbins' work² is usually good, and this primer of British commerce has also had the advantage of revision by Professor Bastable. It comes in Methuen's Commercial Series, and while it can hardly be said to deal with a subject which is "absolutely essential in business life," it does lend itself to those "requirements of a broad education" which the series is supposed to keep in view. It gives a very good sketch of the rise of British commerce and the acquisition of British colonies ; and as an historical primer we have great pleasure in recommending it. The reader must not look for any practical commercial training from it.

¹ *La Question Ouvrière*. Par L'Abbé P. Feret. Paris : P. Lethielleux.

² *British Commerce and Colonies*. By H. de B. Gibbins, M.A. London : Methuen & Co. 1893.

The brochure on *Co-operative Dairies in Denmark*¹ should be read with interest by all who have to do with agriculture at a time when the County Councils in the rural districts are trying to arouse the interest of farmers in the improvement of their superannuated methods. Being neither agriculturist nor butterman, we cannot pretend to discourse learnedly on the subject; but we did pick up in Dorsetshire this summer the fact that there is a good deal to be said against the "separator" as well as for it; and the study of such works as this may lead to a more reliable knowledge on the subject.

We are surprised to learn that from Denmark England imports more butter than from any other country—France standing only second on the list, Holland, which five years before had done a good trade with us in this respect, having been left far behind now.

Judging from the daily papers, people will not be minded to speak very respectfully as yet of the republican spirit in Brazil. Senhor d'Aranjo's little book² is addressed to the people of France, and seeks to show that the declaration of the Brazilian Republic in 1890 was the natural outcome of a truly republican sentiment pre-existing for many years. We admit that the monarchy in Brazil did not serve to differentiate Brazilian political morality very greatly from that of the surrounding republics. There was the same shiftiness, the same carelessness of obligations, the same recklessness of life. Our author writes with some enthusiasm of the natural tendency of all peoples to move towards the higher forms of political life. He forgets, or perhaps would not admit, that the peoples which of all others have combined freedom with progress are still under a nominal monarchy, and did not find it necessary to assert their freedom by throwing everything into turmoil.

But the book is a useful historical sketch of the revolutionary movements in Brazil, the establishment of a separate monarchy, the policy of that monarchy, and its fall.

We have quite a run of political or partly political works from France, and none of great importance.

M. Rémondière, in a brochure,³ very poorly got up, gives an excellent sketch of the franchise in France, and shows how the peasants have for the most part been excluded from their fair share of representation, although they, above all others, were the class whose views were likely to be sound. He proposes a separate Chamber of the peasants, a sort of self-government in agricultural affairs, which strikes us as raising a number of difficulties which M. Rémondière does not meet. We may leave the book to the practical politicians of France. Its idea does not strike us as a good one.

¹ *Organisation et Fonctionnement des Laiteries Co-operatives au Danemark.* Par le Dr. E. Louise. Caen: Ch. Valin. 1893.

² *L'Idée Républicaine au Brésil.* Par Oscar d'Aranjo. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1893.

³ *Une Chambre de Paysans.* Par L. A. Rémondière. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie. 1893.

The writer who signs himself "G. de S."¹ avows himself a Catholic and Royalist, and the intention of the *brochure* is thus summed up:

"Nos convictions de vingt ans restent fermes et inébranlables, notre foi dans l'avenir entière, et notre cri suprême, de patriotisme et de ralliement sans cesse vibrant au fond de notre âme, sera toujours la Monarchie, c'est la salut; la République, voilà l'ennemi!"

This at once explains his trenchant criticisms of the acts of the Republican Government, to whose weaknesses he attributes the commercial depression and political corruption which he finds festering below a fair exterior. Had the writer given us his name we should have said that he had the courage of his opinions. These represent the belief of too many Frenchmen; but to us they seem strangely antiquated; here is an instance:

"Hard logic and stern common sense, despite any ideas either Free-trading or Protectionist, will always bear out the fact . . . that every time that a country's imports exceeds its exports a proportionate amount of specie leaves the country, and a general loss of national wealth to the same extent results."

We direct particular attention to the hatred of England displayed in the following passage:

Why (he wants to know) did our fleet go to Plymouth the other day? The demonstrations to the Russians were only a counter to our own demonstration at Cronstadt, prompted by the insolent jealousy of our enemies—i.e., the English. And a few lines later he simmers with indignation at the idea that French interests have been sacrificed in Egypt, Morocco, Madagascar, and elsewhere.

*L'Empereur Allemand*² is a political sketch of an interesting character. It is published anonymously, but there is little in it to offend. The young Emperor has been so much before the public that his characteristics—ability and vanity interdependent—are pretty familiar to all of us. Covering (1) the influences which moulded him, (2) his character, (3) his public opinions, the sketch is well worth reading, and supports the idea which most of us have formed of the Emperor from following his career in the public press.

The two works which follow are both personal apologies. *Les Scandales du Quai d'Orsay*³ is the outpouring of M. Paul Boell's indignation at the retention of corrupt and incompetent persons in the consular service of France—particularly in the far East. It is a common function of Governments to retain incompetent men; it is seen every day in England as well as in France. M. Boell claims to have checked the promotion of two or three of these men. This, no doubt, is a source of satisfaction to him, and may perhaps have produced advantage to the State. We cannot say. To judge

¹ *Le Lendemain: étude d'Actualités, Sociales, et Politiques.* Par G. de S. Nice: B. Visconti et Cie. 1893.

² *L'Empereur Allemand.* Paris: Perrin et Cie.

³ *Les Scandales du Quai d'Orsay.* Par Paul Boell. Paris: Albert Savine. 1893.

of such a work we must hear the other side. We commend it to the study of French Deputés.

We must say much the same of M. Dupas' pamphlet,¹ which is a complaint against his dismissal from the French Office of Police or "Public Safety." "Arton, it may be remembered, was "wanted" in connection with the Panama scandals. M. Dupas was sent after him, first to England, afterwards all over Europe.² He appears to have found him and photographed him on the sly at Venice, but never to have arrested him. The tale of his travels is not without life and interest; but from the book alone it is impossible to say whether M. Dupas justifies himself—and we are afraid that our readers will not care. There is no sadder fall than that of the discarded servant, whether he be an old horse or a former official.

Mr. Gundry³ has sent us at once the most attractive and the best book of the month. But the title is rather misleading. The book falls into three sections—France in Indo-China, Russia and China, India and Thibet. But the first section is predominant. It was the action of France in Siam which called forth the publication of the book; it is against the unjustifiable encroachments of France that the greater part of the work, and especially the introduction, is directed. The introduction is an excellent piece of reading, and we must call attention to one of its earlier passages in attestation of the sentiments of the French work by "G. de S.," which we have just had under review :

"The dual motive of hostility to England and the glorification of France which has animated French policy in Asia, has undergone no variation whatever ever since France had a policy in Asia at all. . . . It is candidly avowed, and there need be no delicacy in putting the truth in plain language."

We English have got so much into the habit of considering France as not a colonial power, that we are hardly aware how far her pretensions extend. We looked upon the Siam affair as a casual effort. Mr. Gundry shows that it is the outcome of a deep-seated policy—"the most cynical aggression of modern times." It may be asked whether we could have intervened had we realised this: doubtless by diplomacy we might ward off many such efforts, but it is a graceless task to be secretly setting up obstacles to the advance of other Powers, especially when so many advances are forced upon ourselves. On the other hand, we are too apt to neglect the feelings of envy and unkindness towards us which are constantly egging on our neighbours. And Mr. Gundry well reminds us that, whereas markets are open where England goes, protection and exclusiveness mark the path of the foreigner.

Apart from the Siamese question, two of the most interesting

¹ *Pourquoi n'a-t-on pas pu arrêter Arton?* Par M. Dupas. Paris: A. Charles. 1893.

² *China and her Neighbours.* By R. S. Gundry. London: Chapman & Hall. 1898.

chapters in the book are those on Corea and Port Hamilton, the latter being an excellent account, based on the blue-books, of the English occupation of that point of vantage, and the reasons of their withdrawal at the request of China. It is satisfactory to think that British action may have considerably strengthened China as against Russia in that part—satisfactory we say, yet we hardly dare say it. Looking to the near future it is true; looking far beyond, who can say whether China will always be friendly to us, or whether even her friendship will be desirable?

The book is a thoroughly good one; its history is careful and its conclusions are suggestive. Most of the chapters are essays published in the periodical press, not a few of them in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. A map supports the book at either end.

The Landes is a district but little known to the English public. It is perhaps fair to describe it as the "fen district" of France. In many respects it recalls what the Cambridgeshire fens once were. M. Chambrelent's book¹ upon their reclamation and cultivation is dated in 1887, and how it has found its way to us now we can only conjecture; there is no trace of its being a second edition; nor is it a book of a stamp that would attract many readers—it is just too practical. And therein lies its real value. M. Chambrelent, becoming acquainted with the Landes, formed his own opinion of the way in which they should be cultivated; failing to find others to take up his idea, he bought land in the district himself and demonstrated the correctness of his opinions. A special commission or jury examined the system and its results, and in 1852 a law was enacted to enforce the reclamation of these marshy tracts at the expense of the "communes." A considerable afforestation of the district followed, for timber seemed to be the most promising product of the peculiarly friable and sandy soil. With reclamation came increased healthiness, and the population, raised from the depression of constant illness and disappointment, developed a higher moral and social character. In this view the book is a study in practical sociology. But there is a great deal of interest connected with the Landes that must be sought elsewhere, and we expect that a good many English readers would be rewarded for looking up the life of a people who have lived largely on stilts and jumping poles, whose view over a wide expanse of marsh and dyke finds hardly any obstacle to interrupt it.

A *Voyage to the Country of Dollars*² is a title that tells its own tale. M. Barbier writes pleasantly and enthusiastically; he has a chat about all sides of American life; and he is not confined to one part of the States. But there is nothing very new in

¹ *Les Landes de Gascogne.* Par M. Chambrelent. Paris: Baudry et Cie. 1887.

² *Voyages au Pays des Dollars.* Par E. Barbier. Paris: Librairie Marpon et Flammarion.

what he has to say; we have, in the last year or two, read two or three French works in America to which we have taken a greater fancy. Marriage and divorce in America seem to strike the foreigners particularly, and M. Barbier devotes forty-two pages to the subject. But perhaps his last chapter, his view of the future of the world, will attract most attention. It is flattering to our cousins across the way; they are to have the pul' of us in every industry and every art, and we are to be their very humble servants. *Nous verrons!*

Life insurance is a question which most men nowadays have to consider at one time or another, but the operation of taking out a policy to the best advantage is anything but an easy one. The average person who sits down to the study of the prospectuses of half a dozen different companies may well rise from the perusal with a feeling of utter bewilderment, so many and various are the inducements held out. Apart from the question as to what kind of policy would best suit his particular requirements, he would like to know, for example, why two companies, apparently of equal standing and resources, charge different rates for the same sort of contract. To take another case, he is told by one company that if he insures with them, and afterwards wishes to relinquish his policy, he will obtain a certain surrender value; but he is without means of ascertaining on what basis this surrender value is calculated, and whether it is as much as he has a right to expect. Many other details have to be understood before the insurer can really satisfy himself as to the quarter in which he can obtain the best return for his investment. To obtain this end, a knowledge of the principles on which life assurance is based is of the utmost value, and it is conveyed in a very compact form by Mr. Dawson's book.¹ The author carefully abstains from expressing a preference for any particular system or company, English or American, and his work can be cordially recommended, not only to the investor, but to the expert in insurance matters.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

It is sometimes useful to find conventional British opinion on the events of the past few years presented in a compendious form for the benefit of ordinary readers. The new volume of *Annual Summaries*, reprinted from *The Times*² is an example of this kind of

¹ *Elements of Life Insurance*. By Miles Menander Dawson. Independent Printing and Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

² *Annual Summaries*, reprinted from *The Times*. Vol. II. 1876-1892. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

utility. The views of *The Times* on political questions are tolerably well known—at least to journalists. They are not profound views, sometimes they are thoroughly superficial and almost utterly worthless. But it must be admitted that the average Englishman is fairly represented by *The Times*. The pith of these opinions may be thus expressed: "England is the greatest country in the world. France is a comparatively insignificant factor in European politics. The Pope should be patronised as long as he helps to promote British interests, as, for instance, when he interferes to prevent Irish priests from agitating for land reform. Irish agitators are all equally dishonest." Any dispassionate reader, not an Anglo-maniac, who glances through the pages of the volume before us cannot fail to see the above propositions emphasised and reiterated in the characteristic style of *The Times*' leading articles. Let us take a specimen from the summary of the year 1886, referring to the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill: "It is apparent that since his defeat at the last general election Mr. Gladstone's influence has been fading away; his erratic appeals to public opinion have only revealed more clearly to his countrymen his incapacity to enter into the sentiment and the character of Englishmen, his slavish subjection to Parnellism, and his readiness to evoke on his side all the disintegrating forces throughout the United Kingdom in Scotland and Wales as well as Ireland." Here "the wish is father to the thought." *The Times* fondly hoped that Mr. Gladstone would never return to power; but as a prophet this organ of British opinion has generally been as unsuccessful as Balaam himself. To Mr. Parnell *The Times* does flagrant injustice. His moderation when speaking at Nottingham and Liverpool in 1889 is described as "studied;" his opposition to the Plan of Campaign is treated as a piece of hypocrisy. As a matter of fact, whatever may have been his faults, Mr. Parnell was absolutely fearless in his conflict with the forces arrayed against him. His proud nature scorned servility in every shape. *The Times* spent a large amount and used up much journalistic talent in the effort to associate him with the Phoenix Park murder, and it ignominiously failed, despite the ruling of the Commission on subsidiary points. One reason why even to this day the name of Mr. Parnell awakens a thrill in every Irish heart—even in the hearts of those who condemn his latest policy—is that it is felt he alone baffled and defied all the sapient British critics, including *The Times*. The ordinary Irishman believes that England yields only to fear, and his notion is that Parnell alone could strike terror into the hearts of British statesmen. That this extraordinary man succeeded in making *The Times* panic-stricken is proved by the absurd and hysterical exaggerations of "Parnellism and Crime" and by the history of the forged letters.

The allusions to Messrs. O'Brien, Dillon and Davitt, in the volume

—including the vulgar reference to Mr. O'Brien's "small-clothes"—prove that justice to Irish patriots cannot be expected from *The Times*, which loves to attribute to all Irishmen, in the language of Mr. Gladstone, "a double dose of original sin." It is satisfactory to find that occasionally the "Thunderer" (as somebody has called it) can say a true thing graciously, as, for instance, in the obituary notice of Father Damien: "Father Damien, the devoted priest who died among the lepers of the Sandwich Islands, was a Belgian by birth, but his memory belongs to civilisation and humanity."

Some interesting glimpses of Old France are given in a little volume by Leon Gallichet, entitled *Histoire de Maisons-Laffitte*.¹ The record goes back to the fifth century, and deals with the history of Maisons through all the centuries that followed. The sketches of Jean de Longueil, the Marquis de Soyecourt, and the Comte d'Artois are very readable. The author does justice to the memory of Voltaire, that great champion of toleration, so often wrongly denounced as an "infidel" and an impious scoffer at all things sacred. The chapter relating to René de Longueil, who built the celebrated Chateau of Maisons, is particularly interesting. The account of "La Vieille Eglise"—a building close to the chateau and much more ancient—is very curious and full of strange archæological lore. There were in this old church two *prie-dieu* which were reserved for the lords of Maisons and their spouses. At more recent periods Louis XIV. and Marie Thérèse, Napoleon and Josephine, made use of those *prie-dieux*. Altogether this little volume is brimful of research and erudition.

The *Histoire de Cent Ans*² is hardly correct in title—it breaks off abruptly at 1870 with the Capitulation of Paris. It is a work of some merit, giving a good account of the history of the eighty years succeeding the French Revolution. Here and there it dwells specially on portions of the story which evidently have for the author a particular interest. Robespierre's public life is one of these. Waterloo is another: it is perhaps hardly profitable to dwell on what might have happened in certain contingencies; but it is remarkable with what dispassioned fairness M. Bertézène weighs the possibilities of a different concurrence of events at that time. Probably to the Englishman this will be the most interesting piece to read. The war of 1870—not its battles so much as its political environments—is naturally one of the chief parts of the book, which may be placed on our shelves as a useful contribution to the history of the century.

The study of numismatics, though regarded by some Philistines as unpractical, is of immense importance to all who wish to appreciate the social characteristics of bygone days. A volume on *The*

¹ *Histoire de Maisons-Laffitte*. Par Leon Gallichet. Paris: Maisons-Laffitte. Ch Lépin, Imprimeur Editeur.

² *Histoire de Cent Ans, 1792-1892*. Par Alfred Bertézène. Paris: Albert Savine.

Coinage of the European Continent,¹ by Mr. W. Carew-Hazlitt, contains an immense quantity of information on a somewhat recondite subject. The Continental coins of the mediæval period give us an insight into innumerable points connected with political changes, religious movements, and social episodes, for which we might search in vain elsewhere. The historian, the artist, and even the sociologist have here a field of research, even now imperfectly explored. Each coin, with its portrait, its legend, and its motto, tells some interesting story of the past. Mr. Hazlitt devotes special attention to old Flemish and Dutch coins, which throw a vivid light on the social life of Europe in the Middle Ages. A catalogue of European mints, and two other catalogues of European denominations and European rulers, are appended to this valuable work.

A very useful history of the Cunard Steamship Company² has been published by the Electrotpe Company, 80 Fleet-street, London. The book is rather curiously constructed; but it is handsomely illustrated, and gives an excellent account of the foundation and development of this company, showing the marvellous advance made in steam communication between England and America during the past fifty-three years. The volume contains views of Liverpool, London, New York, Chicago, and other places, and some well-executed maps and charts.

Most visitors to the World's Fair at Chicago are sure to possess themselves of *The Book of the Fair*,³ published by the Bancroft Company, Chicago. The work consists of three volumes, bound in paper and beautifully illustrated. It is full of details connected with the Exhibition, and one chapter is devoted to an historical sketch of Chicago, which is described as "a city ranking to-day the second in the United States as to population, the first in relative progress, and one of the first in volume of commerce and of wealth." The account of the opening ceremonies and of the various features of the World's Fair will be read with interest.

*The Autobiography of an Old Passport*⁴ is a lively record of driving tours with English horses over the roads of Western Europe before the days of railways. The author is a clergyman of evidently cheerful temperament, and, though his style is discursive, he has always something to "discourse" about. At one time he is describing the beauties of the Rhine; at another he presents us with a glimpse of the gambling-tables of Aix-la-Chapelle. Very rambling but highly

¹ *The Coinage of the European Continent*. By W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

² *The Cunard Line and the World's Fair, Chicago*, 1893. London: The Electrotpe Company.

³ *The Book of the Fair*. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company.

⁴ *The Autobiography of an Old Passport*. By the Rev. Alfred Charles Smith. M.A. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1893.

entertaining descriptions are given of Venice, Munich, Rome, Pompeii, Verona, and other places. Though not a model of literary art, the book will amuse the idle reader during odd half-hours.

*The Historical Records of the Royal Marines*¹ is a work displaying much erudition, and in spite of the accumulation of details, the student of English history will find much to interest him in the book. The first English regiment of Marines was the Duke of York and Albany's Maritime Regiment of Foot, raised in 1664. The idea which led to the establishment of regular Marines was to raise a force of sea-soldiers who, whilst imbued with the instinct of their military training, would assimilate themselves to such duties as they might have to perform afloat. Curious as it may seem to us at this hour of day, there was another object in view, which the author of the present work barely hints at—viz., to maintain discipline amongst "the turbulent and refractory seamen of the period." When men were pressed into the naval service, friction was inevitable, and military discipline naturally made the soldier a more orderly person than the average sailor of those days. Despite the fact that the soldiery and sailors of Charles II.'s days were tainted with the vices of society in that age of licentiousness, many gallant deeds are recorded, showing the bravery of the British troops and seamen. The first volume only of this interesting history has as yet been published, bringing the narrative down to the year 1701. Major Edge has ransacked all the available authorities on the subject, and his book will be invaluable as a contribution to British regimental annals.

Mr. George M'Call Theal's *History of South Africa*² supplies a want long felt by all interested in the Cape Colony. The present volume deals with a period of twenty years, bringing the historical narrative down to about the year 1850. The account given of the sixth Kaffir war, which lasted from December 1834 to September 1835, presents us with a sad picture of social demoralisation in the Colony, ending in the impoverishment and almost absolute ruin of the Kaffirs themselves. The efforts of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, as Governor of the Colony, were successful in restoring peace, and he became extremely popular with the colonists. He was, however, disliked by Lord Glenelg, the Secretary of State, and in 1837 he was very unfairly dismissed from his office. During his Governorship he had extended the North-eastern border of the Colony so as to bring a great number of Bushmen and other wandering tribes under the Colonial laws. The description of the emigration of the Dutch settlers from the Cape Colony is exceedingly affecting, the author apparently laying the blame on the British Government. The

¹ *The Historical Records of the Royal Marines*. By Major L. Edge. Vol. I. 1664-1701. London: Harrison & Sons.

² *History of South Africa* (1834-1854). By George M'Call Theal. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

sufferings of those unfortunate people were of the most heartrending character. Many of them were massacred by the Matabele, though they fought bravely in their own defence. Dingana, the bloodthirsty Zulu chief, murdered sixty-six of them, with their leader, Pieter Retief, on the 6th of February 1838.

Under the régime of Sir George Napier and Sir Peregrine Maitland the Colony made slow but sure progress. In 1846 burst out the seventh Kaffir war, known amongst the natives as "the war of the axe," because it had its origin in the arrest of a Kaffir who had been caught in the act of stealing an axe. The Kaffirs having rescued him, the lieutenant-governor demanded his surrender, but the Kaffir chief refused. In the ensuing war the Kaffirs sustained severe losses, and, indeed, they appear to have been treated with some cruelty. Before peace was again established the huts of many of those poor savages were burned and several of them perished of hunger. No doubt Sir Harry Smith, the British commander, wished to strike terror into the hearts of the Kaffirs, but it is not a manly course even in warfare to trample upon a fallen foe. The chapter dealing with the republic of Natal is full of interest. It was an honest democratic experiment, which failed owing to the excessive power given to the populace. The history of the Orange River sovereignty and the South African Republic occupies the remainder of the volume. The author gives a list of the authorities from which he derived his information, and they include such little-known books as Henry H. Methuen's *Life in the Wilderness; or, Wanderings in South Africa*; Adolphe Delegorgue's *Voyage dans l'Afrique Australe*; *A Compendium of Kaffir Laws and Customs*, compiled by direction of Colonel Maclean, Chief Commissioner in British Kaffraria; John Noble's *South Africa, Past and Present*; *The Dorp and the Veld*; or, *Six Months in Natal*, by Charles Barter, B.C.L.; and *Amongst the Zulus and Amatongas*, by David Leslie. It is evident that Mr. Theal has spared no trouble in collecting his facts.

The life of a native of British India, written by one of his compatriots, cannot fail to excite attention at the present time, when merely insular or one-sided views of humanity are abjured by all enlightened minds. A book just published in Calcutta, the biography of a distinguished Hindoo, Raja Digambar Mitra,¹ comes under this category. The life of this able and enterprising man shows that there is much real worth in the best types of Hindoo character. He was born at Konnagara, a village built on the river Hughli, in the year 1817. His family comprised many notable persons, and had won distinction by the erection of temples which attracted the admiration of visitors to the locality. His biographer takes care to inform us that, having been "born in a Kulin family,

¹ *Raja Digambar Mitra: His Life and Career*. By Bholanauth Chunder. Calcutta: Hare Press. 1893.

he had 'gentle blood' in the esteem of Hindu society." It appears, from the actual details which are given at some length in the volume, that Digambar, though he received a good education, had only a limited inheritance, and that in the struggle of life he had to embrace the career of a tutor, and subsequently to become head clerk to the magistrate and collector of Ragshai. He was, however too energetic and restless to pass his entire existence in mere drudgery, and, after a period spent in managing the large estate of the young Raja Kissen Nath at Kasimlazar, he struck out a bold path for himself as a manufacturer of indigo and silk, with the result that in a few years he realised a fortune. He then entered public life, and through his instrumentality, to some extent at least, the unequal treatment of natives and Europeans, so far as concerned their liability to punishment for offences, was greatly modified. He also took part in the movement for the abolition of the hideous practice of suttee, or immolation of widows. He was an estimable man in private life; and his practical philanthropy was demonstrated by the maintenance of about eighty poor students, whom he not only supplied with the necessaries of life, but enabled to prosecute their studies. The author, in a summary of Raja Digambar's character says: "We appreciate him most as a strenuous and sagacious man, who possessed a heart approaching to an English stout-heart, and a force of will approaching to an English force of will." The book, as may be seen by this short extract, is written in a rather quaint style. We recommend it for general perusal as the life story of a Hindoo who possessed both honesty and practical mindedness—two qualities not ordinarily ascribed to the natives of British India. He was not perhaps a typical native—he certainly would not square with Macaulay's somewhat fanciful conception of the Hindoo character. However, as the historian has to deal with real persons and not with phantoms of the imagination, the study of a volume of actual biography like this is worth any amount of mere ethnological theories.

A law-book is generally supposed to be dry reading. This, however, is not always the case. In a volume entitled *Privy Council Law*,¹ by Mr. George Wheeler, Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple, we find material which the most advanced writer of the realistic school of fiction might profitably use up in his novels. Of course, this view of the merits of a mere work on law is peculiar, and may astonish the ordinary Chancery practitioner. It is, however, desirable perhaps to popularise law, and exhibit its romantic and human aspects. Opening the book at random we came across the following curious decisions: "The word 'Reverend' does not necessarily mean that the person using it is in Holy

¹ *Privy Council Law*. By George Wheeler, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Son.

Orders," and presumably any person engaged in religious duties, whether he be a clergyman or not, may prefix the adjective to his name, as it is merely "a mark of respect and reverence" (*Keet v. Smith and Others*, Court of Arches, 1 P. D. 73). A disbelief in Satan may be entertained *bond fide* by a member of the Church of England, though it may be a ground for religious admonition (*Jenkins v. Cook*, Court of Arches, 1 P. D. 80). When a native of Madras married two wives on the same day, and a question arose as to whether the son, of the wife first married or the son of the later wedded would inherit the father's property, the son of the later wife having been born first, it was held that the first-born son ought to be declared heir, notwithstanding the priority of the marriage of the other mother (*Pedda Ramappa Nayanivaru v. Bangari Seshamma Nayanivaru*, L. R. 8 Ind. App. 1).

Children are legitimated by Mohammedan law by mere acknowledgment, and so where a Nawab acknowledged the child of a slave-girl as his son, this acknowledgment was held to establish the fact of legitimacy (*Nawab Muhammad Azmat Ali Khan v. Mussumat Lalli Begum and Others*, L. R. 9 Ind. App. 8).

By Maltese law a father is enabled to legitimise his bastard offspring by a single woman, he being a married man at the time, by a formal act recognising such offspring as his legitimate heir. The case dealing with this point is very extraordinary in its details, and the facts are stranger than anything conceived by Balzac, Gautier, Dumas, Daudet, Miss Braddon, or Ouida. They are, however, too long and complicated to be here set forth. Suffice it to say that they contain the elements of an almost incredible "romance of real life" (*Gera v. Ciantar*, 12 App. Cas. 557).

All who desire to understand the complicated Behring Sea question, which was the subject of an arbitration resulting rather favourably to England, should read the letters to *The Times*¹ by its special correspondent, which have just been published in a handy little volume. The dispute was as to the right of the United States to prevent the taking of seals in the neighbourhood of the Pribylof Islands in the only manner in which it would be possible—viz., by the seizure of the vessel. The United States further claimed that the fur seals were the subjects of ordinary husbandry as much as sheep or any other cattle, and that it had the right to defend its property-interest in the seal herd, and in its industry maintained on the Pribylof Islands, by such force as might be reasonable. To these claims the British Government submitted one answer—the law. The Attorney-General, in his argument, emphatically denied that the seal was a domestic animal, and maintained that it belonged to the class of wild animals (*animals feræ naturæ*), in which there is

¹ *The Behring Sea Arbitration*. Letters to *The Times* by a Special Correspondent, together with the Award. London: Wm. Clowes & Son.

no absolute property. Furthermore, he refused to admit that the United States had any such rights of protection as to justify them in seizing British ships. The Award decided that, though all the rights of Russia as to the seal fisheries in Behring Sea passed to the United States, yet the latter had not any right of protection or property in the fur seals frequenting the islands of the United States in Behring Sea when such seals were found outside the ordinary three-mile limit. This was a victory for England; and the case having by this time passed into history, we may treat the matter as one of historical quite as much as legal interest.

BELLES LETTRES.

MRS. TOLLEMACHE is already known as a translator (as well as by her poetical work), and her renderings always show care and purity of style, with a thoughtful choice of words. She now gives us some specimens of Diderot's art criticism,¹ of his theories of style, and of his moral judgments, taken from the *Salon de Peinture*, the *Encyclopédie*, and elsewhere, and preceded by some extracts from St. Beuve's *Essay on Diderot*. There is also a Preface from Mrs. Tollemache's own pen, which shows that she has carefully considered Diderot's historical position and grasped his significance. Familiar as English readers may be with Diderot's name, but a very small percentage have any actual knowledge of his writings, and therefore to many this little book will come as a revelation. Mrs. Tollemache has not attempted to represent every aspect of her author's gigantic *œuvre* within her very narrow limits; she has preferred to pick out some of those fruitful and stimulating remarks by which, according to St. Beuve, he "first breathed a soul into French criticism"; suggested to Lessing his *Laocoon*, and inaugurated a new style, which gradually superseded that of Bayle, Fénelon, and Rollin. The dicta on art here reproduced have much freshness of interest in these present days of the "New Criticism" of our own generation; and if too "literary" show true feeling and breadth of judgment.

*The Passing of a Mood*² is a collection, as it were, of scraps from a novelist's note-book, consisting of detached scenes, unfinished beginnings, indications of character and motive. The fragments show, however, both delicacy and nervous force, and are earnest attempts to express ordinary impressions with significance and relief, perhaps the most difficult task that could be set. We shall hope to hear further of V. O. C^s.

¹ *Diderot's Thoughts on Art and Style*. With some of his shorter Essays; selected and translated by Beatrix L. Tollemache (Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache). Remington and Co., Limited.

² *The Passing of a Mood*. By V. O. C^s. Pseudonym Library. Fisher Unwin.

*Chronicles of a Health Resort*¹ has something natural in the handling which pleases from time to time, but on the whole it is a feeble story, jerkily told, and reading curiously like a translation. The brilliant dialogue is left to the imagination; the officers are "walking gentlemen," and the fast young ladies, romping schoolgirls.

Mr. Easton King's *West Cliff*² is a study of the quarry and fishermen of Portland Island, a clannish folk, tenacious of their traditions, intermarrying only amongst themselves, and distrusting *kimberlins* or strangers. The action is supposed to take place about 1817; but these quarriers, like those of the neighbouring "Isle" of Purbeck, change singularly little. The tale is an ordinary story of seduction, told in long-winded fashion and with too much dialect, and the rustic portraits, though careful, are neither humorous nor racy. Some of the local customs are, however, amusing, as, for example, that of "jumping over a broomstick," for newly married men.

"The men (quarriers), all in their Sunday-going clothes, were ranged in two rows, one on either side of the room; one row consisting of married, the other of single men. . . . Midway between the two rows of men was placed a broomstick, and by the side of this stood Bob Scriven, immediately in front of the line of single men. . . . Bob turned his head round to the single men, and said in a loud tone:

" 'Young men and bachelors, I bid ye all adieu,' then turning to the married rank, added, 'Marr'ed men and widowers, I'm coming o'er to you.'

"As he uttered the last word, he gave a spring across the broomstick. A scŕmmage ensued, the single men trying to get Bob back to their ranks, and the married ones almost dislocating his limbs, in trying to give him place in theirs. After a few seconds the single men declared they had fairly lost . . . and that he must now stand beer all round."

The Hon. Mrs. Greene is known as a writer for young people, and her tale of witchcraft in the Grisons, *Bound by a Spell*³ is told by a practised pen. It is, however, too fanciful and incoherent, and apart from the supposed supernatural occurrences, contains many unlikely incidents, which we are left to account for as best we may.

Of two historical romances for boys, *Under Bayard's Banner*⁴ will no doubt serve its purpose as an introduction to some of the usages of chivalry; while *The Bow and the Sword*,⁵ an elaborate story of the sixth century B.C., with Cambyeses, Prince of Persia, for its hero, gives some of the customs of a much earlier period.

¹ *Chronicles of a Health Resort*. By A. Helder. Unwin's Novel Series.

² *West Cliff*. A Romance. By Easton King. Digby, Long & Co.

³ *Bound by a Spell; or, the Haunted Witch of the Forest*. By the Hon. Mrs. Greene. Cassell & Co.

⁴ *Under Bayard's Banner*. A Story of the Days of Chivalry. By Henry Frith. Cassell & Co.

⁵ *The Bow and the Sword*. A Romance. By B. E. C. Adams, M.A. Digby, Long & Co.

ART.

OF the many books already devoted to the cult of William Blake, the handy volume of Mr. Alfred T. Storey is perhaps the best, as being the shortest. Even here we could well spare certain speculations, by the way, concerning what the hero's mother must have been, "looking at the mingled emotional and spiritual of her son's lineaments"; and what the probabilities are of the early lack of education in himself and the later lack of meaning in most of his verses. The reader, however, who is not in search of a new prophet, and is content to see nothing where nothing exists, may derive a compendious knowledge of *William Blake: his Life, Character, and Genius* from the 160 pages of this little book.¹

In the first sixty-eight pages the author gives a pleasantly-written account of Blake's life, with characteristic anecdotes. His own connection with John Linnell, whose life he has also written, and who was a personal friend of Blake, has helped him to appreciate rightly the relations of this artist by profession and poet by inspiration with Flaxman and other artistic and literary celebrities of the beginning of the century.

William Blake was born in 1757, and was early versed in the Bible and Swedenborg. He was bound apprentice at fourteen years of age to an engraver, who soon set him at solitary work in making drawings of the monuments in Westminster Abbey. Here he lived alternately in communion with spectres of the past evoked from the tombs by his natural faculty of dreaming visions, and in fits of ill-temper at the live boys of the neighbouring school, who delighted in teasing him. As a man, he began by illustrating the *Annuals* dear to our grandmothers; and he had all his life equally respectable commissions, mainly for sacred subjects. He had ideas in abundance, but his pictures were exhibited at the Academy with indifferent success. Fuseli said that he was "damned good to steal from"; and Blake, in his fits of temper, charged both Stothard and Flaxman with so doing. Meanwhile he found means of printing his *Poetical Sketches*, and after a time began writing the strangest books, such as *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, in a mixture of prophetic prose and crazy rhythmical verse which reminds one of Walt Whitman. Some of these books, which he could not get printed, he brought out actually engraved by hand, accompanying the text with a decorative border as mysterious as the verse itself. But, whether designing *Inventions to the Book of Job* or illustrations for his own poetry, he dwelt always in the borderland between genius and madness.

As an engraver, Blake had been trained in a hard, dry school, while his design suffered from a constant tendency to draw, not from

¹ *William Blake: His Life, Character, and Genius.* By Alfred T. Storey. London Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

real models, but from the visions which his eyes saw when they were shut. His poetry was without technical merit, other than an occasional happy echo of some childish tune, or a certain impetuous onrush of words unable to keep up with the flood-tide of his thought, or rather, of his imagination. At last, having made no great stir in the world while living, and having been nursed through all the years of his manhood by the faithful, illiterate wife, whom he had married because she pitied him, he died in 1827, in his seventieth year. Since his death he has become a darkly luminous cloud to many, and a pillar of fire by night to a few. Of the latter is Mr. Swinburne, who has written of him enthusiastically. Several authors of large volumes have attempted to explain the man and his mysterious works.

The author of the present manual takes up the question of madness, which was freely attributed to Blake by his acquaintances, and finally examines at some length his "message" to mankind. Fortunately he does not waste our time and patience overmuch in trying to make clear what is unintelligible. What is easy to understand in William Blake is all that is of real importance to men who care only to remain spectators of the stream of art and life as it flows ever onward—*per omne volubilis ævum*. And with all his childish lack of balance, Blake has at least formed an eddy in our century's free thinking.

The psychology of the present day ought to make short work of his claims to prophetic insight and may even explain reasonably and naturally both his genius and his madness. From birth he was gifted with a sense of vision, abnormally developed in keen receptiveness and retentive power, and especially in the faculty of reproducing before the mind's eye, in infinitely varied and independent combinations, all the elements already taken in by the bodily organ. With this was joined that impulsive and emotional temperament which exists wholly in the present direct activity of consciousness and feeling, with little control from any reflex power of self-inspection and criticism. This natural disposition, when interfered with, sometimes determines epileptic discharges and sometimes simple explosions of temper. The latter was the case with William Blake, and he never arrived by training or experience at any deliberate control over what he was fond of calling his "energies."

In such a man there may easily be developed the prime characteristic of genius, which, as Aristotle puts it, is but quickness of insight into the connection between subject and predicate. Only, in such a mind, the subject is almost sure to be singular and not universal, that is, it will be living and deliciously concrete as coming from sense and imagination, but it will have little of the abstract and the exact, as reason and philosophy demand. In such a mind, also, ideas will do their work spontaneously, one calling up the other as in

a dream, but with intenser life and lucidity from the waking imaginative element which predominates. In this way, when Blake was in the fever of composition, figures and symbols and plain thoughts so crowded upon him that after a time they flowed from his pen in mere succession, without verbs or other connection of sense. It is useless to ask what Blake meant by such scripture. He meant nothing; he annotated the spontaneous workings of an imagination unsubjected to reason.

Blake's own words show that he had some idea of his mental process. "Good is the passive that obeys reason; evil is the active springing from energy. . . . (*The Voice of the Devil*). . . . Energy is the only life and is from the body, and reason is the bound and outward circumference of energy. . . . Energy is eternal delight."

Blake's lack of balance is yet more plainly to be seen in his boundless assertion of self and in his utter lack of self-criticism. But in this, only in an advanced degree, he was but a precursor of the generation of Victor Hugo and Walt Whitman.

In a book of over 400 pages, M. Henry Lemonnier, Professor of History in the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts, has given a careful study of *French Art at the Time of Richelieu and Mazarin*.¹ If a single important reserve has to be made concerning the completeness of his work, it is owing to a certain radical incompleteness in the knowledge of recent French historians, which is itself a result of worn-out controversies that still obscure the working of essential factors in French history. Otherwise, this book shows the incalculable advance of historical writing since the days when Voltaire imagined a golden age of Louis XIV., suddenly born into the world with the advent of the *Grand Monarque*, and since later writers imagined their histories of art schools without any reference to the contemporary history of the world's civilisation.

In a first part on art and history, M. Lemonnier sums up the principles governing all complete study of the history of art—the æsthetic element which remains always the same, and the varying elements of human progress in race, environment, and age. These principles he proceeds to apply, with great clearness of understanding, to the seventeenth century in general, in its unity and its divisions, to French Art in particular toward 1610, and to the influences then exerted on its development from abroad and at home.

In the second part, he treats of the social condition of artists, of the *maîtrise* in the technical corporations, and of the foundation of the Academy of painting and sculpture.

In the third part, after a summary of doctrines and styles, he describes the men of the period and their works, under the heads of architecture, religious and civil; painting, decorative, classical,

¹ *L'Art Français au temps de Richelieu et de Mazarin*. Par Henry Lemonnier. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1893.

realist, and religious; and sculpture. A conclusion recapitulates the historical significance of the entire work; and an appendix gives a detailed list of the principal French artists between 1610, when Louis XIII., and Richelieu came in, and 1660, when Louis XVI. took things into his own hands. The index of names and things, which would be essential to the full value of the work, is unfortunately wanting.

The reserve to be made in estimating the completeness of our author's conclusions concerns the character and influence of the religious life of the period. A false appreciation of this leads inevitably to a misunderstanding of the liberal education of the time, of the social life of the liberal professions, and of the activity of the guilds or corporations of artisans, which were still powerful. Yet these factors in the community exercised a controlling influence over its art life. In his estimate of this portion of his subject, we do not see that our author has advanced one step beyond Sainte-Beuve in his brilliant and laborious, but essentially narrow and incomplete, volumes on Port-Royal; and he is far behind M. Brunetière in his exhaustive studies of seventeenth-century life and letters. The old University and the Sorbonne he knows, and also the high and dry Gallican clergy of the time, with their followers among the upper *bourgeois*—all Conservatives, with their heads several centuries thick. In their highly respectable, select and somewhat pharisaical traditions, he sees the only "sincere" religion of the French, manifested to outward eye in monuments where Gothic corners mingle agreeably with Renaissance curves, as in the church of Saint-Etienne du Mont. In the churches of the Jesuits, roomy, light, gaily decorated and comfortable for all manner of assemblages, he sees but the theatrical pomp of a religious spirit which was sincere only in enforcing an outward conformity to a dogmatic standard. Everywhere he speaks of the influence of the Jesuits on art as a result of conscious and deliberate choice on their part, with a view to securing their own ends. All this is stated without passion, with admiration even; but it is a conclusion inherited from the old passionate polemics.

Here, if ever, is the occasion to apply the criterion of Alexandre Dumas: "Of two miracles I shall always choose the less." To one who has not entered into the inner life and spiritual thought of that age, into its traditions and teaching of private morals and the devotional element which brought home to individuals the religious sanction of its morals, the tremendous influence of the Society of Jesus over morals and letters and art itself may seem preternatural. But it would be supernatural that a body of men, of different nations and through different ages, with new complications of events constantly arising, should be able to foresee the tendencies of civilisation and succeed in carrying out a deliberate plan to influence and

modify its course. It is too difficult for ourselves to know all this *après coup*, that we should admit so uncanny a power in the very Jesuits. Yet more difficult is it for the philosophical student of history to believe that any body of men can quite rise above their age and surroundings, that they can cease to be a link in the endless chain of man's onward progress. The Jesuits, even under Richelieu and Mazarin, must have been effects before they could be causes.

Moreover, it is plain that the breath of living thought was not with the old Gallicanism but with the new Ultramontaniam. The spirit of the Council of Trent—the counter-reformation within the Church—was then in full and triumphant re-action against the Protestant Reformation, whose day of free thought, to say the least, had already passed; and the Jesuits represented Tridentine Christianity. One of their number, Mariana, had already had his bold book on tyrannicide burnt by the horrified University of Paris. Another, no less an one than Cardinal Bellarmine, had equally offended the Sorbonne and the Parliaments of France and James I. of England by maintaining that kings hold their power from God indeed, but through the people and not by any mystic divine right. The broad-minded treatises of Suarez on law and natural right had been translated in all the Protestant countries of Europe. The higher criticism of the day was represented by the Jesuit Petavius, whom our author does not seem to recognise in the Denis Petau whom he praises and who had for his chief adversary the Protestant theologian Salmasius and for chief friend the liberal Protestant jurist Grotius. St. Francis de Sales and St. Vincent de Paul, whom our author cites as vital religious influences of the day, were disciples and friends of the great Society, and practically fulfilled the idea, which its enemies fostered, of *Jésuites de la courte robe*. Bossuet, Corneille, Racine, were the pupils of the Jesuits as Tasso had been at their first beginnings in Italy. It is evident how legitimate must have been their influence on art, and how essential must be any mistake concerning the real character of their influence.

In sum, until the outward facts of history are studied completely, and apart from preconceived ideas, we shall have no adequate account of the evolution of French thought and art at any age. M. Lemonnier is less accurate, where the Jesuits are concerned, than Mr. John Morley in his literary estimates of the succeeding century. There is room for a completer study of both periods.

THE DRAMA.

THE dulness of the summer season suddenly ceased in the middle of September and gave way to an activity which may be fairly called excessive. Some of the new productions have been very interesting, and others may be passed with very brief reference. The most important work which saw the light in September was undoubtedly Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' ambitious effort *The Tempter*. This play has met with the fate of all things which are neither eminent nor mediocre—it has been highly belauded and mercilessly condemned. So much so, and so bewildering is the effect of all the criticisms which we have read, that at the present moment we do not wish to act upon our first impressions, but will take time to see this remarkable work again, and then to devote to it more space than we can afford this month; for *The Tempter* is worthy of our attention not only as a drama, but because it marks a most distinct point in Mr. Jones' histrionic career, and we shall have to investigate whether Henry Arthur Jones, the poet, equals Henry Arthur Jones, the realistic playwright, as he has shown himself in *The Dancing Girl* and, to a certain extent, in *Julah*. Mr. Jones is, if not the most interesting of our playwrights, certainly the one who occupies the most of our attention, for not satisfied with endeavouring to rule the public from behind the footlights, he now and again ascends the oratorical tribune and propounds doctrines and axioms which are sometimes as daring as they are uncompromising, and it is very curious to compare the words of the orator and the works of the playwright. The contrast between the two is most singular.

At the Comedy a new *régime* has been inaugurated by Mr. Comyns Carr. What once was the home of the Palais-Royal and home-made foolery is in future to be devoted to the production of true English comedies—that is to say, not comedy as we read it on our programmes, but comedy as it is understood everywhere in the world, as a mixture of the manners of the time with a dash of sentiment and a grain of salt.

If Mr. Sydney Grundy's play, *Sowing the Wind*, may be considered as a kind of criterion of Mr. Comyns Carr's managerial policy, he may be congratulated, for Mr. Sydney Grundy is a playwright from whom we always expect something fresh and something sterling, and as he is a thorough Englishman his work bears an unmistakably national stamp. We do not mean to convey by this

that *Sowing the Wind* has altogether satisfied us; to put it plainly, we were delighted with the framework, with its charming language of the thirties and its bits of scenery and customs and manners, but it is the picture itself that failed to arouse us; for, after all, it is a very trite story of the ex-beau who finds out, after so many years, that a former *liaison* of his has borne illegitimate fruit, and it is still an older story that this child—a girl, of course—should have adopted the, in former years, much-despised profession of a “singing woman,” and have met, by a heavenly accident, a swain who happens to be the foster-son of her unknown father. Fortunately, in the drama of *La Voix du Sang*, the old law of the Code Napoléon, that “la recherche de la paternité est interdite” does not hold good, so that in the end father and daughter are happily united, and the whole thing winds up with a marriage. If we had time to dive into our library and to look up the works of such venerable gentlemen as De Leuven, Bouchardy, Bourgeois, and the rest of the crew who manned the melodramatic barque of Paris in 1840, it would not be difficult to prove that this story which Mr. Grundy warms up has been told many a time, and often in a far more dramatic manner than he has done; but we will assume that the story goes for nothing and that, in this instance, the treatment is everything, and for this treatment one can have scarcely anything but sympathy and praise. Some of the speeches may be long-winded, some of the scenes spun out, but then we should not forget that the action is laid in a period when people used to say things in a much more discursive manner, and, for the matter of that, in a much more graceful style than we do in these days of shorthand literature and telephonic communication. As we said before, Mr. Grundy has caught the tone of the period in which the play is laid in the happiest fashion. *Sowing the Wind* is, to our mind, literature, a thing which we cannot define in so many words, but which we feel. Therefore Mr. Grundy’s latest effort may be said to enrich the rolls of our contemporary drama. It was carefully played by a highly intelligent company. In this respect Mr. Comyns Carr has shown himself the most competent of managers. Everyone was in his place, and if a few of them stood out as Miss Winifred Emery did, whose powers arose at times to unwonted heights, it was not so much to be attributed to the individual acting as to the prominence allotted to the part by the author. Mr. Brandon Thomas should also be named along with Mr. Cyril Maude, whose type of the old dandy bachelor adds a remarkable picture to the gallery of quaint impersonations which has been created by this highly intelligent actor. Mr. Brandon Thomas, we presume, rightly or wrongly, has followed with much attention the latter-day metamorphosis of acting which originated at the Théâtre Libre in Paris, and has since graduated to the Gymnase and to the Comédie Française. We mean that the style of diction of Mr. Thomas is absolutely colloquial, he does not raise

his voice needlessly. He makes no effort to conquer us by great exhibitions of sentiment, but seemingly pays no attention whatever to the audience. He plays as if he were not playing, but as if he were merely embodying the character as we would find it in real life. To some people this subdued manner, this quietness, this restraint, this assumed indifference may appear strange, not to say unsympathetic, but those who believe in realism and not in artifice cannot but express profound admiration for Mr. Thomas's method. If anyone wants to know what the so-called new school of acting means, what we should like to instil into our actors, let him go and see Mr. Brandon Thomas in *Sowing the Wind*. He is the precursor of a new era.

It is, perhaps, a matter of congratulation that Lord Tennyson was not alive when his last play was brought before London, for as it is veneration for the great departed, admiration for what he has done, and indulgence for the old age in which he aroused himself to the effort of writing a comedy, has prompted everybody to deal leniently with the *Foresters*. If he had lived we should probably have witnessed a different attitude, for that the *Foresters* is a play eminently open to criticism and severe strictures cannot be gainsaid, and what is withheld, or expressed in an undertone, now that the Laureate is dead would have no doubt been loudly and directly proclaimed during his lifetime. That the fable of the play, the romance of Maid Marian and Robin Hood is anything but strong, needs no explanation. All one could have hoped for is that Lord Tennyson would have infused in this well-worn nursery tale the blood of his fancy and the spirit of his power, but he has not done so. He has embellished the tale, but he has not fortified it, and so the *Foresters* exhibits a theme pretty and nice, but essentially undramatic. This was plainly felt during the performances and clearly demonstrated by the lukewarm—we should almost say undecided—attitude of the public. Beside this, if Tennyson had not been Tennyson there would have been some grounds for accusing him of having plucked some flowers from the old garden of Shakespeare, for there is a likeness between the Maid Marian and fair Rosalind so striking that we could hardly call it accidental. However, Tennyson was Tennyson, and his originality and power of invention have been proved to such an overwhelming extent, that there is no need to dwell on the affinity of the *Foresters* and *As You Like It*. We simply state our impression for record's sake.

If the drama calls for no gracious comment the poem does. It would have been well if this work had been given to the world as a poem and not as a play. It is distinctly a thing to be read not only by our present generation, but so long as the name of Tennyson shall live. It is a delightful poem; it is, as it were, an epopee of nature. Nature lives in it in all its aspects, and we, who confess ourselves to be emotionalists, a sect which may not

rank as a school, but which does undoubtedly number many adherents, do not exaggerate if we say that at times we have inhaled the perfume of the flowers in the forest, that we have heard the birds sing, and the buzzing of the insects as Tennyson's language touched our ear. It is impossible to bestow greater praise than this upon the poet; a man who by his words lifts us from the matter of fact atmosphere of the play-house into the delightful realms of God's Nature deserves more than our gratitude, he has reached the summit of his art. For this reason it is a matter for regret that this poem should not have been recited at the Lyceum, with such forces as Irving can command, and that it should have fallen into the hands of Mr. Daly, a manager whose productions of light comedy are very pleasant indeed, but who has proved several times already that the true spirit of reverence for the works of our great poets does not dwell in him. No doubt Mr. Daly does well and tries to give his best, but meaning and trying are not sufficient when such Titans as Shakespeare and Tennyson are concerned. The manager who takes these works up must command perfection. He must not throw sand into the eyes of his patrons by entrusting the main parts to one or two stars. All must be adequate from the leading part to the meanest. There must be uniformity in every sense, and that was not the case at Daly's. To start with, two languages were spoken, English and American, and the English ear is hurt by the American tongue. Then, the stage management was by no means what it ought to be. It would have sufficed for an opera (there was a good deal of operatic in this production, what with the magnificent music of Sir Arthur Sullivan's and the bewitching ballet of the nymphs), but for a pastoral comedy, as this play was intended to be, Mr. Clarke's dispositions seemed somewhat odd. The gathering of the crowds, their shouts, their movements, the obtrusiveness of the low comedians—all that was out of tone. A real artist is wanted at Daly's, a painter and a literary man to control this crowd, which has lost touch with Shakespeare through its incessant association with Schoenthal. Miss Ada Rehan was a very charming and brisk and lovely Maid Marian, but with all the admiration possible for her uncommon gifts, it must be said that she pleased us better as Rosalind written by Shakespeare than as Marian portrayed specially for her by Tennyson. Best of all, we should say, was Mr. Arthur Bouchier; not so because he realised entirely the Robin Hood of our youthful dreams, but because the strides of progress which he has made since he left us to cross the ocean, are remarkable. He has improved in every way. His diction has become correct and dignified, his bearing has become staid, and he has learnt to endow his voice with that flexibility which a year or so ago was sadly wanting. There is now in Mr. Bouchier the making of a sterling actor, and it is not only a pleasure, but it is a duty to say this openly.

THE HOLY OFFICE AND LIBERAL CATHOLICISM.

MR. MIVART'S recent contributions to the *Nineteenth Century* are additional evidence of the difficulty felt by thoughtful Catholics of harmonising the Religion of Creeds and Councils with the Spirit of the Age. Recognising that conformity to environment is essential to existence, they have begun to examine for themselves how far tenets that satisfied the mental requirements of pre-mediæval ages are capable of adaptation to the needs and sentiments of modern times. It is superfluous to remark that professed theologians and officials of the Curia give no encouragement to these reconciliatory efforts; still less do they take the initiative in such delicate proceedings. To those who know Rome and the atmosphere in which the Ecclesiastical world lives and moves, it is gravely questionable whether any like adequate appreciation of the needs and aspirations of modern thought is felt. Nothing beyond a distant rumble reaches the inner precincts of the halls and schools whose existence is exclusively devoted to the propagation of an antiquated philosophy and theology. Consequently the work of "Reconciliation" is left to those whose fuller acquaintance with the Time-Spirit convinces them that, if old-world faith is to survive, something must be done on behalf of those who are beyond the precincts of that sacred circle bound over not to think.

Conspicuous among these Liberal Catholics, and, perhaps, the most liberal of them all, is Mr. Mivart. On more than one occasion he has come forward with suggestions on the ultimate harmony between Science and Revealed Religion, and in a valuable little publication—valuable, I would add, from a merely Theistic point of view—he records his deliberate judgment that science has no quarrel with religion. Mr. Huxley, however, has expressed the same conviction, and with equal emphasis, of which apparent antilogy the explanation is, that Mr. Huxley's Religion excludes Dogmatic Theology, while Mr. Mivart's does not. In addition to this, he has made a limited excursion into the field of Biblical Criticism, which has convinced him that the Creeds and Councils of the Church are untouched by anything beyond the range of hypothesis or mere conjecture. It is true that his *Modern Catholicism* was very severely handled by Mr. Justice Stephen in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, and

that his apologetic efforts were but imperfectly appreciated in the recorded opinions of representative men of his own communion—one, the Rev. Canon Brownlow, indulging in what looked like unseemly merriment over Mr. Mivart's discomfiture.¹ However, undeterred by previous experience, he entered, last December, on a new venture with the professed object of so expurgating and amending the dogma of everlasting punishment, as to recommend it to the hesitating faith of fellow-Catholics, some of whom (so he told us) were contemplating secession from the Catholic body on this very question. So far, beyond the sarcasms of Canon Brownlow, and an occasional warning from the irreproachably orthodox pages of the *Dublin Review*, Mr. Mivart contrived to pursue unharmed the even tenor of his way. And, therefore, encouraged, no doubt, by past immunity during the prosecution of his self-appointed missionary enterprise, he has attempted something in the nature of a *grand coup* in paving the way to an amended belief in the Apocalyptic doctrine of an endless Hell. But he has gone too far; this time the thunderbolts have fallen upon him and his venturesome career has been cut short. A decree has been issued at Rome which summarily disposes of Mr. Mivart and his neo-theology, and relegates his articles, one and all, to the ever-increasing pages of the Expurgatory Index. The method of condemnation adopted in this particular case is evidence of the high character for ability which Mr. Mivart enjoys at the Vatican, for while, in most cases, an article like his would have been "indexed" and nothing more, he has been honoured by the notice of the Holy Office itself, and a general anathema pronounced upon everything that he has written concerning the punishments of the other world. This decree, so his whilom adversary, but now reconciled brother, the Rev. Father Clarke, tells us, is dogmatic—that is to say, the decision is, not disciplinary, but doctrinal, and moreover, infallible, if we are to listen to some dozen theologians cited by Father Clarke in the September number of this REVIEW. Henceforth, then, we shall hear no more of anything like "happiness" associated with the endless torments of Hell, and Liberal Catholicism, at least in this particular direction, receives its *con x de grâces*.

Now, what was this Liberal Catholicism? Mr. Mivart's common-sense was outraged by the view of certain theologians that the majority of mankind will be eternally damned. His refined instincts revolted at the hideous pictures drawn by preacher, missionary, and spiritual writer upon the dogmatic background prepared by the theologian, which unquestionably fill the minds of all but the intelligent, and thus perpetuate notions about God and religion, not only gross and degrading, but calculated later on to provoke a

¹ In a letter to the *Tablet* shortly after, Sir J. Stephen wound up his criticism with the assertion that Mr. Mivart's *Modern Catholicism* was nothing "but an elaborate *petitio principii*."

terrible reaction against religion when their hollowness is discovered. It is obvious that a world which has got rid of the devilry of witchcraft will emancipate itself from belief in the devilry of Hell, and Mr. Mivart wants to prepare the less sagacious of his communion for that inevitable event. He wants to make an end of this remnant of savagery by showing that if the torments of Hell are not remedial in their effects, at least God is not like the magnified copy of a human fiend, torturing for age what was done in an hour, and inviting his "elect" to rejoice at the spectacle!¹

He wished to lessen as far as possible the number of the irretrievably lost by pointing out what is perfectly obvious to anything but the most blinded fanaticism—that the environment in which God causes the vast majority of His creatures to be born and reared, will positively not allow of our expecting them to satisfy the conditions laid down by theologians for escape from an endless doom. He wished, in addition, to mitigate, as far as possible, the terrible agony endured by the comparatively few—"the dull, hopeless, insensate blockheads upon whom all pains are lost"—whom he admitted to be doomed beyond all hope of recovery, by such humane suggestions as would, we should have thought, recommended themselves to any one not positively inhuman. But he has been overruled. It has been infallibly decided that such gradual mitigations of physical torture as he longed to believe might obtain even in the *Città dolente*, have no place there at all. The agony "for ever, ever reigns," as the pious hymn has it. However, until men know something of the superior sources of information possessed by the Holy Office which enables it to decide such a question dead against the universal conscience of mankind that has escaped the very lowest condition of savagery, I imagine they will go on thinking that God's punishments are not vindictive but retributive, inflicted with no other than a remedial end in every single case. It will not derogate from their highest conceptions of an All-holy and Just Being to believe that, *because* His justice exceeds ours, and His omnipotence man's finite power, He does exact the justest retribution, "even to the last farthing," without perpetuating such a remorseless horror as the hell of the Holy Office, which has made many a man say that the God of some Christians is worse than their devil.

And so far, therefore, one can feel every sympathy with Mr. Mivart. The whole conception of popular eschatology is coarse and repulsive in the extreme, and the efforts of any man to purify and elevate it are worthy of our sincerest approval. But if I am not mistaken, Mr. Mivart little knows what he has to contend with.

¹ To find Thomas of Aquin lending the sanctity of his name in support of such a revolting conception as this is to gather effectively something of the ideas which permeate minds less saintly and elevated than his.

It is perfectly true, as the "Papists" maintain—though in a widely different sense—that the modern Spirit has not entered Rome through the breach of Porta Pia. When I look back on ecclesiastical Rome as I knew it ten years ago the memory of it is as of a city that is buried in a past that is never to live again. The men who control the Church tribunals and offices know nothing of the ways and thoughts, the hopes or aspirations, of these days. They despise it all as false or unreal. They have not begun, even remotely, to feel as Mr. Mivart does about any of those complex questions which can no longer be settled by an off-hand reference to the Syllabus or the Sixth General Council. They are as persistent as ever in their asseveration, "Thus saith the Lord," but the men of these days will equally persist in demanding how they know that the Lord has said what the moral sense experiences an intense repugnance in accepting? No one but a dreamer thinks that there is any hope of help from Rome as a centre of learning or research. All the energy and determination of Leo XIII. have failed to awaken the faintest enthusiasm even for the scholasticism of Thomas Aquinas, while to the Catholic body at large his Encyclicals on this matter are simply dead letters. "*Non ragioniam di lor*" must be Mr. Mivart's verdict on the controlling powers if he knows anything of the spirit that animates them. His hopes for the intellectual future of his Church, and the recommendation of its teaching to the modern mind, are already doomed if he relies on anything that Rome may do for him. "*Sedet æternumque sedebit*," faithful to the traditions which the world has outgrown, while the manhood of Europe is admittedly falling away from its influence.

But, while I express my concurrence in Mr. Mivart's humane views on the character of future retribution, I must confess to no sympathy whatsoever with *Liberal Theology*. A Church or a Creed which, without frankly admitting its past errors, is continually occupied in so trimming and re-modelling its old-world tenets as to recommend them to those whose intellectual atmosphere is of a higher and more stimulating character, can secure the enthusiastic allegiance of very few. When one looks back and sees the *disjecta membra* of theological speculations scattered so freely on every side—literal inspiration surrendered here, the chronology of Genesis abandoned there, the Mosaic cosmogony and anthropology amputated one after the other, the deluge watered down to an overflow of two rivers, the ages of the antediluvians explained away as astronomical hieroglyphics, the conversion of the body of Lot's wife by a volcanic eruption, and finally Cardinal Newman's summary admission of the possibility of wholesale errors where formerly infallibility was held to reign supreme—it is difficult to feel anything like confidence in the divine stability of dogma or the claims of a Body that affirms its

own exclusive right to teach it. And so, when one more attempt at the reconciliation of opposites is made, the generality of men can but feel a languid interest in its fate. A certain blunt straightforwardness forces them to ask: "Is it or is it not true: Yes or No?" When Moses wrote the first chapter of Genesis, was he detailing information received from the Almighty, or not? If yes, how comes science to negative that account with the irresistible argument of fact; and, further, how comes the author to give in the second chapter another "inspired" account of the manner in which God made the world, which by no hermeneutical ingenuity can be reconciled with the "inspired" account of the first chapter? If No, then what is the peculiar value of the Mosaic story, and in what sense is it "inspired"? And, further, when this has been settled, what is to be said of the multitudinous arguments which convince every man acquainted with them, that the account is not only not God's, but not even Moses'? So, in this matter of endless punishment, most men, I imagine, will say, "What of a little more or a little less pain, *if*, indeed, it goes on for ever?" *Parum pro nihilo reputatur*. The only question of interest now is: "Is the dogma itself true, and, if so, what is the evidence in its favour?" What is the use of suggesting mitigations and interruptions of torment by way of cloaking the repulsive features of a doctrine which men cannot be got to believe at all? Compromises in such a matter are out of the question. And, therefore, with a hybrid like liberal theology, which, true to its kind, has all the vices and none of the virtues of its progenitors—science and dogmatism—the world can have but little patience. Mr. Momerie, in his essay on *The Religion of the Future*, says he is inclined to prefer the downright mendacity of Origen, who openly advocated lying "where the interests of souls were concerned," to the ambidextrous methods of modern theologians face to face with difficulties that were at once unanswerable and destructive of cherished doctrines. Possibly that may be the feeling of many more, for certainly with the memory of more than one recent controversy in these pages, and the still more recent treatment meted out to Mr. Mivart, it cannot be said that the Reconciler's lines have fallen in pleasant places.

However, we must now leave Mr. Mivart and his collaborators, and introduce another matter, which, if it has not attracted the attention of the Holy Office, has certainly not gone unnoticed in England. I allude to a remarkable paper in the *Contemporary Review* for last May on "The Pope and the Bible." Whatever may have been the intention of the writer of that highly entertaining paper, it can scarcely be said to be signed and sealed with the mark of the Reconciler's School, for a more caustic, not to say abusive, piece of writing, has not been seen for many a long day. Like Mr. Mivart, the writer of it is a Catholic, and, strangely enough,

one who seems to go out of his way in ostentatious affirmation of his belief. I know of Catholics who look on Mr. Mivart as "rather shaky," but I scarcely know how they would describe this new Iconoclast. He belongs to the Extreme Left, and advocates intellectual reformation of a most sweeping character. He has no patience with the Temporal Power, or the political coquetry of Leo XIII. with a barbarous and persecuting Power like Russia, and so severe was his indictment of Papal politics, that he succeeded in "drawing" the Rev. Father Brandi, the editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the bi-monthly periodical of the Jesuits. The Jesuit, however, was no match for the dialectical skill of the critic, who at once proceeded to demolish Father Brandi's reply, and, flushed with his triumph, to inaugurate a campaign in the interests of Biblical Criticism. He leads off with a contemptuous attack upon the ignorance and incompetence of the professors employed in Catholic Seminaries, going so far as to endorse the surprising statement of a recent German writer that there is absolutely not one Biblical scholar in the Catholic Church worthy of mention! He has one or two amusing stories illustrative of their ignorance of Oriental languages, even of Hebrew, and asks in dismay why Catholics should continue to pay any further heed to their antiquated notions on the history of the Old Testament literature?

His solution of the difficulty in which intellectual Catholics find themselves is startling in the extreme. Let the Pope, he says, in effect, extinguish forthwith the Scripture luminaries at Rome and Louvain, and install the "free-thinkers" of Holland and Germany in their places! As for the theologians and their "teaching Church"—a tribunal of supreme authority which he declares they have set up in their own person—he has nothing but contempt, and frankly tells them that in spite of all their denunciations he is going to hold with Kuesen and Wellhausen:

First, that the Jewish and Christian tradition assigning the Pentateuch to Moses is absolutely groundless. It is a compilation, begun in the eighth century before Christ, and not completed till after the Captivity in the fifth century B.C. It is entirely anonymous. To refer those books to an author who lived B.C. 1500 is so much nonsense.

2. The historical books of *Kings* and *Chronicles* he declares to be no history at all in the modern sense of that word. Among some truthful records they contain legendary and fabulous matter in abundance. They may be interesting enough from an antiquarian point of view, but are quite unreliable—particularly as they contradict each other flatly on every other page.

3. The Davidic authorship of any single *Psalms* is matter for grave doubt, even, I therefore conclude, of the 110th, emphatically ascribed

by Christ Himself to the "Royal Psalmist," and to the inspiration of "the Spirit."¹ Here, the writer practically takes the advanced position of Professor Cheyne in his Bampton Lectures.

4. He maintains the divided authorship of *Isaiah*, ascribing the last twenty-seven chapters to an anonymous prophet of the Captivity, and thereby thoroughly eliminating the prophetic character of the utterances respecting Cyrus, and the deliverance of the captive Jews. The career of Cyrus could have been as easily "prophesied" by such a man as that of Napoleon in our own days after his campaign in Italy.

5. The book of *Daniel* comes in for even more drastic treatment. He brings it down to B.C. 167, the era of the Antiochean persecution, an opinion now acquiesced in even by the most moderate among critical scholars. Canon Liddon, preaching at St. Paul's in 1890, declared that it would be difficult to maintain Christ's authority as a religious teacher, if Daniel were written in the second century instead of the sixth.² The writer has probably reflected on this, but he offers no explanation of the surpassingly strange spectacle of a Catholic avowing opinions which both critics and theologians (even Anglican) recognise as subversive of the pronounced judgment of Jesus Christ.

6. Finally, he emphasises his belief, to which he declares he will adhere until a Papal Bull compels him to do otherwise, that the Old Testament abounds in fables, myths, and legends, which could only have originated or obtained credence in the childhood of the world. He says it will never do to ask men to accept the historical truth of such narratives as are found in the Books of *Genesis*, *Kings*, *Tobias*, and others, and makes merry over the fable of a universal deluge sent to destroy all mankind, when indisputable historical records reveal the fact that at the very time the Flood was supposed to be in full operation, the inhabitants of an adjacent country like Egypt were "marrying and giving in marriage," feasting and reveling, even as they were during the hundred years expended by Noah in the fabrication of the Ark! The phenomenal ages of the early patriarchs are ridiculed on the same historical ground, and altogether the writer gives one to understand that Old Testament history is to a great extent nothing better than the matter purveyed by storytellers to the nursery.

Now, all this, if true—and I take it that outside villages and little Bethels there is a steadily increasing number who believe it—puts a summary end to the old doctrine of the infallibility of the Scripture literature. Doubtless the writer scouts such a notion; but at any rate he must hold the "inspiration" of the Old Testament, and, to men who look things squarely in the face, that seems to "go" as assuredly as its infallibility. "Inspiration" is, I know,

¹ Matt. xxii. 43.

² "The Value of the Old Testament," a sermon preached shortly after the appearance of Mr. Gore's essay on Inspiration in *Luce Mundi*.

a most elastic term ; it can cover everything from the divine *afflatus* in a Vedic hymn up to the grandiose conceptions of Isaiah or the prologue of the fourth Gospel. But, speaking for myself, I always understood that inspiration implied infallibility as certainly as infallibility excludes inspiration. The Pope, I was led to believe, passes his own judgment, but owing to the "assistance" of the Deity that judgment is inevitably correct. On the other hand, inspiration implies that the action of God on the mind and will of the writer is such that the result is God's, and not the man's, writing. The human agent might indeed be left to choose his own words, but the "*res et sententiæ*,"—that is, the ideas and concepts—even though previously known to the writer—are in reality not his but those of the Supreme Being. I have never heard of any laxer view of the "notion of Inspiration" than this, whatever may be propounded in the future, and it always seemed to me to imply the infallibility of the sacred writer. If mere assistance, or the negative action of the Almighty, secures infallibility to the Pope, what must not the positive action of God effect when He inspires a man to write.' Of course it would be useless to cite the despised theologians, but I must affirm here that, viewing the decisions of the Council of Trent, which, without distinction of looks, defines the Old Testament to be the "Word of God" equally with the New, the Catholic Church could not accept anything more liberal in the interpretation of the highly ambiguous term under discussion. For that body they are, one and all, volumes written by the hand of the Deity in the very same way that the words of a plenipotentiary are those of the sovereign whom he faithfully represents.

This being so, it at once occurs to the reader of this revolutionary piece of writing that nothing could be more interesting than another paper from the same author, which would give as his views on the nature and extent of "inspiration," and of the compatibility of ultra-critical views of the Bible with the plain teaching of General Councils, to say nothing of "the unanimous consent of the Fathers," "the common opinion of theologians," and that conformity with "the Catholic spirit" which is declared to be incumbent on all, even in matters not strictly defined by the Church. He does, indeed, seem to swing himself free from these and any other restriction, except the explicit definitions of a General Council, or the *ex cathedrâ* pronouncements of a Pope. But here he is, of course, seriously in error, and as a Catholic he must know it. There is, to take an example or two, no explicit definition of the translation or assumption of the body of Christ's mother, but any Catholic denying the same historical fact would be forthwith excluded from religious

¹ I am not forgetful of the very modern view restricting inspiration to matters of "Faith and Morals." With this I shall deal later on. I will only remark here that this theory would make the Scriptures merely contain the Word of God, a view rejected by all theologians.

communion. Similarly, there is no dogmatic definition, such as the writer requires, on the validity of Baptism administered to infants; but it would be downright heresy to question it. And, therefore, we have a right to ask what sort of explanation is forthcoming to render belief in "inspired" myths and legends rational? What new philosophy is going to vindicate as worthy of the Deity such acts as the "inspiring" of a man to transcribe, for the edification of all subsequent ages, the mendacity of Jacob, the treachery of Jael, the adventures of Samson, or the prodigies of Jonah or Elisha, and the hundred and one extravagances in Old Testament Literature which the author would obviously relegate to the domain of fables. Further, it would be still more interesting to know the grounds on which he accepts, as "inspired," books which he knows to be anonymous, and, in some instances, certainly, and probably also in all, widely discrepant from their originals which have perished ages ago. Internal criteria are, of course, inadequate to decide the matter, and the Church defines the dogma to rest on her own unsupported authority. In the case of the Old Testament she borrows her information from the Jews, which, in some instances she accepts, and in others summarily sets aside, on no other ground than that Christ and the apostles thought differently—a fact which is, of course, utterly incapable of proof. But the importation of the authority of Christ and the apostles, so far from mending matters, only makes them worse. In the few pronouncements which Christ makes on Biblical questions He takes those very views to which Orthodoxy has ever clung, but which critical science now shows to be untenable. Of course there is the ingenious explanation, which the writer may possibly have learnt from the ecclesiastical radicals in *Luce Mundi*, that Christ was merely using an *argumentum ad hominem*, quoting legends to the Jews, as a man might cite the history of Cinderella to point a moral to a child, or as a clergyman might read out the famous "war song of the Ancient Church" under the name of Athanasius, well knowing that that bishop had nothing to do with its composition, whatever the Congregation thought. Whether Christ knew, or did *not* know better, they triumphantly explain, is really a matter of no importance. In the first place, He talked down to the ignorance of His hearers, and in the second, it was only His human and not His divine knowledge that was at fault. *Solitur ambulando*. Speaking for myself, I rather incline to Dr. Liddon's view that the authority of Christ as a teacher of religion—in the sense in which Orthodoxy regards him—is very rudely shaken if the flood did not come "and destroy them all"; if Lot's wife was not transubstantiated, or Jonah transported by a submarine monster. To men who want to be as logical and straightforward in their methods of religious inquiry as in any other department of daily life, it will scarcely be enough to point out that

Christ, the very Deity Who inspired the writers in question, used the 110th Psalm to prove His superhuman origin, when we now know that the citation was utterly irrelevant, the Psalm in question having been written, not *by* David, but *about* David by a courtier, or a poet attached to the regal House. I have no intention to be irreverent, but I affirm that no man of common honesty would attempt to establish his claim to an interest under a Will by methods such as the *argumentum ad hominem* theory ascribes to Jesus Christ. There are, of course, grave reasons for believing that the argumentation in question was never used by Christ at all. But however this may be, the writer must not reduce the theologians of his Church to such a pitiable condition of incompetence and ignorance, alleging that they have been wrong from first to last, and must go to Leyden and Tübingen to be set right, and then (by implication at least) ask us to endorse his consistency when he believes, on the word of these now thoroughly discredited authorities, the stupendous fact that those books, of whose history he has demonstrated their complete ignorance, are the *only* writings of the Almighty God. Useless to urge that he believes, not them, but the Church. How does the Church speak except through them? Imagine a Church which claims infallibility as a divine endowment, allowing her accredited representatives to entertain and to propagate the most erroneous notions on a matter falling so essentially within her province—and that for some nineteen centuries—and which continues, in spite of all, to urge her unsupported testimony to evidence the fact that the very books about which she knows so little are to be accepted, under penalty of eternal reprobation, as the composition of the Almighty God! Depend upon it, a guide who can't get you up to the Grand Mulets will never enable you to reach Mont Blanc.

With this I take leave of the question of the consistency or inconsistency of the candid friend of Catholicism, for a matter of far more interest and importance awaits our consideration. It is nothing less than the consistency or inconsistency of the Holy Office itself. No one can fail to be struck with the different treatment meted out to Mr. Mivart and the author of *The Pope and the Bible*.⁴ The comparative magnitude of their respective "heresies" is, indeed, not a matter of supreme moment, though, if Mr. Mivart be ruled the chief offender, the anonymous Critic runs him very close. In fact, one would, *prima facie*, be inclined to think Mr. Mivart's humanitarian views relatively harmless, when one recalls the profane ridicule expended by his competitor, not only on the theologians, but on the inspired penmen themselves. However, the extraordinary fact remains that whereas Mr. Mivart has been summarily silenced, his companion in arms has got off scot free. We must not, of course, be in too great a hurry, for Rome's sagacious adoption of the waiting policy—dictated as a necessity by past experience—is proverbial. Then, too,

Mr. Mivart and his theological eccentricities have doubtless been a source of considerable anxiety to the Inquisitorial Officials during the past months, and it may well be that they have not yet had sufficient time to devote to the consideration of the profane suggestions of the article under notice. If that is the case, I shall have to retract the best part of the subsequent matter of this paper, and express my regret at having been somewhat premature in expression of opinion. However, to make my possible fall as comfortable as I can, let me put the matter hypothetically and say that, if the Biblical Critic is disposed of as summarily as the Infernal Critic, I will offer every apology for what is to come and admit that we now know definitely—and it is a matter of some importance—that there can be no more fellowship between Rome and “freethinking” Germans and Dutchmen, than between the despised theologians and the views so pertinaciously advocated by their pitiless opponent. If, on the other hand, no such malediction falls on Teutonic Divinity (which might be construed into a practical benediction of its fearless advocate), I shall have to admit that the flexibility of adaptation with which the Catholic Church is credited is surprisingly greater than I ever imagined, and that its Supreme Authority is capable as any Russian Government of throwing over its accredited subordinates when they have been less than ordinarily successful in carrying out a policy which meets with the determined hostility of others. And yet, on reflection, I am not quite sure that I shall have to admit even that, for the Holy Office may take longer in making up its mind about Kuenen and Wellhausen than in determining the far more abstruse question of the mitigation of torments inflicted in another world. We may have to wait for months, perhaps for years, and Catholics might point to the fact that, whereas uninterrupted agony in Hell and the Temporal Power found strenuous defenders in Frs. Clarke and Brandi, and the Bishop of Nottingham (who divide the good work between them) not one, here or elsewhere, has taken up the cudgels on behalf of those forlorn divines, who for centuries past have been standing loyally by Moses and the Pentateuch and all the antiquated teaching about the Old Testament, and that such wholesale abandonment by high and low amounts to proof positive that such theological minutiae as those to which Biblical Criticism gives its attention are in reality of comparative insignificance. This is an explanation, and, to tell the truth, I have not the slightest doubt that it will satisfy a considerable number of the few Catholics who know anything whatsoever of the most elementary matters concerned with Biblical Criticism. If the Holy Office condemns Mr. Mivart, it shows that that tribunal knows the Scientist to be wrong; but if it is silent about the subversive theories of Kuenen or Wellhausen and the damaged reputation of the whole theological corps, it does not

necessarily mean that the Germans are right, but only that the matter does not "signify," and leaves the "Inspiration" of the Sacred Records untouched. Why should the Church speak, however infallible she may be? Does not Mr. Lilly say that she can "wait"?¹ And, so, the issue would be more or less doubtful, and I should not know whether the Church's silence obliged me to retract, or allowed me to stand by what I shall now proceed to say. It is just this: If History teaches anything, it teaches one thing, namely that whenever the Church and her theologians have taken sides against science in a matter which admitted of the test of physical investigation, there the Church and her theologians have been invariably wrong and science invariably right. Explain away, refine, distinguish, plead and argue as you will, Ecclesiastics with the whole Church at their backs, have stood by Mosaic philosophy with a devotion deserving of better recognition than that accorded to it by their contemptuous Critic. They have held out that the world was only a few thousand years old; that man's antiquity was only slightly less; that the Deluge was a physical reality, universal, as preached heretofore, but partial only as desperate theologians now admit; that the earth, and not the sun, is the centre of our planetary system; that the government of the world was one of constant arbitrary interference on the part of the Supreme Being instead of proceeding on fixed laws; that men and women were, in thousands, in communication with devils, who could even enter their bodies, thus caricaturing the Incarnation of their Deity; that this gross and degrading belief justified the torturing of countless human beings, whose only offence we now know was that they were afflicted by maladies which the imperfect knowledge of the day ascribed to diabolical communication. Fruitless to say that these monstrosities of faith were never defined by a Pope or a General Council any more than the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. Council or Pope would as soon thought of defining the existence of God, so absolutely ingrained were these perverse opinions in the life and belief of all Christians. Have we not been told, times out of mind, that no definitions of Councils or Popes would ever have been made were it not for the perversity of heretics denying the primitive truth? Where are the heretics who affirmed what science teaches about the world and the man? When the first whisperings of science were heard, threatening the Old-world learning with destruction, the Church and the theologians were up in arms in the interests of revealed truth. Constrained to give way step by step they have grown more and more cautious in meddling with anything that admits of the possibility of test or experiment. In the lofty region of Metaphysics, there the Church expands her energies, sublimely free

¹ The writer of *The Pope and the Bible* totally disagrees with Mr. Lilly's estimate of the results attained by German scholars, and, truth to say, well he might.

and indifferent to criticism. She can define the Trinity and the Incarnation of the Deity to be indisputable facts, for no one can attempt a verification of her teaching concerning the inner Life of God any more than the efficacy of oil and water can be tested when put to sacramental uses. And so with the doctrine defined by the Holy Office that Hell's torments know no such mitigation as Mr. Mivart vainly hoped. No one can test it. Mr. Mivart has nothing better on his side than the gentler instincts of our poor humanity, which, in spite of its "Fall," is shocked at the notion that its God should be as bad and worse than a cruel man, and so he is peremptorily ordered to stand aside and bow to the superior wisdom of those despised theologians, who, though so incompetent in Biblical matters, are such proficientes in eschatological ones as to be able to draw up the decree condemnatory of Mr. Mivart's teaching.

It is for this reason that I believe that the Neo-Biblical Critic will be left undisturbed, while poor Mr. Mivart has gone to his fate. For where independent scholars are so unanimously agreed as are those of Holland and Germany with regard to the six or seven propositions advocated by the writer; where the same propositions are being defended as indisputable by every competent authority in England and America, notwithstanding the condemnation of Colenso and Temple for far less advanced views some twenty or thirty years ago, the Church of Rome may well "wait" before she commits herself. Some years ago, like the authorities of the Anglican Church, she might have made quick work of the Catholic critic and his seven propositions; but the times are altered, and the matter must be battled out by such arms as reason, and not authority, supplies. The Church is but poorly equipped for the fight. The admitted truth is—we have it from the writer of the article himself and, I may add, from eminent Catholics as well—that the Church does not possess one single scholar who is capable of publishing a book calculated to exercise the slightest influence on the present position of the controversy.

It seems to be the opinion of even such partial critics as the *Spectator* that the definitions of the Council of Trent have too deeply committed the Church of Rome to allow of her having any part or fellowship with modern biblical criticism. It certainly needs more than an off-hand assertion that the conclusions of that science leave the question of inspiration untouched. There is no escape from the dilemma. Either the critics are wrong, in which case they must be refuted, and that the Church has not even begun to remotely attempt; or they are right, and then it must be shown how their conclusions harmonize with explicitly defined dogmas—that is, it must be shown what grounds we have for believing books to be God's own and only writing, of whose history, till comparatively the other day, we knew next to nothing.

W. R. SULLIVAN.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

IN all ages and in all countries a halo of interest attaches to the marriage ceremony, and formerly, when superstition was so rife in the country, it naturally followed that all sorts of curious customs arose in connection with marriage—customs which, at the time of their inauguration, were full of meaning and real interest, but many of which, in process of time, and owing to an altered state of society, have fallen either into oblivion, or become so changed as to be hardly recognisable.

Marriage, in one form or another, is the oldest institution of society, and the source of its most ancient laws. The primitive ceremonies of marriage are of immense number, and many of them have left distinct survivals in modern customs. As regards Christian Europe, in 1085 Hildebrand declared marriage to be a sacrament of the Church ; and, at the Reformation, Calvin declared it to be an institution of God. The School of Grotius, on the other hand, describes it as a contract of partnership.

The Anglo-Saxon marriage ritual was for the parties, with their attendants, to come to the porch of the church ; here they were met by the priest ; first he blessed the ring and gave it to the bridegroom, who placed it on the middle finger of the bride's left hand. After this, the priest recited a form of blessing over the parties ; then he led them into the chancel, where they remained while mass was celebrated, towards the close of which they received the solemn nuptial benediction, and afterwards the Pax, and the Holy Communion.

Before the Council of Trent a valid marriage^s in the eyes of the Church might be effected by a simple declaration of the parties to be man and wife ; no witnesses were necessary under these circumstances, and the presence of a priest might also be dispensed with. It will at once be seen that a practice such as this was open to very great and grave abuse where the interested parties were only too often the only witnesses of the declaration. After the Council of Trent, and in all countries where the discipline of Trent is received and promulgated, the presence of the parish priest is absolutely necessary to constitute a valid marriage in the eyes of the Roman Church by mere declaration of the parties to be man and wife, and

under no circumstances can marriages such as these be recognised by the law.

It was customary in many places for the priest to entwine the ends of his stole round the joined hands of the bride and bridegroom at the words, "Those whom God hath joined together," in token of the indissoluble union thereby effected. Most probably this practice led to the familiar expression, "Tying the knot." Neither the Roman nor the Sarum Missals contain any direction for this ritual, which would appear to be a pure innovation on the part of the priests.

In ancient Rome the Patrons or Patricians only might marry with each other. If a Patrician married a client or vassal, their children were not allowed to take Patrician rank, because these clients or vassals had not *connubium*, or right of marriage with their Patrons. Under Caesar's rule a married woman was allowed the use of more ornaments and more costly carriages than the laws of Rome permitted to women generally. A married man who had three children born at Rome, or four born in Italy, or five in the provinces, enjoyed freedom from certain duties and charges; this, no doubt, was done to encourage the marriage tie, which at that time had become exceedingly lax.

The drinking of wine in the church at weddings is enjoined by the Hereford Missal. The Sarum Missal directs that sops immersed in wine, as well as the liquor itself, and the cup containing it, should be blessed by the priest. The beverage was drunk not only by the bride and bridegroom, but by the rest of the company. A distinct survival of this custom, although in a debased form, lingered beyond the middle of the present century at Whitburn, in Durham, where the custom of giving what they called *Hot-pots* was kept up; that is, on the conclusion of the marriage service, the bride and bridegroom were served in the porch with steaming compounds of brandy, ale, sugar, eggs, spices, &c. The bridesmaids also partook of this, and the remainder was distributed amongst the guests. The custom of nuptial drinking appears also to have prevailed in the Greek Church; and the Jews have a custom at the present day, when a couple are married, to break the glass in which the bride and bridegroom have drunk, to remind them of mortality.

The use of torches at weddings is very ancient. At Rome the practice was that two children should lead the bride, and a third carry before her a torch of white thorn. The Greeks used also a nuptial torch which was carried by the bride's mother. Lamps and flambeaux are used at Japanese weddings, and torches are still used at Turkish marriages.

Knives formerly formed part of the accoutrements of a bride. This is easily accounted for by the fact that anciently it formed part of the dress for women to wear a knife sheathed and suspended from

their girdles. A bride says to her jealous husband in Dekker's *Match Me in London*, 1631 :

"See at my girdle hang my wedding knives !
With those despatch me."

The use of bridesmaids at weddings is of remote antiquity. Amongst the Anglo-Saxons the bride was led to the church by a matron who was called the bride's woman, and followed by a company of young girls who were called bridesmaids. It was at one time the custom for the bridesmaids to lead the bridegroom to church, and for the bridegroom's men to conduct the bride. This is clearly alluded to in the *Collier's Wedding* :

"Two lusty lads, well drest and strong,
Step'd out to lead the bride along ;
And two young maids of equal size,
As soon the bridegroom's hands surprise."

The bridegroom's men were anciently called Bride Knights, which was an appropriate name at the period when they actually fulfilled that office.

Bride-cake is of ancient origin ; it is a relic of the Roman period, when the marriage ceremony consisted principally of the contracting parties partaking of a cake made of flour, salt, and water, in the presence of the Pontifex Maximus or high-priest, and ten witnesses. The form of the cake has varied in different ages. Ben Jonson refers to it in the *Tale of a Tub*, iii. 8 :

"The maids and her half-valentine have ply'd her,
With courtise of the bride-cake and the bowl,
As she is laid awhile."

As feasting was connected with nearly all religious ceremonies, and as each feast speedily appropriated its particular article of food, the bride-cake became inseparably associated with the bridal feast. Anciently small cakes were made for weddings and distributed amongst the guests ; the ingredients of these doubtless changed from age to age, but there is little doubt the cake was always a sweet one, which in the early days would be sweetened with honey with spices in it, and, after their introduction, currants. In the seventeenth century it was usual for the bride and bridegroom to kiss over the cake, and many are the superstitions connected with it.

It was formerly the custom for brides to go to church with their hair hanging loose behind. Anne Boleyn's was thus dishevelled when she went to the altar with Henry VIII. Webster refers to the practice in *The White Devil* :

"And let them dangle loose as a bride's hair."

Nuptial garlands or wreaths are of great antiquity ; they were

equally used by both the Jews and the Heathens. The Roman custom was for the bride to have a chaplet of flowers or herbs upon her head ; whilst amongst the Anglo-Saxons, after the benediction in the church, both the bride and the bridegroom were crowned with flowers. In the Eastern Church the chaplets used at marriages were first blessed by the priest. Wreaths made of ears of corn were frequently worn by brides in the time of Henry VIII., and myrtle was also much used for this purpose. In many churches it was usual to keep a crown of metal for the use of brides, and for which they would pay a fee. In the churchwardens' accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for the year 1540, is the following entry : " Paid to Alice Lewis, a Goldsmith's wife of London, for a serclett to marry Maydens in, the 26th day of September, £3 10 0."

Marriage by proxy was probably practised by the heathen Romans, and even so late as the Middle Ages was not at all uncommon, although then it had become confined principally to the aristocracy, and later on few instances are to be met with except in the case of Royalty. Henry VIII. married Anne of Cleves by proxy. So, also, James II., when Duke of York, in 1673 was married by proxy to Mary of Modena. The Church always looked with great disfavour on this form of marriage, and for this reason the parties were generally re-married on the arrival of the bride in her husband's country, or at the home of the bridegroom.

Amongst the ancient Northern nations a knot appears to have been considered as the symbol of love, faith, and friendship, pointing out, as it were, the indissoluble tie of affection and duty ; hence it is that knots or bows of ribbon came to be used as wedding-favours, a particular form of which came to be known as the *True lover's knot*. The peasantry of France wore the bridal-favour on the arm, whereas in England it was formerly worn in the hat, and consisted of ribbons of various colours ; in later years white ribbon alone was used. Curiously enough rosemary was not only carried at funerals, but was also worn at weddings and appears to have been considered as an insignia of a wedding-guest : on these occasions the sprigs of rosemary were frequently gilded, or dipped in scented water. Bay-leaves were also used for a similar purpose, but not so generally as the rosemary.

Wedding-rings were used both by the Greeks and Romans, but then only at the ceremony of betrothal and not that of marriage. The Anglo-Saxon bridegroom at the betrothal gave a *Wed*, or pledge, and a ring was placed on the maiden's right hand, where it remained until marriage, and was then transferred to the left. During the reigns of George I. and George II. the wedding-ring was often worn on the thumb. The placing of the ring on the book is a remnant of the ancient custom of blessing the ring by sprinkling Holy water in the form of a cross, and this is still done in the

Roman Church. One of the earliest forms of rings was the gemel, or double ring, and this was used as a pledge before marriage: they were generally made in three parts, and broken in the presence of a witness who retained the third part. In Germany, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, it was a common custom for the engaged couple each to give to the other a plain gold ring, much resembling a wedding ring. In the last century wedding-rings were frequently inscribed with poesy. Dr. John Thomas, who was Bishop of Lincoln in 1753, married four times. The motto or poesy on the wedding-ring at his fourth marriage was:

“If I survive
I’ll make them five.”¹

King Henry VIII. gave Anne of Cleves a ring with the poesy:

“God send me well to keep.”

It was a general custom in the Middle Ages for the bridegroom to place the ring first on the thumb of the bride, then on her second finger, and then on her third, at the name of each person of the Trinity, “leaving it,” as the rubric directs, on her fourth finger at the word *Amen*; thus signifying by action, not less than by word, that he was undertaking the duties of the married state, “in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” The reason assigned for the fourth finger being appointed as the final resting-place of the wedding ring, is, because on that finger there is generally believed to be a certain vein which proceeds to the heart. The left hand most probably was appointed because the virgins espoused to the Church wore the ring of their celestial nuptials on the right hand.

The nuptial kiss was a solemn ceremony which was duly directed both by the Sarum and York Uses. At the “Sanctus” in the bridal Mass both the bride and the bridegroom knelt near the altar; if neither of them had been married before, a pall, or as it used to be called, the “care-cloth” was held over them at its four corners by as many clerics. After the “Pater noster,” and just before the “Pax,” the priest, turning himself towards the married couple, gave them the nuptial blessing. The care-cloth was then removed, and the bridegroom arose from his knees and received the kiss of peace from the priest; he then turned to his bride and kissed her upon the cheek. In the York Use the care-cloth was held by only two clerics. Although the solemn ceremonial of the nuptial kiss has long since ceased to be a regular portion of the marriage service, still, in many rural districts it is customary for the bridegroom to kiss the bride while they are before the altar and in sight of the congregation assembled. At Halse, a village in Somersetshire, it is

¹ See Edwards' *History and Poetry of Finger-rings*, cap. 5, p. 221.

still a recognised custom amongst the labouring classes for the bridegroom, after he has placed the ring on the bride's finger, to take her in his arms and kiss her fervently, and it is a somewhat remarkable feature that instead of this causing any amusement amongst the spectators, it is treated as a solemnity, and would certainly appear to be a distinct survival of the nuptial kiss. A similar custom still prevails at Bishops Lydeard in Somersetshire.

There is a rule of Hindoo law which forbids a younger sister to be married before the elder; nor is a younger brother allowed to be married before the elder. There would seem to be a curious resemblance between these rules and the rules of the Old Testament days when Laban refused to let his younger daughter marry before Leah. We get another instance of a restraint on marriage in 1367 when the memorable Parliament of Kilkenny was held, which passed the Statute of Kilkenny. By this statute it was declared high treason for any person of English origin to marry into an Irish family.

Poor maidens, who might otherwise lose their chance of matrimony for want of a dowry, were sometimes provided for by funeral doles. "I will," says Richard Trowler, A.D. 1477, "that X.l. be disposed of at my burying among poor people, and that X.l. be given to the marriage of poor maidens not having father or mother. Johanne Beauchamp, Lady of Bergavenny, devised: "to the marriage of poer maydens dwellyng withyn my lordship C.l. and to the makying and emending of febull brugges and foul weyes C.l." There would certainly seem to be a curious analogy between this custom, and the laws of ancient Greece, by which the State provided a dowry for those maidens, who through poverty or plainness would otherwise have remained unmarried.

With regard to the seasons for celebrating marriage the Church was formerly very strict. The parish register for St. Mary's, Beverley, contains the following entry under date, November 25, 1641 :—

"When Advent comes do thou refraine,
Till Hillary set ye free again.
Next Septuagessima saith thee nay,
But when Low Sunday comes thou may.
Yet at Rogation thou must tarrie,
Till Trinitie shall bid thee marry."

The above appears to have been a popular verse to inscribe in registers, for, with slight variations, it is to be met with in several parishes. *Philomath's Almanac* for the year 1674 contains similar rules in prose :—

"Times Prohibiting Marriage this Year.

"Marriage comes in on the 18th of January, and at Septuagessima

¹ See Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, II. 1031.

Sunday it is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday. Then it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday from whence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday, but then it goes out, and comes not in again till the 13th of January next following."

With regard to the publication of banns of marriage, it appears to have been the custom in the primitive ages that the church should be forewarned of marriages. The earliest existing canonical enactment on the subject in the English Church is that in the Eleventh canon of the Synod of Westminster, in the year 1200, which enacts that "No marriage shall be contracted without banns thrice published in the Church, unless by the special authority of the Bishop." Anciently, before the publication of banns, it was the custom for the curate to affiance the two persons to be married in the name of the Trinity; and at this period the banns were sometimes published at Vespers as well as at Mass.

Forbidding the banns of marriage is now a very rare occurrence; formerly it was not so, and it was customary to interdict a marriage sometimes for the sole purpose of making a comparative stranger prove his *bond fides*. The parish register of Frampton, near Boston, Lincolnshire, contains the following entry on January 1, 1653 :

"The marriage of Edward Morton and Jane Goddwin was objected to by John Ayne, Thomas Appleby and William Eldred; because in the first place, the said Edward Morton was a stranger, and they did not know where he had lived until a short time before or whether he was married or single; therefore they desired the marriage might be deferred until he brought a certificate of these things. And secondly, because they have been informed and do believe that he is a very poor man and therefore they wish him to get some sufficient man to be bound with him to secure the town from any charge of him or his."

An interesting custom is still kept up at Laceby, a village in North Lincolnshire, where the bells ring a merry peal at the close of the service in which the third publication of banns has taken place. A similar custom prevailed at North Kelsey, in Lincolnshire, the practice there being to ring the peal of bells on the Monday evening after the last publication of banns; but in this latter case the custom appears to have fallen into disuse many years ago. Bells frequently bear inscriptions relating to the marriage peals; the fifth bell at Coton-in-the-Elms, Derbyshire, dated 1786, has inscribed on it :

"The bride and groom we greet
In holy wedlock joined;
Our sounds are emblems sweet
Of hearts in love combined."

In the early part of the century it appears to have been a common practice in most parts of the country for the clerk, after the publication of banns of marriage, to rise and say "God speed them well,"

and in some places it was usual for the congregation to respond, "Amen." At Hope, in Derbyshire, this was done, not only on the publication of banns, but also at the solemnisation of the marriage, immediately after the abjuration—"I require and charge you both." The practice has fallen into the same oblivion which has overtaken the old parish clerk—at one period so self-important an individual in the church, and now, except in remote villages, so insignificant an official. The custom appears to have lingered for some time at Croxton Kerrial, near Melton Mowbray, and at Birkby, a village near Northallerton.

The following extract from the parish registers for Chalgrave, Bedfordshire, for the year 1655, furnishes an instance of the manner in which weddings were frequently conducted during the Commonwealth, in pursuance of Cromwell's Act of Parliament, August 24, 1653, and by which the presence of a priest was entirely dispensed with :

"Henry Fisher and Sarah Newson, of Chalgrave, published three severall Lords dayes in our pth meeting house called the church ended xxijth of Sept^h and noe exception made against it, and the said Henry Fisher and Sarah Newson was married the xxixth Sept^h, as by certificate doth appear by Francis Austeres Esq., and in p^sents of Will: Martin and Abraham Newson."

In the parish registers of Launceston, Cornwall, is the following entry :

"Hereaf^r follow marriages by laymen, according to the prophanes, and giddynes of the times without precedent or example in any Christian Kingdom or Commonwealth, from the birth of Christ unto this very year 1655.

"1655. The 28th daye of October were married by John Hicks, Gent. and Maior of this Town, John Heddon and Mary Harvey. Their banns being published in the Markett Place att Launceston three severall Markett dayes, viz., the 11th, the 18th, and the 25th of this instant October, without contradiction."

The following extract from the register of St. Mary's Church, Bermondsey, 1604, instances a curious custom of reuniting husband and wife who had been long separated :

"The form of a solemn vowe made betwixt a man and his wife. having been long absent, through which occasion the woman beinge married to another man, took her again as followeth :

"*The man's speech.* 'Elizabeth, my beloved wife, I am right sorie that I have so long absented myself from thee, whereby thou shouddest be occasioned to take another man to be thy husband. Therefore I do now vowe and promise in the sight of God, and this companie, to take thee again as mine owne, and will not only forgive thee, but also dwell with thee, and do all other duties unto thee, as I promised at our marriage.

"*The woman's speache.* 'Raphe, my beloved husband, I am right sorie that I have in thy absence taken another man to be my husband :

but here, before God, and this companie, I renounce and forsake him, and do promise to keep myselfe only unto thee during life, and to perform all duties which I first promised unto thee in our marriage.'

"The first day of August, 1604. Raphe Goodchild of the parish of Barkinge, in Thames Street, and Elizabeth his wife, were agreed to live together; and thereupon gave their hands one to another, makinge either of them a solemne vowe so to do in the presence of us:

"WILLIAM STEVE, *Parson*;

"EDWARD COKER and RICHARD EIVES, *Clerk*."

In Germany, a sect of the Moravians, called *Herrnhuters*, have a most curious method of selecting their life partners: the men and women of a marriageable age are collected in a house which has a suite of three rooms, each opening into the other, the young men in one end room, and the young women in the other, then the doors from these two rooms are thrown open into the middle room, which is perfectly darkened. After this follows a sort of general scramble, or "catch who can," and whichever girl the man catches becomes his wife. This method of selecting a wife seems somewhat risky; but it is possible that even in a darkened room, a couple with a prior attachment might manage to tumble into each other's arms, and so, while adhering in the letter to the custom of their sect, bring about the union dictated by their hearts.

The throwing of an old shoe after a newly-married couple on their departure is general all over the country; in Kent the custom is accompanied by a little more detail than is usually observed in other parts of the country. The principal bridesmaid throws the shoe, the other bridesmaids run after it, the belief being that the one who gets it will be the first to be married. She then throws the shoe amongst the gentlemen, and it is supposed that the one who is hit will also be married before the others.

The custom of showering rice over the bride and bridegroom is a universal one, although in some parts wheat is substituted. This was formerly general in Nottinghamshire and Sussex. The practice appears to find a parallel in Poland, where, after the nuptial benediction has been given by the priest, the father receives the newly-married couple at the door of their house, and strews some barley-corns over their heads. These corns are carefully gathered up and sown. If they grow, it is considered an omen that the married pair will enjoy a life of happiness. Grain of any sort is symbolical of plenty, and no doubt at different periods and in different countries that grain has been selected which could be procured the most easily. An old Spanish ballad of the sixteenth century, *The Cid's Wedding*, refers to this custom, except that ears of wheat appear to have been used instead of threshed wheat:

"All down the street the ears of wheat are round Ximena flying."

Wedding Biddings were usual down to the end of the last

century : these were entertainments given previously to the wedding, and each of the guests was expected to bring a present. An account of these presents was preserved, and it was expected that the giver should receive a gift of equal value on their own marriage. In Cumberland, at these entertainments, a bowl or plate was fixed in some convenient part of the house where each of the company contributed in money, in proportion to his ability or inclination. In some districts the bidding was publicly done by a herald with a crook or wand adorned with ribbons, who gave a general invitation according to a prescribed form.

Gretna Green was the invariable resort of runaway couples, owing to the flaw in the old Scottish law, which required nothing more than an acknowledgment before witnesses in order to constitute a valid marriage. The Marriage Act of 1856 has, however, rendered such unions impossible, for, by its provisions, which are common to both countries, it is necessary that one of the parties shall have resided for at least twenty-one days in the parish where the marriage takes place. The old romantic interest once attached to Gretna Green is now fast becoming a thing of the past.

The following extract from the register of St. Martin's parish, Leicester, is interesting, as showing how in the time of Queen Elizabeth, a marriage was celebrated in a case where the bridegroom was deaf and dumb :

"Decimo quinto Februarii, 18. Eliz., reginæ :

"Thomas Filsby and Ursula Russet were married; and because the said Thomas is naturally deaf and dumb, could not for his part observe the order of the form of marriage, after the approbation had of Thomas, the Bishop of Lincoln,¹ John Chippendale, LL.D., and Commissary, and Mr. Richard Davis, Mayor of Leicester, and others of his bretheren, with the rest of the parish, the said Thomas for expressing of his mind instead of words, of his own accord used these signs : First he embraced her with his arms, took her by the hand, and put a ring on her finger, and laid his hand upon his heart and held up his hands towards heaven ; and to show his countenance to dwell with her to his life's end, he did, by closing his eyes with his hands, and digging the earth with his feet, and pulling as though he would ring a bell, with other signs approved."

An interesting feature in the marriage announcements a century ago was the detail given respecting the fortune of the bride. Matters which now we regard as more or less private were then openly advertised to the world. *Williamson's Liverpool Advertiser* for 1759 contains the following notice : "Liverpool, May 25. On Tuesday last was married at Hale Dr. Zachariah Leafe, of Prescott, to Miss Martha Clough, of Halewood, an agreeable young lady of eighteen years of age, with a very genteel fortune." *The Leeds Intelligencer* for July 3, 1764, announces : "On Thursday last was married Mr. John Wormald, of this town, merchant, to Miss Rebecca Thompson,

¹ Bishop Cooper.

daughter of the late —Thompson, Esqr., of Staincliffe Hall, near Batley, an agreeable young lady with a fortune of upwards of £4000." These are no uncommon instances, and almost any newspaper of the period would furnish similar examples.

It was a common custom down to about 1850 for butchers' boys, in their blue coats, and sometimes also with a large white favour, to attend in the front of houses where weddings had that day taken place, and play on their cleavers with knuckle bones; the "Butcher's Serenade" it was called. Hogarth, in his delineation of the marriage of the industrious apprentice to his master's daughter, introduces a set of butchers coming forward with marrow bones and cleavers.

A bridegroom was often called upon to pay toll. It was a Somersetshire custom for the village children, on the occasion of a wedding, to fasten the churchyard gates with a wreath of evergreens and flowers—a floral bond which always required a "silver key" to unloose. A writer to *Notes and Queries*, in January 1858, states that, on the occasion of his marriage some years previously, when passing through the village adjoining that in which the marriage had taken place, his carriage was stopped by the villagers holding a band of twisted evergreens and flowers, who good-naturedly refused to let the carriage pass until toll had been paid.

At Burnley, in Lancashire, an old custom prevailed, by which all persons married at St. Peter's Church, in that town, paid a fine to the boys at the Grammar School; the money thus obtained being applied, according to the records, for the maintenance of the school library. This custom appears to have been kept up down to the year 1870, about which time Burnley Grammar School was rebuilt, and, on its reopening, the practice of paying fines to the boys was discontinued.

It is a common saying in Lancashire that a bride should wear at her wedding :

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue."¹

This saying, and the practice of it, is common in other parts of England. The writer knows a lady who, when married at Bedford five years ago, carried out the couplet to the letter. On this same bride being brought by her husband to his home in Lincolnshire, at the end of the honeymoon, the custom of lifting the bride over the threshold was observed: the bride and bridegroom got out of the carriage a few yards from the house, and he carried her up the steps and into the hall. This was formerly a common practice in the North of England and in Scotland, and is the remains of an old Roman custom which has survived the onslaughts of time and change.

¹ Jackson's *Shropshire Folk Lore*, p. 290

It was an old custom to strew the path from the house of the bride to the church with sawdust or sand, and so recently as the year 1876 a "sawdust wedding" took place from a house in Sunderland. The custom would originate, no doubt, in a desire to secure a clean path for the bride to walk upon, and this was often ornamented with devices which would be easily done in either material.

"Keeping the doorstep warm" was a custom practised most commonly in the North of England. As soon as the bride and bridegroom had gone away, and the old shoe had been thrown, a servant, or sometimes the guests, would pour a kettle of boiling water over the front doorstep, as an auspice that there would soon be another wedding from the same house—keeping the threshold warm for another bride they called it.

In these prosaic nineteenth-century days, there is not much attention paid to the selection of the day of the week for the marriage ceremony. Our ancestors had many proverbs and couplets, all more or less pointing to certain and the same day to avoid or select for the event :

" Monday for wealth,
 Tuesday for health,
 Wednesday best day of all.
 Thursday for losses,
 Friday for crosses,
 Saturday no luck at all."

The practice of inserting wedding announcements in newspapers is almost universal, and the addition of "No cards" appears as often as not. Our neighbours on the other side of the Atlantic have, however, quite outdone us by the following addition to a wedding announcement in the *Quebec Morning Chronicle* of November 7th, 1868: "No cards. No cake. No wine."

ENGLAND HOWLETT, F.S.A.

ZOLA AND HIS WORK.

WHETHER it be because it was the fag-end of a somewhat dull season, or because the world is always curious about those who recklessly violate its most sacred traditions and wantonly wreck its most cherished illusions, it is difficult to say, but the reception accorded to M. Emile Zola by the bees of literary London and the provinces must have seemed to the foreigner a curious parody on the much-vaunted virtue of "pudique Albion." As a magnificent example of British inconsistency, however, it is worthy of a high place. One day we have a publisher severely punished for offending public morals by issuing extremely diluted translations of the works of a celebrated foreign writer, the next that writer himself is fêted and toasted and flattered *ad nauseam* by the very people who have just been emptying the vials of their wrath on his unfortunate representative. Strange that there should such difference be 'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee! True, there are those who will tell us that it was impersonally, as the President of the French Société des Gens de Lettres, that Zola was being honoured, but the eye of France does not look on it in that light, and very few of us will be led astray by such a palpable fiction. No! it was the man Zola whom the people went out for to see, the great social iconoclast in person whom they flocked to hear. Aye, even though the subject of his discourse should be nothing more than the threadbare theme of whether newspaper articles should or should not be signed.

On one point, however, we must all agree. The visit has of itself directed renewed attention to the works of the best-abused novelist of the day. So much so indeed that the Bishop of Worcester has found it necessary to issue a sort of informal pastoral to Society denouncing—and that in no measured terms—the man and all his works. But Zola has triumphed over many worse obstacles than even a Bishop's, not unmerited, anathemas, and I doubt very much whether Dr. Perowne's weighty words will reduce by even a score the readers of this powerful writer's works.

"Know thy work and do it," said the Sage of Ecclefechan, and if ever a man has lived manfully up to that text that man is the distinguished founder of the "Roman Experimental." For well-nigh half a century, doggedly and stubbornly, he has fought his way, step by step, from the lowest rung of "young ambition's

ladder" to the very pinnacle of literary fame. Met by a never-failing torrent of powerful opposition and invective from the day when the first copies of *Thérèse Raquin* issued from the hands of the publisher, the life of Emile Zola has been one long and arduous struggle, first for the means of existence and then in defence of a theory, and, differ from him as we may in our conception of life and the novelist's mission to his fellow-men, we cannot but concede that the renown he has at length achieved has been gallantly and loyally won in the face of obstacles which to one of a less robust temperament would have proved simply insuperable. Zola! Why the very name sounds like a challenge, a cry of attack, a shout of victory—clear and resonant like the notes of a clarion.

Though born in Paris on April 2nd, 1840, Zola's early years were spent at Aix, but his life may really be said to have commenced with his return to the capital in February, 1858, for the purpose of completing his studies. Here it was that, failing miserably in his examination for his degree, he first learned to appreciate the hideous horrors attendant on an unremitting struggle for a bare existence. Oftener frequenting the pawnshop than the eating-house, living throughout the greater part of a rigorous winter on bread soaked in oil, varied by an occasional sparrow caught in a trap on the housetop and roasted on a curtain hook; with at times no covering save a well-worn bed quilt; it is little wonder if those heart-breaking days have left ineradicable traces on his mind and on his writings. In one of his earlier works, *La Confession de Claude*—a book which is to all intents and purposes an autobiography—many interesting details of his life at this time are given, glimpses of the adversities and depressing difficulties with which he had to contend, of the conflicting emotions at work in his mind. Difficulties successfully overcome because while his will was set on success his heart was not oppressed by failure. And of a truth failure was no stranger to him.

His mind had always been set on following a literary career, but it was as a poet that he first essayed to win his spurs. For two years he devoted himself to the service of the Lyric Muse in an incessant production of unrhythmical and colourless verse. But it would appear that even at the time of his loftiest flights he had his own doubts about the value of these compositions, until at last, impelled by the profitless nature of his occupation and the growing necessities of his position, with a "*Ma foi*, so much the worse, if I cannot be a great poet, I will at least be a great novelist," he definitely threw over poetry and decided to devote himself henceforward entirely to prose. The fact was that, like all men of powerful minds, he had an inward consciousness of the existence of the talent he possessed, and felt convinced that sooner or later it would bring forth the desired fruit. But Zola did not forget the result of his

courtship of the Olympian Muse, and from one of her most constant and devoted worshippers he became one of the bitterest of her adversaries. His own poems, a few of which were gathered together and published a few years ago through the intermediary of some of his friends, dealt rather with matters of Science than with Art or Love, Idealism or Sentimentalism, and were described by the late Guy de Maupassant—one of his most intimate friends—as “Generally vast philosophic conceptions of that grandiose character which one puts into verse because they are not sufficiently lucid to be expressed in prose. Containing none of those grand ideas, somewhat abstract, a little aerial, but appealing by a sensation of half-discovered truth, of depths for an instant revealed, of insight into the incomprehensible Infinite, such as one finds in Sully-Prudhomme, the true poet-philosopher; nor those attractive, analytical, peculiarly delicious and refined mannerisms, equally unique and elegant, in which Théophile Gautier excelled.”

At the end of a couple of years of this unsatisfactory hand-to-mouth existence, Zola was fortunate enough to obtain steady employment with Messrs. Hachette & Co., the well-known educational publishers of the Boulevard St. Germain. From this day his livelihood was assured and he was able to devote himself with more comfort to his literary labours. Vigorously, boldly, mercilessly, he attacked all that he believed to be false, tyrannical, or unjust, and has finished by signally triumphing over first the indifference, and then the hesitation, resistance, and opposition of the public. His has indeed been no *dilettante* work, and from first to last he seems to have been dominated by Danton's famous battle-cry: “De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.”

His first book—*Les Contes à Ninon*—but vaguely foreshadowed the quality and power of the author's future works. A year later *La Confession de Claude*, of which I have already had occasion to speak, was produced. Then followed the sensational *Thérèse Raquin*, succeeded in its turn by *Madeleine Féral*, but *Thérèse Raquin* was the only one which met with any appreciable success. Zola was now, however, fairly launched, and leaving Hachette & Co. he joined the staff of the *Figaro*. At the same time he contributed to several other newspapers in various parts of the country, and by this means—the French custom being for all newspaper articles to be signed—his name soon became familiar to the general public.

And now it was that he undertook the work which was destined to create such a commotion in the world of letters, and which was henceforth to be irrevocably and for ever associated with the name of Emile Zola. The “*Rougon Macquart*” series purported to be a natural and social history of a family under the second Empire, and its corner-stone was the principle of heredity. The following introduction which appeared to the early volumes of the series, which

was to run through no less than twenty distinct romances, clearly indicated the drift of the author :—" Physiologically the Rougon-Macquart are the slow succession of nervous accidents which become manifest, and break out in a race as the result of a first organic flaw, and which determine, according to circumstances, in each of the individuals of that race, the sentiments, the desires, the passions ; all the human manifestations, constitutional and instinctive, the outcomes of which take the conventional names of vices or virtues. Historically, they originate with the people ; they attain every position and condition by that impulse essentially modern which the lower classes receive in their advance across the body social ; and thus the history of the second Empire is narrated by the aid of their individual stories from the *guet-apens* of the *coup d' état* to the treason of Sedan."

The first of the divers romances of this series, *La Fortune des Rougon*, which really contains the germ of the scheme, appeared in the *Siècle* in 1870 and was followed two years later by *La Curée*, published in the *Cloche Hébdomadaire*, one of the most remarkable of the works produced by the "Maitre Naturaliste." Bold, energetic, vigorous, immoderate, written in that tone of passionate enthusiasm peculiar to the originator of any new movement, it was, as it were, the first cannon-shot fired by Zola, the finger-post pointing out the path he had chosen for himself, the signal-rocket showing whither the attack was to be directed. It is a scathing denunciation of the manners, customs and vices of the Empire, from the lowest depth to the highest summit of what is termed the social scale ; from the meanest domestics up to the fashionable beauties and Court dignitaries and *habitués*. Then came the curious *La Ventre de Paris*, the apotheosis of the great markets : vegetables, fish, and flesh. The daily life, in all its utterly uninteresting details, of the great Parisian markets, with their underground cellars and unsavoury odours, is here minutely depicted in all its crudity, its viciousness, its obscenities, vice, disease, and discord ; in language coarse and blunt, for, says M. Zola : " Une langue est une logique ; on écrit bien lorsqu' on exprime une idée ou une sensation par le mot juste. Tout le reste n'est que pompons et falbalas." " To have," he continues, " the picture of what one is speaking about firm in one's mind and to reproduce that picture in words with the utmost intensity and the greatest simplicity is the whole art of novel-writing. It is already a fine thing to be able to feel with one's own mind, to be master of one's own sensations ; I would even go so far as to say that there lies the gift which makes the *Maîtres*. Only it is necessary in addition to be able to fall back upon the exact expression to suit the circumstances, and the straighter it goes to the point, without literary dressing, the closer it is to life itself, so much

the more potent will it be and everlastingly appealing as being the vibrating medium of truth itself."

La Ventre de Paris, which passed through thirty-three editions of one thousand copies each, was succeeded by *La Conquête de Plassans*. Though written in a somewhat more temperate tone than its predecessor it is none the less a harsh study, powerful and analytical, of a small provincial town and its community, and an ambitious priest who cunningly makes himself the dominant party. *La Conquête de Plassans* and *Son Excellence Eugene Rougon*, which latter contains an admirable and realistic description of the baptism of the late Prince Imperial, were also published first in the *Siècle* and were followed shortly after—for Zola usually manages to produce two new and complete works each year—by *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, which has been described by M. de Maupassant as "a poem in three parts," the first and the third of which are considered by many to be the finest pieces the novelist has written. Yet, strange to say, it was declined by the editors of all the Parisian dailies and was eventually sold by the author in Russia, to the *Messenger de L'Europe*, for £60. For the six novels he had received in all £812.

Thus far success had been slow in coming to the Apostle of Naturalism bare and unadorned. The world of letters prophesied for the new Balzac a brilliant future, but society in general held aloof from, and seemed disposed rather to shun, this latest but more advanced disciple of Diderot and Stendhal. When his name was by chance mentioned the reply usually was: "Oh, yes! the author of *La Curée*!" more as an assurance of having heard the book spoken of than of having personally read it. Curious as it may appear, though in strict accordance with the scriptural aphorism, his renown was considerably greater abroad than in his own country, and more especially was this the case in Russia where, since the days of the publication of the first of the "Rougon-Macquart" series, he has been known as *le romancier français*. Nevertheless this did not prevent the proscription of *La Terre* in that country as soon as it appeared.

But Emile Zola had only started on the road he had marked out for himself, and ere long society was scandalised, horrified, and convulsed by the appearance of *L'Assomoir*, a work in which the characters are selected from the very dregs of the populace, and the dialogues overrun with the *argot* of the veriest slums. Nothing is too revolting, no language is too strong, no picture too depraved or unsavoury, for the pen of Zola in his search after what he miscalls Truth. The first instalments of *L'Assomoir* had hardly appeared in the *Bien Public* before protests began to arise on all sides, and, despite the evident power shown in the treatment of the subject, subscribers commenced with one accord to withdraw their support from the paper in which it was appearing in serial form. The

editor became naturally alarmed, and finally the *feuilleton* was abandoned and withdrawn. Backed, however, by the influence of M. Roujon, of the Beaux Arts, it was taken up again by the *Républiques des Lettres*, a small weekly review under the management of M. Yves Guyot and the poet Catulle Mendès, and there completed. Despite these vicissitudes, however, as soon as it was published in book form, *L'Assomoir* scored an immense success; so far as sale of numbers goes, 124 editions being disposed of, but the indications went to show that it was rather a *succès de curiosité* than a legitimate success of sustained interest.

Une page d'Amour, which was more compatible with the susceptibilities of the subscribers to the *Bien Public*, followed, and was succeeded by the sequel to *L'Assomoir* in *Nana*. The astonishing success of the former had now placed Zola in a position to dictate his own terms, and *Nana* was sold to the *Voltaire* for £800. This work, though somewhat less repugnant in tone than its precursor, is, nevertheless, equally a picture of vice, of that description called refined, and unrestrained debauchery, with very few redeeming features. We do not deny that such existences as those portrayed do form part of the daily life of La Babylone Moderne, but we do maintain that such viciousness as is here represented is the rare exception to be found in every great cosmopolitan community, and we may well ask what good purpose is served by raising the curtain on such pictures, or instructing the world in all their abominable details, even though *Nana* herself be actually a sketch from life, as she was known to the *jeunesse dorée* of the Second Empire. However that may be, the book has run through no less than 160 editions, and has had a larger sale than any other of its author's works. *Pot Bouille*, which followed *Nana* within a few months, and was purchased by the *Gaulois* (under the management of M. Jules Simon) for £1200, brought this section of the series to a close.

By way of a change, Zola now published his *Œuvre Critique*, an exhaustive criticism on various subjects; but he was not long a wanderer from his darling scheme and the "Rougon-Macquart" series was soon resumed in *Germinal*, a story of life in the mines, and *La Terre*, as its title indicates, a story of the soil. Both these works first appeared in serial form in the *Gil Blas*, and were most unmercifully handled by the critics on all sides. In order to show that he could write something treating of the higher side of life, the novelist published, in 1888, *Le Rêve*, for which the *Revue Illustrée* paid £1000, and the same price was given by the *Vie Populaire* for *La Bête Humaine*. *Le Débat*, which, treating of the unfortunate campaign of 1870, also gave rise to endless polemics, was secured by the same periodical for £1200, whilst the *Gil Blas* paid a similar price for *L'Argent*, the "poem" of the Stock Exchange. The highest price the author has yet received is that of £1400, paid by the *Revue Hebdomadaire* for

Docteur Pascal, and, as each of these works contains about 18,000 lines, it will be seen that the price paid varies between 10*d.* and 1*s.* 8*d.* per line. For the series Zola has thus obtained from the press alone some £12,000. From his publisher he has received in all some £35,000, and the "*Rougon-Macquart*" series, the result of twenty-three years' unwearying labour, has brought him in from all sources some £66,000. But it has been laboriously earned. Some enterprising statistician recently calculated that if the copies of the *Débacle* which have been sold were placed one on top of another they would form a column eleven times as high as the far-famed Eiffel Tower; whilst, if they were unbound, and the leaves placed end to end, they would cover a distance one and a half times that between Paris and Berlin.

The story of the author's arrangement with his publisher, the famous Charpentier, has been often told, but it will well bear repetition. In order to assist the struggling youth, then quite unknown and penniless, the large-hearted publisher accepted the conditions which the former suggested to him after the publication of *La Curée*. These were that Zola should deliver to the publisher every year for ten years, two complete novels, copyright included, in return for which he was to receive £20 per month, and it was under these conditions that the *Ventre de Paris*, *Conquête de Plassans*, and the *Faute de l'Abbé Mouret* were published. In view, however, of the marked success which attended these works, Charpentier drew up a statement of what he had paid the author and what under ordinary conditions would have been due to him, and, handing over the balance to Zola, he tore up the agreement. The author's share on the sale was then fixed at forty centimes per volume, and raised to sixty centimes per volume after the publication of *L'Assomoir*.

Although a number of these works have been dramatised at one time or another, none in that form have met with any appreciable success, though *Thérèse Raquin*, *L'Assomoir*, and *Le Ventre de Paris* can hardly be termed absolute failures, such as were *Renée* or *Le Bouton du Rose*, despite the talent and almost superhuman efforts of the *artistes*. None, however, attracted so much attention from the public as the dramatised version of *Germinal*, which, by reason of its prohibition—because of its revolutionary and anarchical character—by the much-abused Censure, became during the winter of 1885 one of the principal topics of conversation, not only in the metropolis itself, but throughout the length and breadth of France. The author and the authorities exhibited equal persistency over this piece but it was not until October 1886 that the ban of the censure was removed.

Of all Zola's works, however, the one which stands pre-eminent in the animosity it has encountered and the general indignation it has aroused is *La Terre*, which first came out in serial form in the

Gil Blas, in June 1887, and in book form has run through over 100 editions. To say that refined minds had become disgusted with his unsavoury pictures, and their attendant and gratuitous indecencies, is only to record what had long been the case; but then, in his spirit of bold independence, it had always been his boast that his words and his works were addressed, not to the *élite* of Society, but "au public, au grand public, à tout le public." Despite, however, the impetus given to Naturalism in the inevitable recoil from an overdone and phthisical Romanticism, which had too long been predominant in French literature, despite also the admiration evinced by the *jeunesse-littéraire* for Zola's strength, courage, and perseverance, murmurings of dissatisfaction had been for some time prevalent even amongst his own more immediate followers, and the advent of the well-advertised *La Terre* was awaited by all with considerable anxiety, and by some with impatience. The hope of an approaching *chef d'œuvre* of the nature of some of his earlier and better works alone imposed silence on the murmurers. But at last *La Terre*, with all its revolting coarseness of language, crudity of expression, and disgusting obscenities, lay before them, and the storm which had long been hovering about the novelist's path burst with an astonishing and resonant force. It is possible that Zola, considering the secluded life he leads, was somewhat more astonished than the rest of the world when, one morning in August 1887, there appeared in the daily papers an energetic and vigorous protest against the *immondices* of Zolaism, signed by some half-dozen of his more pronounced disciples, at the head of whom figured M. Paul Bonnetain, the well-known author of *Charlotte s'amuse* and other works of a similar character.

The now historic document is a mass of strictures and recriminations, heaped with an implacable and unsparing hand on the head of the *Maître*. He is charged with a profound ignorance of all medical and scientific principles; with not, as he maintains, gathering together his various details from prolonged personal observation—himself patiently, carefully, and precisely analysing his different subjects, and the temperaments and surroundings he so vividly pictures and minutely dissects—but obtaining them second-hand; in a word, with being simply the perfecter of some other person's conceptions, his works as a whole constituting a literature *sans noblesse*. *La Terre* itself is characterised as follows:—"Not only is the observation superficial, the incidents out of date, the narrative commonplace and destitute of all individuality and humour; but the revolting pictures are still further aggravated and enlarged upon, until they descend at times to abominations so low that one would almost fancy oneself in front of a *recueil de scatologie*. The *Maître* has fallen to the depths of uncleanness!" Such a declaration, coming from a body of men whose own works do not bear the imprint of the most chaste

virtue, was certainly a fearful condemnation of the beauties of Zolaism, and so, as the Romanticists of an earlier day seceded from and battled with the Classicists and they in their turn were spurned by the Naturalists, in like manner was this latter school split forcibly in twain and by the side of the combatants of the past now stand the divided Naturalists and Zolaists of to-day.

M. Edmond Scherer has thus defined what he calls "Contemporary Naturalism":—"La peinture exacte, fouillée, minutieuse des hommes et des choses, et une analyse des situations et des sentiments relevée par des audaces de cynisme et de brutalité. Surtout, pas de poésie! Écartons le devoir et la passion, proscrivons tout ce qui est élégance ou distinction et nous aurons le naturalisme contemporain." Zola himself however prefers to term it simply an inquest on Nature, beings and things, a system of precise and accurate observation, a more or less profound analytical penetration, the logical and unadorned linking together of events. His theory is that as we have no other model than that which is created by life itself, since we can imagine nothing that goes beyond our senses, so, to deform life is to produce a bad work because it is to produce a false one. In a word novel-writing is to be a kind of clinical lecture. Imagination is to be put completely aside and we are merely to observe and describe scrupulously such things only as we may have actually seen. "La vérité absolue, la vérité sèche." Nevertheless one cannot overlook the fact, as Dumas forcibly reminds us in his preface to *L'Etrangère*, that no matter how closely we seek to copy Nature there is always a point at which exact imitation must cease and convention take its place, and that there are limits imposed on the author by the manners, habits and tastes of the public. That there are *bas fonds* unutterable in the social constitution all are unhappily forced to admit, but that is surely no reason why all things should appear to our eyes unclean, sordid and despicable, why we should delight in describing the unspeakable or revel in all that is gross and corrupt, coarse and vulgar. Yet Zola in his mistaken zeal cries out: C'est là qu'est l'avenir, c'est là qu'est la vie!"—whilst romance he scornfully treats as, "un air empoisonné, un virus, une lèpre." Proudly he traces the descent of Naturalism from Homer through Diderot, Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, and the De Goncourts to himself, the finished Zola, and though to the ordinary reader none has paid so little heed to the recognised conventionalities of life as himself, he does not hesitate to treat with the utmost disdain all those who have the hardihood to think otherwise than with himself. Many are they who have in consequence felt the full weight of his chill and bitter irony. Many indeed will still remember the flutter and excitement occasioned in the literary world of France in 1878 when it became known that he had for years been in the habit of writing weekly letters to a leading Russian journal in which the treatment dealt

out to his literary *confrères* was anything but flattering. Even Shakspeare does not escape his scorn, "Je me moque parfaitement d'Hamlet," he disdainfully remarks in his preface to the dramatised version of *L'Assomoir*.

Unfortunately for his own reputation, with all his power, Zola seems incapable of grasping any idea of grace, of majesty, of charm, of simplicity, of the existence of the chaste and the beautiful. When he gives a name to a man, a river, a village, a district, he chooses perforce the very nastiest, ugliest appellation his imagination can suggest, as though there existed no such thing as even a pleasing or euphonious name. He ignores the beauty of names as he ignores the beauty of characters or things. In *La Terre*, for instance, we are brought face to face with a peasant steeped to the lips in debauchery, utterly depraved, a drunkard and a poacher, with his ragged beard, long unkempt hair and bloodshot and watery eyes, and yet, heedless of all *convenances*, he can find no more appropriate name for this ignoble being than Jesus Christ. Such lapses can find no advocate.

As one by one we peruse the numerous works of this self-styled disciple of Homer we cannot but wonder if it be possible that a world so degraded, so totally debased, really does, really can exist. We feel that these dreadful, nauseous, revolting pictures must surely be a calumny on our neighbours across the Channel. Has national honour, manly pride, chivalry and courage, womanly virtue and modesty, really so faded away as to have at last become utterly unrecognisable in once proud and chivalrous Gaul? Has its peasantry truly lost all that distinctive charm, all that quiet, dignified, and homely beauty which was once so essentially their characteristic? Has the patient tiller of the soil verily put aside his once quiet, sententious manner in order to adopt the coarse loquacity and violence of the corner-man of the great metropolis? Surely not! No; we who claim to know something of France and her people, prefer rather to believe that M. Zola's peasants and creatures are beings peculiar to his own imagination, painted in defence of a theory. And dominated as he is by that theory, he affects to forget, in order to verify it, that there exists in the soul of every man, no matter how morally debased he may be, in the small as in the great, in the poor as in the rich, a certain love of the beautiful—a conscious admiration of all that is graceful, elegant, and ornamental; an innate æstheticism which, diffused throughout the world, adds an incalculable charm to life. "The secret of the proud, noble, and dignified life," says M. Henri Fouquier, "even with the poor artist or thinker, is the continuous and ever-ascending search after beauty in beings, thoughts, and things." But with an apparent pessimism worthy of Schopenhauer himself, the progenitor of the "Roman Experimental" would have us believe that men wise, just, good, and

generous, and women charitable, unselfish, true, and virtuous, are myths out of date in these days of advanced civilisation. He has apparently yet to learn that in human minds there still live noble thoughts, and within the human breast pure souls and heroic hearts. Of course he defends himself with the assertion that the end and aim of all his works is of the very highest, that he simply acts as the operator in a dissecting-room, and uncovers the sores only the more effectually to induce a loathing of the disease ; that his sole and only object in writing these *Georgics of Depravity* is to imbue in the minds of his readers such a feeling of disgust at the scenes he lays bare before them that they will carefully avoid entering on a path which leads to such degradation and abounds in so many hideous horrors. But it is a poor defence ; as even granting such to be the case, he must perceive the incalculable injury such works do the weak, the unstable, and the unformed mind. For he paints but one side of human nature, and that the very worst. He draws us minute pictures of the most repulsive descriptions of social and moral decrepitude, and wastes and dissipates his undoubted talents over histories of a life in which exists apparently nought but rottenness, cowardliness, and villainy. Instead of serving any useful purpose, his literature of despair simply aggravates by the contagion of example the evil which it reveals. From it all that is good and righteous, noble and true, is banished, and the demon of all evil reigns supreme.

There is an old Arab legend to the effect that, as a great saint of old lay on his death-bed, awaiting the fast-approaching end, he ordered his servants to bring him three phials which were standing near, and as his son came forward to receive his last blessing, he placed them in the young man's hand, with the words : " Here, my son, are the three elixirs of life—that never-ending strife. The smallest is full of hatred ; the second one is full of distrust ; the largest is full of love. All three you will find equally necessary, the one as the other." The rigours of Zola's early life appear to have left him with but two.

But it seems to us that, far from carrying out the principles originally laid down for himself when he cried out for less of the artistic and more of the solid substance in the literature of the day, for a return to the language *si carrée et si nette* of the seventeenth century writers and a constant effort, an unwearying vigilance on the part of authors in order that the expression should not exceed the impression, Zola has over-reached himself, and has been led in his zeal to create his own worlds to suit his own purposes and to serve his own ends, whilst he chooses the most unusual subjects and clothes them in the most unbridled language. The Society he paints is impregnated with vice and profligacy. Morals, religion, virtue, all are swamped by the all-pervading sensualism. But his

own master, Diderot, shall be his judge, for has he not warned his followers that: "La probité, la vertu, l'honnêteté, le scrupule, le petit scrupule superstitieux, font tôt ou tard main basse sur les productions dishonnêtes"?

It is true that, not content with the old terms of "Realism" and "Naturalism"—for as the founder of a new school he must perforce discover for it a new name—in an introduction of five chapters in length to *Nana*, Zola introduces us to the new school of "Le Roman Experimental," but surely that does not relieve him of any of his conventional obligations? Yet he tells us that he is not to be judged by the same standard as other men. He, and he alone, with a magnificent egoism, he would have us believe has not been the dupe of the universal comedy which is being daily enacted, but in which he takes no part. So he claims the right to speak freely and tell us all he knows, to repeat all he sees, having no regard to any limit which even good taste would have him draw; to retail openly all the scandals, the *histoires corsées*, the secrets of the boudoirs, which people whisper in each other's ears; to sound the under-currents of life and tear down those masks with which social conventionality demands the faces of all shall be covered.

Emile Zola himself is a short, stout, thick-set man of a somewhat morose countenance. His head is unusually large, and his lofty and well-developed forehead is surmounted by a mass of close-cut grisly hair brushed straight up. His eyes are dark and penetrating, with heavy overhanging brows. A thick, once black, moustache partially conceals an ironical, sarcastic mouth, and the chin is covered with a closely-cropped beard of the same hue. His nose is a thoroughly plebeian one, and the *tout-ensemble* has no pretensions to beauty. He leads an extremely quiet and regular life, and his habits are of the most sedentary description. As a rule he ignores all the flash and glitter, frivolity and excitement of what Victor Hugo was pleased to call "the brain of the world," and spends most of his time hard at work in the quiet seclusion of his country villa at Médan. He has few intimates, though when in Paris his Thursday evening receptions attract to his *salons* all that has a name in literature and art in the capital. His capacity for work is truly extraordinary. Rising betimes in the morning, he immediately commences work, and only quits his writing-table to partake of breakfast an hour or so after mid-day. At three he is once more reseated at his desk, and often does not leave it again till eight. Even then he frequently returns to his work in the evening, for, besides his novels, he contributes articles on various subjects to several newspapers and reviews. His attempts, hitherto unsuccessful, to obtain a place amongst the "Forty" have become proverbial. The "Immortals" will have none of him. But there is an old proverb

to the effect that everything comes to him who waits. *Audaces fortuna juvat.*

Hitherto Zola's works have not met with a very extended sympathy on this side of the Channel, for his subjects are, as a rule, not such as appeal to either the manners, habits, or tastes of the British public. And yet it does not require a great stretch of imagination to fancy him taking for his text Mr. Ruskin's warning words: "That which is born of evil begets evil, and that which is born of valour and honour begets valour and honour." So far, however, he has only dealt with the first part of the text.

Whether he is ever likely to conquer a recognised place with the reading public of these islands is an open question. A short time since I should have felt little hesitation in answering such a question in the negative; but I have been frequently surprised of late to see his works in the most unexpected places. Can it be really a sign of the times, and is there after all some truth in the forebodings that science is killing poetry and art? That there is some spiritual significance in it I do not doubt, for none can fail to perceive the change that the taste of English people is undergoing in matters literary and theatrical. Questions are now being boldly handled, both by author and playwright, which were formerly left severely alone. Moral complications have become the leading "ground motive," and the young lady of seventeen has ceased to be the ideal auditor. Our authors are rapidly becoming converts to the same Aristotelian doctrine of which Zola claims to be a leading exponent, that the function of writers is to present vice in so repulsive a light as to purify the audience by pity and fear from such-like sentiments. The most casual observer cannot fail to recognise the evident leaning, perhaps unconscious, of our present-day writers towards the French school. Ten years ago Mr. Thomas Hardy would not have found a publisher for such a work as *Tess of the Durbervilles*. Neither Mr. Hardy nor Mr. George Moore have any lack of admirers to-day, whilst the people flock in their thousands to see such plays as *The Dancing Girl*, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *A Woman of no Importance*, *The Bond* and *Mrs. Tanqueray*, and *The Tempter*.

The days of Congreve and Wycherley and of the *Tom Jones* class of literature have passed away it is true, but the Homeric excuse still lives.

W. H. GLEADELL.

HARD LABOUR IN THE HOSPITALS.

IN the slight surgical operation known as grafting, a minute piece of skin is taken from a healthy subject and placed upon the patient's wound at a certain stage of healing when the cells will multiply and ultimately cover it. The tiny sacrifice involved is a mere nothing and hardly worthy of mention, except as a symbol of that more mischievous patching of diseased bodies at the expense of whole ones which is so integral a part of the present system of hospital nursing. Hundreds of nurses break down every year and are forced back into the congested labour market with weakened *physique*. Hundreds of others are rendered incapable of self-support. There is an incalculable waste of fresh youth and strength as they drop silently out of the ranks and supply fills their places. Philanthropy is no more merciful a master than commercialism. In its struggle to cope with disease it has in many cases, no more consideration for its servants than the ordinary manufacturer for his employés. Mr. Walter Besant somewhere declares, in illustration of his pet theory that women are constitutionally idle butterflies unfit to toil or spin, that they never work from choice but only from necessity. Perhaps this phenomenon, granting that it exists, is due more to the conditions under which work has to be performed than to any ineradicable tendency in human nature, and is not confined to only one sex. Certainly it seems unlikely that either man or woman would choose to work eleven, twelve, thirteen hours a day at the same round of toil except under compulsion. The keenness of competition forces the nurse, like other workers to accept what she can get. Nursing presents itself to many women as the only means of earning a livelihood. It requires no capital and no special knowledge or qualification, and is to the majority attractive. Every hospital matron has more applicants than she can count. In most of the London hospitals the applications are numbered annually by the thousand. Only some ten or twelve years ago, the old order of hospital sisters regarded the incursions of educated women into their wards with an hostility which doubtless originated in the suspicion that the bread was to be taken out of their mouths and they were to be eventually supplanted. Their prophetic instincts have been verified, and now women of the middle class completely fill their places. The

progress of medical and surgical science has been followed, step by step, by a corresponding advance in skilled nursing, and the character of a nurse's duties has completely changed. Hospital wards, once breeding centres of contagion, are now places of sweetness and light, and show signs in all the details of their arrangements of skilled intelligence. From having been considered a work any woman was capable of performing—a something "that came by nature," nursing is now a recognised profession, requiring a system of theoretical and practical training extending over a definite period. Within the last ten years hospital staffs have doubled in number, and ward-maids have been everywhere introduced to supplement the nurse's work. Under the old system the amount of manual labour which devolved upon the nurses was so great that it would seem as if floors and furniture must have occupied fully as much time as the patients, and serious neglect must often have been inevitable. It was a common thing for nurses off duty for the day, or half-day, to relinquish whole charge of patients to old women of the scrubber or charwoman class, who would be also employed in emergencies.

Such a practice would now be deemed little short of murderous, and that it could once be in vogue, as a matter of course, evidences what would now be considered great irresponsibility. It is difficult to be too enthusiastic over the immense improvements which have taken place for the benefit of the patients. The nurse, however, has less to be thankful for.

Many who remember the intensified hardship and drudgery of another time, often as their own personal experience, are inclined to be too optimistic over what has been gained. The nurses of a former day were herded in big dormitories bare of the most necessary comforts and conveniences. Many of their meals had to be prepared by themselves, and had often to be cooked and eaten in the bad atmosphere of the wards. Their hours for rest and recreation were irregular and of the most meagre description. The number of the staff was very inadequate, and the more conscientious the individual nurse, the harder would be her drudgery in her efforts to meet the demands made upon her. He who runs may read of the improvements now made in all these particulars in particular hospitals—of the good food provided at set and regular meals, the hours taken "off duty" as a matter-of-course, of the comfortable accommodation for sleeping. The person whose attitude of mind is uncritical may grow jubilant over the fact that the nurse is no longer forced to scrub floors and black-lead stoves, and it will not strike him as curious that it should be necessary to lay stress upon the fact that a most valuable public servant is properly housed and fed. He will if he is a true representative of the British Public pay little heed to complaints as to long hours and over-work. When the spirit of

revolt is abroad one must expect to find it in the hospital ward as elsewhere. It is tacitly felt that the nurse is better occupied in the pursuit of her duties than in rushing into print, and that as a womanly woman she should take delight in self-sacrifice.

The tone of the evidence bearing on this subject given in the Lords' Select Committee on Metropolitan Hospitals is careful and reserved and cannot be said to be jubilant. Most of the witnesses in the interests of their hospitals evidently felt, more or less, bound to turn a brave side outwards, and the opinion of one lady at the head of a nursing-staff, that owing to the arduousness of the work women shortened their lives by some ten years on entering the nursing profession, was not, we are told, "held by others," and in opposition one of the witnesses declared in a phrase which strikes a curious note of impatience, "that hospitals were meant for the patients and not for the nurses." Further, taking a good deal for granted, the same witness stated, "that if hospital work is such that a woman of ordinary health and strength can do it and remain in health, you have done all you are bound to do until the public give you money to do more." Others, "even though they considered the nursing staff in their own particular hospitals to be numerous enough for their duties, regard being had to the wants of the patients and *all existing* standards of adequacy, were hopeful that the position of nurses generally would be improved by means of shorter hours of labour, longer holidays and better pay." The matron who put forth the unfavourable opinion expressed above, "that women gave up ten years of their lives on entering this profession," was clearly in the minority. But "minorities," it has been boldly said, "are always in the right."

A nurse-probationer is engaged by the matron of her hospital, and after a month of trial, during which she receives no wages, binds herself to work in the hospital, or on the Private Nursing Staff, should there be an Institution attached to it, as the authorities may direct. The period during which she is "bound" varies from two to four years, and is usually three. If she leaves, from any cause, before the expiration of the particular term, her nursing career is practically at an end. The fact that she has broken her agreement will be enough to bar all other hospital doors against her, and the only condition of her again taking up the work will be her making a false statement denying her former experience, and beginning again afresh. In some places she will receive no wages during her first year, but as a rule remuneration will be given her at the rate of £1 a month, or less, with board, lodging, and some articles of clothing. As a fully trained staff-nurse or sister of a ward her wages may rise from £25 to £30 or £40 *per annum*. Special or lady-probationers, of which most large general hospitals receive a limited number, pay the expenses of their board and lodging, and are engaged for shorter periods; in

some cases have first chances of promotion, and have veneration accorded to them in the shape of better rooms to sleep and sit in, easier chairs to rest in, and thinner cups to drink out of. In some instances their hours are shorter and their work lighter.

The sentimentalist idea of a nurse's occupation as consisting mainly in the gentle smoothing of pillows is now generally disabused. The work of nursing proper demands muscle, pluck, endurance, deftness, and sympathy, but does not in itself involve any serious strain to healthy and capable women. The word nursing has come to be a synonymous term with overwork, because the hours of continuous duty by night and day are very long, and also on account of the amount of cleaning work, sweeping, dusting, and polishing which supplements attention to the patients. The intensity of work varies greatly in different hospitals, and depends much upon whether they are situated in busy and densely-populated centres or in quiet provincial towns. Things adjust themselves, however, with such nice economy that, though other circumstances may change from place to place, the labour of the nurse will remain just as much as she can manage to get through. In general hospitals with medical schools attached, where the cases are accurate and require much attention, the proportion of nurses to patients will be comparatively high, and the greater part of the manual labour in the ward will be performed by ward-servants. In slow provincial hospitals or infirmaries where the cases are mostly chronic, the proportion of nurses to patients will be low, and all the time the nurse is not actually engaged in necessary attention to the patients will be filled up in various other ways. The term nursing is an elastic one and can be made to cover such occupations as scrubbing, sewing, washing bandages, and even cleaning windows as at Rhyl, in Wales. A good example of what seems an incredibly low proportion of nurses to patients is afforded by a hospital at Harrogate, in which there are two nurses to 160 beds; even supposing, as one is obliged, that the so-called "hospital" is in reality, to all intents and purposes, a convalescent home.

A nurse may generally count on being on her feet the whole of the time she spends in the wards—that is to say, ~~to~~ ^{for} a or eleven hours, and even longer on night duty, when the staffs are weak and the wards small. The prevalence of the deformity known as flat feet among nurses bears witness to an excessive amount of standing and moving. In many institutions it is a canon of etiquette that the nurse may never sit down in the ward, even should she have opportunity.

The order of a nurse's day varies very slightly. The day-nurses rise, as a rule, at 5.45 A.M., make their beds and leave them tidy for the day, get their breakfasts, sometimes preparing the tea and bread-and-butter for themselves, so as to be in the wards at 7 A.M. They work in the wards till 8 or 9 P.M., with about one hour and a half for meals. In the large general Metropolitan hospitals the

hours "off duty" are generally two every day; in the provinces two on alternate days, and evening and morning Church time on Sundays. "Days off" and "half days," the rule in some institutions are unknown in others. Where there are lectures for the probationers, they are generally held between 8 or 9 P.M., or later. Compulsory attendance at prayers, for which she must stay up, often deprives a tired nurse from an extra hour's rest in bed.

The proportion of nurses to patients varies in the Metropolitan hospitals from about one to three, to one to six or seven by day, and one to ten, sixteen, or eighteen by night. In provincial hospitals the proportion will be, as a rule, lower both by night and day, but it is difficult to get reliable statistics, except as they come under one's own personal observation. In my own experience, a probationer who had finished her first year's training was put in charge of a wing of sixty-four beds, thirty-two upstairs and thirty-two down, for a period of night duty extending over three months. As a general rule there was one nurse to a smaller wing of forty-eight beds, and it was a common thing for night nurses to be kept running from ward to ward, upstairs and down, all night, with hardly time to snatch for meals. In an emergency it not infrequently happens that a nurse who has been on day duty for twelve hours will be sent back to the wards for the night to watch some case requiring constant feeding and attention. It is easy to understand the danger of such a practice. For the sake of both nurse and patient, it is not too much to say that it ought never to be resorted to. Under the most favourable circumstances night duty involves a certain amount of strain, but, after eighteen or twenty hours of responsible and arduous labour, the mental and physical exhaustion will, in the majority of cases, render the nurse totally unfit to do justice either to her patient or herself, and the only wonder is that serious mistakes with medicines and lotions are not more frequent. The sleeping accommodation for night nurses is often quite inadequate to meet the exigencies required for sound slumber between the hours of 1 P.M. and 8 P.M. In one hospital of my acquaintance the "night rooms" were situated at the end of a long passage constantly traversed by day nurses, over the noisiest part of the building, and were unventilated except by the windows. Day nurses sleep, as a rule, in separate cubicles, or in double or triple-bedded rooms. The first arrangement, though it has its disadvantages, is decidedly preferable to the second, and the lack of privacy it involves. Only those who have fully realised the real hardship of never being alone, or free from other eyes and tongues for one minute out of the twenty-four hours, can have full measure of sympathy for the probationer who used to go to a public library for seclusion.

Nursing, we are told, has made great strides in the Poor-Law

infirmaries as elsewhere; and in London, at least, the employment of unskilled pauper nurses is the exception. Many of the nurses, and even the matrons, are still untrained, and the proportion of nurses to patients is very low. "At Marylebone Infirmary, for instance, there are only 66 nurses to 700 beds; their accommodation is bad and their food insufficient, and meals and hours for recreation, needless to say, irregular.

On July 22 a coroner's jury held an inquest on the body of a patient of the Holborn Union Infirmary, who had risen from his bed in the night and thrown himself out of a window in a fit of delirium, during the absence of the nurse from the ward. The jury knew so little of the inner economy of hospitals and infirmaries that they received the nurse's evidence that she was on duty twelve hours, and had 63 patients under her charge in different wards, with cries of "Shame!"

The sick-wards of a workhouse form the lowest circle of this Inferno. Neither matrons or nurses have any hospital training, and both medical and nursing staffs are terribly inadequate. At Bethnal Green, where there is no separate infirmary and nearly 600 sick, there is a staff of less than twenty nurses, some of whom are over sixty-five years of age, and these are supplemented by 80 paupers. At Paddington there are only nine nurses to 300 beds, and all are untrained but the lying-in-nurse. The squalid scramble, miscalled nursing, in these institutions can be better imagined than described. Any decent and systematic attention to the unfortunate patients must be, by the very nature of things, impossible.

In contrast with this gloomy state of things it is cheering to be able to point to King's College Hospital, in which the proportion of nurses to patients is about one to three. Here, at least, the authorities have seen the folly of cheapness which has to be paid for at the expense of the health and strength of the servants of the sick; and in spite of the fact that they are crippled for want of funds, they have increased their nursing staff sufficiently to allow every nurse to go "off duty" for four hours daily. All honour is to be accorded to them for having been the first to make a step towards an eight-hours day, the period of working time which a great London Daily declares to be the minimum of chivalry which can be offered to the nurse. In an interview with the assistant matron, she declared that since the shortened hours had been in vogue, the whole work of the nursing-staff had gone more briskly and satisfactorily, and that the nurses did not "break down" as formerly. The common and matter-of-fact use of this very term "break down" in nurses' parlance is in itself a proof of the hard conditions of their lives, in which the fittest to survive is too often not the best, most conscientious, and sympathetic nurse, but toughest and most easy-going drudge. Only one who has actually

lived among nurses, as one of them, can perhaps realise all the suffering summed up in that one phrase—the long and weary struggle for weeks and months against failing strength; the dreaded day when perforce work has to be relinquished; the final verdict of “unfit”; the dismissal and going away, handicapped with broken health, to compete once more in the labour market, or to return to a dreaded dependence. “Flat feet” and varicose veins are every-day and matter-of-course ailments, while heart disease and phthisis are terribly and needlessly frequent developments.

I well remember on one occasion standing at the bedside of a newly received patient while the house-surgeon elicited her history, tracing it upon the head-board as he did so. She had been employed in the laundry attached to the hospital, washing for twelve or thirteen hours a day. Her case was almost too common for comment, but with a slight shrug of his shoulder the doctor for once made a remark:—“Same thing that’s wrong with all of us, nurse,” he said—“overwork.” This slight instance is a typical one of the way in which philanthropy creates with one hand the evil which with the other it seeks to relieve.

To come to the practical question of “What to do?” It is clear that little is to be expected from boards of management and house committees, all anxious to economise as far as possible, and disposed to think their own arrangements perfect. The nurses themselves are practically helpless. Insuperable difficulties stand in the way of any combination on their part. A nurse must suffer in silence unless she is willing to incur the displeasure of authorities and all that displeasure involves. She is absolutely at the mercy of her matron. If she displeases her she is liable at any time to dismissal without a certificate, or may be given one on which no one would employ her. Faults of which she knows nothing and has never been openly accused may be laid to her charge in private letters, and prove an effectual bar to her re-engagement. The making or marring of her career is dependent on the good-will of one person. It is clear, therefore, that little is to be hoped from the inside of the hospital.

It has been suggested that something might be done by the formation of committees of ladies and gentlemen, influential subscribers to this hospital and the other, who would look into things from the nurses’ point of view, and seek to remedy abuses. This plan might possibly be of use for London and for the voluntary hospitals, but it is difficult to see how it could be extended to touch provincial hospitals, while the Poor-Law, workhouse infirmaries, and asylums—which comprise over two-thirds of our Metropolitan hospital accommodation alone, and which are so much in need of reform—are left entirely outside the scope of the plan. The ideal to be aimed at for all nurses is that “minimum of chivalry”—an eight-hours day, or three shifts for the twenty-four hours instead of two. A steady

growth in public opinion may force the hospital authorities into action like that taken by those of King's College Hospital. An eight-hours day for nurses alone would bring a much needed relief to a valuable class of public servants. A legal and compulsory eight-hours day for all workers, not as an end or good in itself, but as a measure of alleviation under the present system of cut-throat competition, would do much to solve the problems connected with hospitals by relieving the strain upon their funds and the pressure on their accommodation.

GERTRUDE DIX.

THE SCOTSMAN AS A HOUSEHOLDER.

PERIODICALLY, about this season of the year, the average Scotsman asks himself and his neighbour why fate has ordained that he shall be a prisoner in his dwelling for sixteen months at a time, while the more fortunately born Englishman enjoys the comparative freedom of a week's, a month's, or, at the most, a quarter's incarceration. And he sometimes puts it to himself further, whether his southern brother, if he knew more thoroughly the residential conditions under which some four millions of Scotsmen live, would not lend his sympathy and his aid to a much needed process of amelioration. It is a curious fact, meanwhile, that, despite the kindred spirit which animates the two peoples in so many directions, despite their intimacy, nationally and commercially, despite every facility of travel and communication that have come into being with the expansion of our railway and telegraphic systems, the inhabitants of North and South Britain are still dominated in a large measure by habits and prejudices, and even by ideas, exclusive to their respective countries.

The more obvious diversities of habit and custom are, of course, familiar enough in a way—those associated with religion and religious observance, with the systems of laws, the methods of judicial administration, and so forth. Yet ask most Englishmen the meaning of “avizandum” (which is not a legal technicality merely, but an idea of the street in Scotland), or ask most Scotsmen for an explanation of *nisi prius* procedure, and some curious evidence of the national exclusiveness will be forthcoming. But the distinctiveness which gives rise to the anomalies, of which I hope to say something, is of a different kind, and on investigation would be found on all sides running through the common life of the people.

It is the case in regard to the lighter side of things as well as in serious affairs. Take the holidays of the populace. St. Lubbock is now all in all south of the Tweed. The stern northerner refuses to bend before his shrine. The patron saint of 'Arry and 'Arriet is almost unknown in the North, and wholly unappreciated, the Scotsman abiding to all intents and purposes by his “fair” and his “fast-days,” although he now enjoys a revised version of the latter in the form of “spring” and “autumn” holidays, and persisting in being busily at work when the Englishman is on pleasure bent, and

in taking his ease when his neighbour is attending to business, to their mutual disadvantage as regards matters of trade and commerce. Even the juvenile population maintain the fashion of their elders, and while the annual saturnalia of squibs and crackers, which seems to be a necessity of youthful civilisation, takes place in England in gloomy November to the dishonour of Guido Fawkes, the Scotsmen of the future prefer to indulge themselves in this way in honour of the Queen upon Her Majesty's birthday in the merry month of May.

But, after all, most of these idiosyncrasies are excusable—perhaps defensible—because they do not materially affect the well-being of the people of either country. Can the same be said of the relations between landlord and tenant—not in the agrarian, or even the ordinarily disputatious, but the purely residential sense—which obtains north of the Tweed? An Englishman's house, we have often been told, is his castle. So is a Scotchman's, from one point of view; but, under another and more significant aspect, it presents itself as his prison. Perhaps the best way to set about describing the position of a house-occupier in Scotland is to imagine oneself under the necessity of house-hunting in a large city.

But, first of all, for the sake of comparison, let us examine the position in England. House-hunting everywhere and always is an undesirable occupation—to a man at least—but as it is called for in England, this duty would present itself to the Scottish mind as a wonderfully simple operation. The average Englishman on the look-out for a domicile may adopt one of several courses. He may examine the advertisement columns of his morning or evening papers, he may consult a house-agent, or he may make a personal perambulation of the localities which commend themselves to him as most desirable. Supposing him to adopt the last-mentioned plan, and to have selected a tenement, he makes his way to the house-agent's office, settles terms, arranging that the rent shall be payable weekly or monthly, as the case may be, and, generally speaking, he is at liberty the same afternoon or next day to instal himself and his belongings in his new abode. He finds the house complete in all its parts and fittings—or, if he doesn't, it is his own fault—and he can lay him down to rest on the first night of occupation in the full assurance that he is a free man. If he finds, in the course of a month or two, that the house is damp, that the locality is unhealthy, that he is surrounded by undesirable neighbours, that unexpected business exigencies necessitate an immediate change of residence, or if any of the hundred and one reasons arise which cause men to encounter the domestic upheaval involved in fitting, the tenant has no incubus weighing him down, there are no pains and penalties to encounter, no mysterious semi-feudal processes to be gone through. He can lift up his bed and the rest of his properties—or have it

done for him—and walk, with nobody to say him nay, provided that he has honourably discharged the amount of rent due for his actual occupancy of the house.

They manage things differently in Scotland. At the onset, a man's aspiration to become a householder is regarded with grave suspicion—that at any rate is the only inference to be drawn from the ordeal he is called upon to pass through. There are many potent personages peculiar to the north side of the Border—to wit, the baillie, the Church elder, and others familiar in literature; but one is constrained to give the palm for importance to the factor, who holds untold power in the hollow of his hand. There are factors and factors, of course—good men, bad, and indifferent; but taking them in the mass, and making every allowance for the kindness of heart and honesty of mind of not a few, it cannot be denied that they make a point of using their powers too well rather than wisely. No doubt the necessities of the factor's position—he is but an agent for others—involve that austerity of demeanour towards the unfledged tenant which is so much in vogue. When the seeker after an habitation and a home presents himself to this official he should be prepared—especially if he happen to be a mere working-man—to undergo the most critical survey. The severity of the inquisition varies, of course, according as the factor possesses or does not possess the ordinary qualities of humanity.

There are cases in which the would-be tenant is dealt with as if he had just completed “three months hard,” and were still a very questionable member of society; and in practically all instances he has to submit himself to a long category of questions—What does he do? where is he employed? has he occupied a house before? how long has he been in the town? has he suitable references? &c. If the applicant's appearance and answers convey the impression that he is, at all events, *prima facie*, an honest man, the first part of the negotiation is over, and the transaction may be regarded as begun, and the intending householder will probably proceed to make an efficient inspection of the premises upon which his mind is set. That he is permitted to do so should, perhaps, in view of all the circumstances, be considered a concession to his helplessness, rather than as a recognition of his rights.

It may be supposed that the establishment in regard to which the preliminary proceedings are so crucial as is the case of Scotland is of colossal dimensions, with a sumptuously fitted interior. Such a supposition would be a mistake. It is easier to become the master of a mansion than of a room and kitchen, because, according to the prevailing factorial philosophy, the humbler the residential aspirations the greater likelihood there is of one's being a rogue. Consequently, if we imagine the would be tenant to be merely an average member of the community—the great mass of whom, in the large cities, at

any rate, occupy houses of one room and kitchen, or two rooms and kitchen—and follow him upon his mission of investigation, we shall shortly see him turning up one of the narrow entries known in Scotland as closes. These, in the poorer localities especially, are often ill-lighted and dismal, and very uninviting to the stranger who is not familiar with the flat system. Supposing our friend's intended domicile to be in the third or fourth storey of the building, he will mount a winding staircase up some fifty, sixty, or seventy steps, until he reaches a landing upon which there are three doors, one being in front of him, and the others on his right and left hands respectively. There are three similar doors fronting each of the two or three landings he has passed on the way up. On the other side of each of these doors are the hearth and home of some canny Scotsman and his family.

If the locality be of good repute, and occupied by the better type of the Scottish working-classes, the ill impression conveyed by the gloomy aspect of the close will probably be removed on glancing at any one of these doors, which, with their burnished name-plates, clean-washed panelling, and glittering bell-pulls offer pleasant evidence of the "redding up" propensities of the Scottish matron. This door is at once the only inlet and only outlet of the Scotsman's castle, and the most is made of it in the way of appearance. There is a wonderful amount of resource shown in the use of the restricted space available in these two-rooms-and-kitchen houses, what with the "beds in the wall," and the location of the various presses, coal-bunker, &c.: for, in the absence of any ground attached to the house (with the exception of a small green for common use by the nine or ten occupiers for clothes'-washing and drying purposes), the whole of the domestic avocations have to be carried on indoors.

What strikes the stranger as oddest, however, should he accompany this intending tenant to the unoccupied house, is the total absence of grates and gasaliers. Who accomplished the stroke of genius that constituted the Scottish grate and gasalier removable furniture and not fixtures of the dwelling cannot be said, but he must have been either a house-factor or an ironmonger, or both; for to none other is the present astonishing system anything but most cumbrous, inconvenient, and expensive. The trade in grates and gasaliers must, indeed, be something appalling in the matter of proportion, for by some further machination of the same subtle genius it has been contrived that grates which admirably fit the fire-places of one house shall almost certainly be absurdly unsuitable in any other dwelling to which the tenant may have occasion to remove; so that in addition to the unnecessary trouble and expense of conveying these household appurtenances from one place to another the unhappy man has often to buy new grates or exchange his old ones for others, in either case at serious financial loss. In fact

these cover a considerable item in a Scotsman's calculation of household outlay. In some of the buildings now being erected this anomaly has partially been done away with by the provision of kitchen-ranges.

Returning to our would-be householder, we will imagine him to have made up his mind that, providing certain internal repairs that strike him as needful are carried out (and in this connection the Scottish householder knows no compunction in his estimate of things needful, although he does not always succeed in inducing the landlord to comply with his wishes) he cannot do better than take the dwelling under consideration. In due course, then, he hies him back to the factor, and if that functionary has satisfied himself by scrutiny of the local directory or by inquiry otherwise that there may, after all, be some reason for believing the applicant to be a man without evil intent, an instrument quasi-mediaeval in its tones, and known as "the missive," is produced. This document, which is supported by all the credentials of an ostentatious legality, is the testimony of the bond into which the parties enter, the tenant thereby undertaking an occupancy nominally of twelve months, actually of sixteen months.

For the Scotsman there is no escape from this arrangement, if he desires to have a decent roof over his head and be freed from the inconvenience of homelessness. Early in each year—in most cases February is the month—every tenant is called upon by his landlord to forthwith intimate whether or not he intends to continue in occupation until May in the following year. The same rule applies to men in all stations, and it is not difficult to apprehend that this is a very large order to make upon a working-man, whose occupation is as likely as not to be precarious and his wage small. How many people are there, even in the more comfortable and apparently secure walks of life, who can foresee the contingencies of fifteen or sixteen months? Not many, I imagine; and yet it is considered reasonable in Scotland to ask all—high and low alike—to exercise the faculty of omniscience, and to submit themselves to a penalty equivalent to the extent of their failure to achieve the impossible.

Practically, then, the Scottish tenant is a prisoner in his own house for sixteen months at a time. Without taking account at all of the smaller ills which might arise, and occasion upon his part a desire for removal, the theory of the system is—and in a large measure its effect also—that, in the event of the tenant losing his situation, or should a severe form of domestic affliction assail him, or any other serious emergency arise involving the breaking up of his home, he is placed at a disadvantage sometimes almost ruinous in its influence. He has signed away his liberty of movement—not willingly, it may be, but because he had no alternative—and he is thus at the mercy of his landlord, without whose sanction he

cannot even sublet to a third person the house which has now become a most expensive incumbrance. No doubt in cases of extremity the factors are often amenable to reason; but, on the other hand, it is no rare occurrence for them to be as persistent in claiming the pound of flesh as was Shylock. And, unfortunately, there is no Portia to go to the rescue of poor Antonio, who must either come to terms with his landlord or pay the penalty—*i.e.*, the rental of the house for the full period.

There can be no economic defence of a house-letting system which renders such a situation possible, and its dubious morality is obvious. Be it remembered, I would repeat, that this system is general in its application, not confined to men of means and position who may be willing and ready to take the risks attending an extended lease, but is the common portion of the great mass of the people, only a very small proportion of whom can feel reasonably certain of being in settled employment for sixteen weeks, much less sixteen months. The vast majority of the men who are thus compelled to saddle themselves with a house for a year and four months are paid weekly wages and are liable to loss of situation every seven days. The system is as illogical in its relation to the other amenities of life as it is cumbrous and absurd.

So far as I am aware only one argument has been advanced in support of the tenant's position in the transaction: that come what may he is certain of a roof over his head for six months (the rent is in most cases payable half-yearly), because, whatever his circumstances, the landlord cannot interfere with him in the interim. But that contention has no bearing upon the cases in which removal becomes desirable for other reasons than an accession of poverty; and even to an artizan out of work, whose cupboard is almost bare and whose means of subsistence are at the lowest ebb, it must seem poor consolation to remember that he cannot be ejected until his rent becomes due, and that when that time does arrive his misery will be aggravated by the disposal of his goods and chattels. Such hardships occur from time to time, and cases of the kind have occasionally induced discussion in the newspapers on the irrational method of house-occupancy in vogue, but without perceptible effect.

It must, indeed, be confessed that the bulk of the people, although most of them give vent to a grumble on the subject at some period or other of their lives, do not adequately realise the anomalous situation in which they live, move, and have their being. Long usage, and a certain bias in favour of a system peculiar to the country, have rendered them comparatively indifferent, and they bear the infliction with patience worthy of a better cause, as if it were one of the evils flesh is necessarily heir to.

I have now dealt with the most vexatious aspect of the present state of things, but there are certain other peculiarities and dis-

advantages, some of them rather comical in character, which are worthy of notice. One feature—strange and yet consistent—of the system is that a man cannot give up a house without rendering himself liable to a new stock of troubles. But, in the first place, should he signify his intention of leaving, notwithstanding that he does so of his own free will, he has to participate in the humorous fiction of being expelled. The terms of the document which apprises him of this eviction may be interesting. They run as follow :

“To A—— B——: •

“In virtue of a precept of warning directed to me by the Heritable Proprietor of the property wherein you are tenant, I hereby lawfully charge and warn you to flit and remove yourself, wife, bairns, families, servants, sub-tenants, cottars, goods, and gear, and all other whatsoever, furth and from the premises presently possessed by you, and make and leave the same completely void and redd at and against the term of Whitsunday next, to the effect that the said Proprietor, or others in name thereof, may then enter thereto, and peaceably possess the same, and that under the pain of ejection, besides being held liable in the violent profits of said subjects. This I do upon the 30th day of March, 1891 years, before C—— D ——, residing in ——, Witness.

“E—— F——, Sheriff's Officer.”

The worthy Scot who happens to earn 25s. a week, and lives in a room and kitchen, might very reasonably feel uncertain whether to regard this portentous document as a compliment or an insult ; but the law directs that he shall have it hurled at him, and the factor does not forget to send it. However, this is but a mild infliction compared with another certain sequel of the tenant's intimation that he is going to terminate his occupancy. That intimation, as already mentioned, has to be given in February. Very soon afterwards a board is affixed to his premises, informing all and sundry that the house is to let. That is almost invariably the signal for the inauguration of a pleasant experience which lasts from February to May. Being to let, the house is held to be also open to inspection, and the occupant is expected for a period of four months to submit his home to the scrutiny of whoever chooses to call and express a desire to see over the premises. And, as if it were not bad enough to have the quiet and seclusion of his hearth disturbed by those whose errand is legitimate, he is also rendered liable to the visits of the idle and inquisitive—usually idle and inquisitive females—who have not the remotest intention of taking the house, but use the landlord's notice as a subterfuge for ferreting out other people's affairs. Even the pilferer “of respectable appearance” is not unknown in this connection.

But the crowning delight of the Scottish tenant, who is “fitting this term” comes on the 28th May, when the period of occupancy expires. In the larger cities, there are pretty sure to be many

thousands of people in that position, and as they have to be out of their old houses and in their new ones before the clock strikes twelve, no small degree of diplomatic arrangement is necessary to enable all to get out and in by the prescribed hour. As a matter of fact, though, no amount of skill can achieve this result, and one of the extraordinary effects of a delightfully disingenious system is to be witnessed every 28th of May in Scotland. What will happen some 28th of May if the whole 4,000,000 of Scotland's population take it into their heads to flit simultaneously—as is quite possible, theoretically—I would rather not surmise. Many evidences of the near approach of the flitting carnival are observable on the preceding evening, and in the early morning the proceedings begin in earnest, the lazy rattle of the lumbering "lorry" being heard long before the break of day. As the hours wear on the number of these slowly-moving conveyances, with their homely burdens—curiously unhomely though in their present situation—greatly increases, and for a time the streets are thronged with the goods of the household. The effect of a cavalcade of furniture-waggons is odd, to say the least, and many and strange are the incidents associated with this periodical itinerancy. Sometimes those who are trying to get out of a house, and those who are trying to get in meet, as it were, at close quarters. This is little to be wondered at, and it is surprising that the whole affair is carried on with such general good humour as prevents anything more than a general rally between the parties.

One of the commonest scenes in the poorer localities on this annual occasion has a touch of the pathetic, as well as an element of the ludicrous about it. The wife and mother and younger children may be seen seated on the summit of their belongings, as the humble conveyance bearing them journeys through the street, the woman pale and tired with the worries of the flitting, and evidently somewhat anxious for the safety of her goods and chattels—for the Scotswoman, however, humble, does not live who has not a touch of house-pride—and the youngsters full of delight, and manifestly of opinion that the whole affair has been arranged for their entertainment. The husband and father trudges wearily; and with something of a shamefaced air, in the rear, conscious of the humility of the position in which he finds himself, for such vanity as a man has oozes out at his finger-points when he sees all he has in the world being trundled through the streets and realises its insignificance. Of course rain is falling heavily—it is the genial way in which the elements usually participate in the events of the day—and when these mothers and children riding on a "lorry," and fathers trudging through the mire present themselves in many places, as they are pretty sure to do, one is constrained to doubt whether this general and simultaneous display has even the merit of

being picturesque. The spectacle is instructive, perhaps, as an extensive example of the evanescence of the human household; but it is not pleasing, and certainly not necessary.

To whose advantage it is that this absurd system, productive of so much unnecessary trouble and expense, should be carried on any longer, it were hard to say. The common impression is that the landlords wish to maintain it. Probably they do, and presumably under the conviction that it is to their interest to do so. But surely that is a short-sighted view of the case. If houses were let by the week or the month it does not necessarily follow that the landlord would be a loser. He could get just as much rent for his tenements as he does now, and he would not have to wait so long for his money. The existing method of payment has a bad effect, which extends beyond landlords and tenants, because the latter, having to pay half-yearly sums ranging from £5 or £6 upwards, in a multitude of cases give way to the temptation of making no provision for rent-day until absolutely necessary.

And the position of the tenant is rendered worse by the fact that he is personally responsible for the whole of the local taxation—burgh-rates, police-rates, water-rates, school board-rates, and the rest—all of which, by another ingenious mal-contrivance, is demanded at the same period of the year. Thus, in November and December, it is the commonest thing imaginable for a working-man earning 30s. or 35s. a week to be called upon to discharge a rent account of £7 or £8 and a rate account aggregating to £2 10s. or £3—a sorry preparation for the festive season of the year. Surely such conditions are preposterous. They are certainly inapplicable and therefore inconvenient to the great mass of people whose income is gradual and whose expenditure should be likewise. The periodical restriction of outlay which they find necessary in present circumstances has, moreover, a perceptible and of course prejudicial effect upon the general business-affairs of the community. With the great body of the people available money is, indeed, so scarce that during the few weeks before and the few weeks after rent-day, even the takings of shopkeepers who purvey the necessaries of life reach a minimum, and the disadvantages under which these tradesmen linger are but typical of the influence produced in many other directions.

It may almost be said that the ordinary current of affairs is in Scotland stayed half-yearly in order that the landlord may receive his rent. Important as the landlord is, and deserving though he may be of his reward, that seems a strange and inexplicable anomaly—especially when we remember that the worthy man would get his money sooner if the anomaly did not exist.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF PROPERTY IN LAND.

It is by the comparative method only that we are enabled fully and clearly to trace the development of the human race from its infancy to the present times. It is the examination of customs and institutions of existing primitive societies which explains the survivals, otherwise inexplicable, of past civilisations, survivals even now deeply imbedded in our national life. It is by the comparison of these survivals of various civilisations with each other, together with actual historical knowledge, that we can reconstruct the past and comprehend the present, and by the knowledge thus acquired to some extent forecast the future, and at any rate avoid rushing blindfold into retrograde measures. In the study of primitive man we must dismiss from our minds all our preconceived orthodox ideas. Man is not the fallen creature we have been taught to believe. Neither is he the descendant of an ideal past, a "state of Nature" assumed by Rousseau to support his theories of what a perfect society ought to be: a "state of Nature" the very opposite of what we now know it to be. Primitive man is not the personage described by Blackstone, a man merely stripped of his eighteenth century clothes retaining all the feelings and ideas of that period. On the contrary, there is absolute proof that the primitive progenitors of our race differed little in their habits or thoughts from the nineteenth century cannibals of the Pacific Ocean. In dealing then with early man we must reverse all our modern ideas of mankind. In primitive societies, the tribe, the clan, or the family is the social or political unit and not the individual, who, as we now know him, is a comparatively modern conception. The individual as such is not recognised, his identity is merged in his tribe, clan, or family.

The evolution of property in land is from tribal possession to that of possession by the joint family and from possession by the joint family to individual possession *ex jure Quiritium*—i.e., exclusive ownership, after passing through feudalism, a modified form of individual ownership.

Thus, as we might expect, and notwithstanding the views of some

recent writers to the contrary, even goods and chattels are at first communistic property, and under these are included women, children, and slaves. In England even as late as the fourteenth century groups of peasants and sometimes whole villages, owned such chattels as horses, oxen, ploughs, and boats in common.

If an Esquimaux owns more than two canoes he must lend the others to some member of his clan, if required, who is not responsible for their loss, and since all property is to a great extent in common to steal from a fellow-clansman is to steal from one's-self; although to steal from a stranger is praiseworthy; and detection is alone disgraceful. These conceptions, then, were applied to property in land. Primitive man loves not isolation. To him isolation means death by starvation. Thus, when we first find traces of man, it is as a member of a tribe, clan, or family.

The evolution of property in land has been the same in all countries and at all times, allowing for external interferences, thus showing that societies are subject to the same universal law. I propose, then, to take such illustrations as may best serve my purpose, premising that each society has passed or in the act of passing through the same general course of development.

It has been generally supposed that primitive societies have passed through the hunting, pastoral, and agricultural stages successively, but though this may be true of some few, it is not universally the case. Many tribes have carried on hunting and pastoral pursuits concurrently, and some from the nature of the country have omitted the pastoral altogether.

It has been asserted by Coulanges that the idea of property in land did not arise until the tribe was in the agricultural stage, but that this is incorrect is clear from numerous proofs to the contrary.

The claims to hunting grounds are always well defined, though not always recognised, and thus lead to constant quarrels. The Australian bushman, for instance, is so punctilious that he will not even pursue a wounded enemy across his boundary, and the Tasmanians had well-defined hunting grounds from which any stranger was expelled by force, or, if necessary, killed. Among tribes then in any of those stages it may confidently be asserted that the land is always and everywhere regarded as the joint property of the tribe.

Now the first dwellings of primitive societies are communal. These communal houses have been discovered in Polynesia; in Mexico, among the Pueblo Indians; further north are the famous "long-houses" of the Iroquois 100 feet long, 30 broad, and 20 high, partitioned off into dormitories for the women, and with common store and a common table. The houses of the Dyaks of Borneo

raised on poles recall the lake dwellings of Switzerland, and the hill-forts recently discovered in this country, no doubt, belong to this period.

In its infancy agriculture is left to the women, and hence we find as the family emerges that it does so in the matriarchal form, the matron becomes the head of the clan or family, and the land is transmitted through her and the husbands, generally brothers (for this is the period of polyandryism) are received like strangers on a visit, since they are usually members of another clan. The property passes to the eldest daughter, who, in her turn, becomes manageress for the matriarchal clan, and the children taking the mother's name, are provided for by their sister.

The husband, says a Basque proverb, is his wife's head-servant.

But as methods of agriculture improved and became profitable, women were deposed from their place of trust and condemned to the rude labour of the fields from which they were only relieved by slave labour. With the introduction of the patriarchal system all is reversed. The property is vested in the father; as the head of the clan or family, he transmits it to his eldest son or nephew, and his name to his children, and manages the estate for the benefit of the clan.

This is the village community which existed in this country for centuries up to quite modern times, as it has in every other country of the world.

Now, the village community, like the tribe, was in fact or in theory composed of kinsmen descended from a common ancestor. Kinship is the basis.

With the formation of the family, whether matriarchal or patriarchal, the communal dwelling disappears. Each family has its homestead, standing in its own plot of ground, the remainder of the land being divided into three parts—the arable, the pasture, and the waste. To each homestead is allotted a plot of arable, usually 30 acres, a share in the pasture, and specified rights over the waste—*e.g.*, cutting wood or turf, feeding so many head of cattle, swine, geese, &c. To preserve equality, however, a periodical redistribution took place. At Malmesbury this took place annually, among the Jews every fifty years, and was known as the Jubilee. But the family, says Marshall, is not allowed to cultivate its lot at pleasure. "They must sow their fields with the same grain as that of the other families of the community." In fact they are subject to the most stringent customs. The system of cultivation is usually triennial rotation—(1) corn or rye, (2) spring crops (barley, oats, beans, peas), (3) fallow. Haxthausen, speaking of the Russian Mir, remarks that "the most perfect order, resembling a military discipline presides over the labours of the field. On the same day at the same

hour of peasants repair to the fields, some to plough, others to harrow, &c., and they all return in company."

How then was this order and security maintained?

Sir Henry Maine, speaking of the Indian Village Community, says: "The council of village elders does not command anything: it merely declares what has always been. Nor does it generally declare that which it believes some higher power to have commanded; those most entitled to speak on the subject deny that the natives of India necessarily require divine or political authority as the basis of their usages; their antiquity is by itself assumed to be a sufficient reason for obeying them."

The *pónoch* (help) of the Russian Mir is a curious survival of tribal communism. By this custom any housholder of the Mir may invite his neighbours to assist him in any unusually heavy piece of work. In return for this collective work, different kinds of refreshments are offered to the guest-workers. No one is compelled to obey the summons, but on the other hand the party benefited is bound to attend the call of all those who have participated in the *pónoch*.

As the homestead became the exclusive property of the family, so the arable, upon the introduction of improved methods of agriculture, ceased to be re-allotted, and became the exclusive property of the family although the pasture and waste still remained the property of the entire community, and with the cessation of redistribution there arose at once inequality.

It is at this stage that we might expect feudalism, and, strange as it may appear, feudalism succeeded the village community not only throughout Europe but in China and the East either in the due course of evolution or by conquest. In England the feudal manor had commenced to supersede the village community before the Conquest which merely accelerated the change. The elected village chiefs became the hereditary feudal barons. Now, so long as petty wars were the rule, the feudal system was a necessity. The duties of the baron and the villagers were reciprocal, but when society settled down the Baronial protection was no longer required and feudalism became an anachronism. But the feudal burdens did not disappear with the feudal barons, and with the exception of a few rights of common, the landowners stepped into the shoes of the Village Communities and declared that such rights as did exist existed only on sufferance. In the course pursued by the Norman Kings, a curious parallel is found in Scotland and India. For the purpose of controlling the Highlanders after the Jacobite insurrections the English Government of the day determined to hold responsible the Highland chiefs. Now, those chiefs were merely the elected managers of the clan, and owned nothing beyond their own homestead and shares in the

common land, and this action on the part of the Government created them absolute owners of the whole estate, hitherto the property of the clan. The same policy was pursued in India, the elected village-chiefs were treated as absolute owners of the soil and the common rights of the village communities utterly disregarded.

As already pointed out the Norman conquest did not create but only accentuated feudalism in England. Previous to this the feudal system existed in a modified form. The tenants of a manor had still very considerable rights in the waste, in addition to their homesteads and lots in the pasture and arable. Now the first Norman kings were, in fact and in theory, the seigneurs of the whole country. The barons were mere life-tenants, who received their estates for certain services rendered. But in course of time they became sufficiently powerful to make their tenures hereditary and inalienable. It was at this point that rent in money became substituted for the ancient *corvée* or payment in kind, and it was at this point also that the system of vassalage fell into disuse. Troops could be hired if occasion arose or scutage paid in their stead. And so it became more convenient for the lord to look to one large leaseholder than to numerous tenants.

The enormous rise in the price of wool was another cause of the expropriation of the peasant. Large tracts of arable land were thrown into grass; clearances were resorted to, and common lands appropriated. No complaints in the fifteenth century were louder or more constant than that a few individuals had accumulated enormous tracts of land on which they fed countless flocks; that cultivation was abandoned and the country-side depopulated. Attempts were made to check this state of affairs by legislation. In 1488 Henry VII. passed a law that no cottage should be erected on less than four acres of land. Four Acts of Henry VIII. and one of Elizabeth were passed to the same effect but all were equally futile, although in 1627 we find one Roger Crocker fined for building a cottage on his estate without the prescribed four acres. Thus, by the time we reach the reign of Charles I. one by one the land-owners had been ridding themselves of their duties to the State, and it was the attempt by the Stuarts to revive those ancient rights of the Crown which was one of the principal causes of the Great Rebellion. We know that the struggle was not so much one between the people on the one side and the gentry on the other, as a quarrel between the King, supported by his personal following among the gentry and the remaining gentry; the common people taking the side of their respective landlords.

Whether I am correct or not in this view, at any rate I am in good company. "Land formerly," says John Stuart Mill, "was held subject to the obligation of personal services in time of war, and many burdensome dues in time of peace, from all of which in

the reign of Charles II. the landlords relieved themselves ; and what did they grant to the Crown instead ? An excise on beer." This grant was carried into effect by the Act for the Hereditary Excise.¹

This Act, settled upon His Majesty, his heirs, and successors "in full and complete recompense and satisfaction as well as for the profits of the Court of Ward and Liveries and the feudal tenures and incidents, as also for all manner of purveyance and pre-emption thus taken away and abolished," a set of duties on beer, ale, and other home-made liquors.² And in addition to this a grant of duties were made by the same Parliament of another set of duties upon the same liquors to the King for life. This was the Act for the temporary excise.³ Then follows the revolution of '88. And what was the immediate result ? A tax upon land. It was a revolt of the towns against the county gentlemen. How this land-tax has been whittled down to a mere nominal charge is ancient history. It was at this period that Enclosure Acts became the order of the day.

Between 1710 and 1843, 7,660,413 acres were enclosed, and as a rule, without the smallest compensation to the small freeholders. In 1845 Lord Lincoln told the House, without a voice being raised to contradict him that in nineteen cases out of twenty the House had disregarded the rights of the peasant, not from any feeling of antagonism, but from sheer ignorance. This is a charitable construction to put upon the action of the House. It was, of course, highly expedient that those lands should be brought into more profitable cultivation ; but that was no reason why nineteen-twentieths of the profits should have gone into the pockets of the landowners.

And what was the result ? The consolidation of small holdings and the disappearance of the yeomen. It is true that this last was hastened by the rise of industrialism, but it is extremely doubtful whether industrialism alone would have caused the disappearance of this class ; it would most probably only have swallowed up its surplus population. As it was, the yeomen, except in a few isolated localities, have simply vanished.

It would have been only natural if these large properties, formed in the manner just described, had in the course of time been broken up and brought into the market. But there were several causes to prevent this. One was the system of entail and family settlements, under which the great proportion of land is now held ; another is the artificial value placed upon land owing to the political and social advantages accruing to its owners. The House of Lords was and still is composed entirely of landowners. Up to the Reform Act, 1832, the House of Commons was entirely in the hands of the same

¹ 12 Car. II. c. 34.

² Dowell, *History of Taxation*, vol. iv. p. 24.

³ 12 Car. II., c. 23.

class, which even now has a larger representation than any other body in that House.

It is not surprising, then, when we find that legislation up to quite recent times has been entirely in favour of the large landowner, and entirely adverse to the interests of the yeoman farmer and peasant proprietor. And, indeed, even in recent times, instances of this partiality are not wanting.

So then we have arrived at exclusive individual ownership in land.

The assertion is sometimes made that since exclusive individual ownership is a product of evolution, that it is therefore the highest form of ownership. But the fact that exclusive individual ownership is the product of evolution does not prove that it is the best possible form of property in land. It may be a necessary consequence since, as a matter of fact, exclusive individual ownership in land has always followed communistic possession. This fact, then, only goes to show that such ownership is only a step in the development of property in land: it does not prove that such form of ownership is the final solution of the question. (On the contrary, if there be any so foolish as to assert that the evolution of property in land has reached its fullest development in exclusive individual ownership, he can have but a small acquaintance with the most elementary laws of evolution and the tendency of modern thought and practice. Exclusive individual ownership is obviously tending to some form or another of Collectivism. Of this tendency there are numerous indications. In theory, indeed, every freeholder holds as tenant of the Crown; and, in fact, whenever his land is required for public purposes, the State compels him to sell whether he likes it or not. The present attempts to apply the principles of betterment and of taxation of ground values to land in London are proofs, if proofs were needed, of the same tendency.

And, in conclusion, let it not be thought that I am here advocating a return to primitive communism. Such a return would be theoretically retrogressive, and in practice utterly impossible. But what I do advocate is a higher form of primitive communism to which the name of Collective Ownership may be given. At the risk of trespassing upon the reader's patience, I will here roughly define what I mean by this term "Collective Ownership."

Collective Ownership then is ownership of the land by the State or by its delegates, such as municipalities, county councils, district councils, or parish councils. Such ownership may extend to any buildings, works, or other improvements upon the land. Individual ownership of the bare soil is entirely excluded. The most that the individual is able to acquire is the use or possession of the land together with such buildings, works, or improvements as may happen to exist thereon. Now such a tenure as this, is not a mere ideal.

In a crude form it existed for hundreds of years in the Roman Empire, and was eminently successful.

It came to be known by the name of *Emphytensis*. Lands taken in war (*agri vectigales*) were granted by the Roman State on long or perpetual leases at a fixed rent (*vectigal*). After the time of Constantine this tenure was adopted by corporations and private individuals, was extended from lands to houses and received the name of *emphytensis*. As long as the tenant (*emphytenta*) his heirs or assignees paid the fixed rent (*canon*) to the owner his heirs or assignees so long was the possession assured to him. But the tenant was not entitled to compensation for improvements upon giving up possession, and this is probably to be explained by the fact that the rent was fixed. If the rent were in arrears for three years and in some cases for two years the possession was forfeited and the tenant could be evicted. The tenant, however, could alienate during his life, and unless the owner, who had the right of pre-emption chose to exercise this right, he was bound to accept the new tenant if a fit and proper person.

Here then is a basis for an equitable and practical system of land tenure. The State becomes the Collective Owner and the individual the Possessor. There must of course be compensation for improvements if the State redeems, but on the other hand the rent must be subject to periodical assessments, not upon the improvements made by the tenant, but upon the increased or decreased value of the land. The tenant's improvements will belong to him and form his tenant rights. Thus the State will obtain all unearned increment and the tenant will pay more or less rent as the case may be, and if he gives up possession he will sell his tenant-rights for the best price obtainable in the market.

And I would go one step further. In addition to individual possession there must be Collective Possession. Here again I do not set up a mere ideal. Collective Possession has already been tried and not found wanting, and that too in Ireland of all countries in the world. It was in County Clare, between Limerick and Ennis that this experiment in Collective Possession was attempted. The Ralahine Farm, owned by Mr. Vandeleur, was in 1830 let to his tenants as a whole at a fixed rent. The rent alone was £700 per annum for 618 acres, only 268 of which were under tillage.

The landlord advanced the necessary capital for the erection of a common hall, cottages, and farm-buildings, and for the purchase of stock and plant. The society was managed by a committee of nine members elected by ballot. At the end of the third year the society could show a clean balance-sheet, after having paid the rent and all interest on capital and after having erected several new cottages and maintained its members in plenty and comfort. In fact, not only financially, but socially, this experiment proved a complete success, and

that, too, notwithstanding the fact that the condition of the country in general and of this estate in particular, was as unfavourable to such an experiment as it was possible for it to be. For further particulars of this interesting institution I must refer the reader to the graphic description of Mr. Craig, Mr. Vandeleur's agent.¹

The society was irretrievably ruined not through any inherent defect, but owing to Mr. Vandeleur's unfortunate gambling proclivities which resulted in bankruptcy to himself and all connected with him. The members of the society were treated as mere labourers on the estate and all their interests and improvements in the property—their tenant-rights, in fact—were swallowed up in their landlords' bankruptcy. It was thus, by accident, and by accident only, that this experiment in collective possession ultimately failed.

In the tenure suggested here, provisions of course would be made to protect tenant-rights. It is impossible here and now to enter into detailed particulars of the proposed scheme of collective ownership embracing individual and collective possession. It is sufficient for my present purpose to have shown that this reform is not only possible, but also practicable. The fact that the tenure of *emphyteusis* was in widespread operation fifteen centuries ago throughout the Roman Empire, a tenure in some respects identical with the Irish tenure by Ulster tenant-right of to-day and the fact that the collective possession of the Ralahine tenants actually existed and was entirely successful, at any rate justifies my view that collective ownership is not a mere ideal but a true theory based upon ascertained facts.

HUGH H. L. BELLOT.

¹ E. T. Craig, *The History of the Ralahine Farm*.

THE NOVELS OF OSSIP SCHUBIN.

It is strange that the singular attractiveness of the young Bohemian writer who calls herself "Ossip Schubin" is as yet so little recognised in England. Although it is now impossible to maintain the exaggerated estimate of her powers formed by critics of her first work, *Ehre*, no recent falling-off in originality and freshness should blind us to the excellence of such novels as *Erlachhof*, *Unter Uns*, or *Boris Lensky*. Her style, however irritating to fastidious Germans, is distinctly pleasant, and often very amusing; her characters well drawn and most lifelike. Even intellectual readers may perhaps complain of a lack of deep thought, or call attention to an overstrained sentimentality, but the fact remains that Ossip Schubin is able to interest us to an extraordinary degree in the doings of the very ordinary characters she has usually chosen to depict; while in *Asbein* and *Boris Lensky* she has dealt with the exceptional in temperament and talent with surprising success. Her great merit is the skill with which she shows the poetical side of the life of a conventional society; her books have indeed something of the charm of Cable's *Grandissimes*, though with less of naïveté, and with a harder touch of satire.

From an account given in Westermann's *Monatshefte* we learn that Ossip Schubin is a native of Prague, and was born in a position which formed an interesting standpoint from which to view the world. Her father, an Austrian official, was the owner of a small property near Prague; her mother was the child of a brilliant advocate of Polish descent, as extraordinary in his character as in his strangely chequered fortunes. Through an uncle, Fraulein Kirschner was linked with the fashionable and artistic society in Vienna. Her field of observation was further increased by a residence in Paris, which had for its immediate object the restoration of her exceptionally promising voice. She had already made several literary attempts, but it is probable that we owe the literary skill characteristic of her best work mainly to this stay in Paris, and especially to the influence of Turgenieff, under whose inspiration *Ehre* was written, after the failure of all hopes of success on the stage. A subsequent residence in Rome resulted in the production of the first draft of *Unter Uns*, followed by *Die Geschichte eines Genies*, and *Bravo Rechts. Gloria Victis*, and *Erlachhof* were written afterwards, as well as *Asbein*, with its sequel, *Boris Lensky*.

Ehre, Unter Uns, and Bravo Rechts are little more than pleasant society novels which seldom exhibit the deeper power of the writer, and those who turn to them to pass an agreeable hour will find themselves oftener amused than moved to any intense sympathy. *Gloria Victis*, a novel whose plot seems to have been suggested by that of *Felic Holt*, shows more of Ossip Schubin's real talent. It deals with the conflict between conservatism and progress, between feudal aristocracy and the plutocracy of modern times. These social tendencies assist in the development of a double drama, the wreck of Oswalt Lodrin's life through his mother's sin, and the oppression of the ruined Fritz Malzin by a millionaire in possession of the home of his ancestors. Malzin's wife, sneering at her husband's "chimeras," occasions comments which may serve to show the spirit of Ossip Schubin's conservatism.

"She had no taste for chimeras of any sort, for any moral or social subtleties, any prejudices of traditional honour, any graceful hereditary weaknesses and illusions; for all that constitutes the moral backbone of a caste, though it may not be tangible or definite enough to put into words."

The story of the Colonel in *Erlachhof*, reveals for the first time the peculiar genius of the novelist. It is a touching narrative of a simple-hearted man, who adores his clever and beautiful wife, keeping the old reverence for her superiority long after her short-lived fancy for him has sunk into indifference and contempt, human affection being readily supplanted by intellectual ambition in her cold and selfish nature. The account of his journey home during his last illness is most beautifully and pathetically given. Dying at Venice, under the sole care of Stella, his younger daughter, he dreams of the home and wife from whom he had so long been exiled, and in a rush of home-sickness starts, his strength ebbing from hour to hour, and failing utterly in the last stages of the long journey.

"He fell asleep; the afternoon went by, and twilight deepened. Round the horizon lingered gleams of yellowish green, and the moon's slender crescent hung over an ever-darkening earth. Through the open window streamed the warm intoxicating air of spring, and the raw sharp scent of budding leaves and corn was often mingled with the heavy rich odour of blossoming fruit trees. A scarcely perceptible breath of wind glided lightly by, caressing the fields and the water of the great still ponds past which the train rushed. Here and there, in the flat expanse, rose a village with long barns and hayricks, roofed with blackened straw, cottages grouped irregularly round a castle or tiny church, among trees laden with white blossom, or just shimmering with pale green."

In the last hour, the Colonel, lying with his head on Stella's lap, awakes in deadly weakness, shuddering and starting up from strange

broken dreams. The twilight deepened and a transparent black smoke seemed to draw across the pale sky. It was as if one saw the sky through crape. The broad edges of the ponds and pools grew narrower, and the crescent moon began to shine.

"The train rushed roaring on, oscillating to and fro on the lines. All at once, Stella felt the Colonel more convulsively on her knees, then give a quick sigh as one does when surprised by something unexpectedly beautiful, or suddenly freed from a heavy burden. Then all was still, still, deadly still. . . . The night moths flew through the open window, and circled round the lamp, the odour of the cherry-trees in blossom floated in, a cracked bell in the distance sounded with dull hoarse voice the 'Ave Maria.'

"In an undertone, Stella repeated 'Pater Noster,' but in the midst of it she burst into passionate weeping, and stroked and caressed the cold cheeks, the thin harsh hair of the dead. She knew it could only last a few minutes longer before he was taken from her, and with him all she cared for in life.

"The train rushed on. A shower of fiery sparks drizzled past the windows—a shrill whistle, a jerk—the train stood still, they had reached their destination."

How real it all is, the great still landscape, the hurrying train, the weary longing of the sick man; and how strangely beautiful the touch with which all is painted, the night moths, the falling twilight, and the scent of the unripe corn, like faint orchestral chords, tinging the solitary human tragedy with mysterious sweetness and grandeur, and yet intensifying, by their suggestion of earth, the sorrow of separation, and of death. As in Turner's picture of *Rain, Speed, and Steam*, we see what new poetry may be wrung from utilitarian modern circumstances. Compare this scene with the account of the gipsy weather in *Les Frères Zemganno*, journeying on in the van with the dying eyes fixed on the receding landscape. The one is Pagan and antique, the other modern and—not Christian, which is the more poetic of the two?

Asbein must be regarded rather as a romance or prose poem than as a novel. It lacks dramatic vitality, in spite of its psychological basis, and abounds in descriptive passages and narrative of almost lyric intensity. The book takes its name from a mystical kind of melody, the "devil's melody, *Asbein*," which pierces again and again through the improvisations of a virtuoso, and its main theme is the mystery of genius, with its relation to the daemonic element in human nature. Some of the characteristics of Lensky, the hero of the book, are said to have been suggested by the career of Rubenstein. Lensky is supposed to be a typical man of genius, a great violinist, whose success is less a matter of technical mastery than of "genial possession." A Russian of low birth, lifted from the masses by his musical talent, he is "a child of the people to the finger-tips,"

too rough to assimilate civilisation ; and, in spite of constant intercourse with fashionable circles, remains a barbarian to the end. Even the half-divine affection of his wife, a sweet woman, who for a long time has great influence over him, is powerless to finally conquer his restless and savage nature. Ossip Schubin seems to have chanced on almost the same idea as Hinton, that genius consists in weakness of ordinary individuality, Nature's blind forces working free from consciousness or the control of will.

"What was most noticeable about his face," she says, "was the incongruity between the expression of the eyes and mouth—an incongruity in which the whole inward conflict of his nature betrayed itself. While the eyes were wistful, at times almost mystic, the full lips expressed an intense thirst for worldly pleasure.

"This discordance doomed him to the eternal unrest of certain great natures which can never become quite at home on the earth, a condition of which bloodless ascetics know as little as soulless materialists. The former seek no enjoyment from the world ; the latter content themselves with what is actually to be found in it. Those alone who seek the heavenly spark in earthly joy, are always disappointed down here. Even in advancing years, when his finely-cut lips, satiate with enjoyment, relaxed into an unchanging expression of melancholy scorn, his eyes sought still."

We are reminded of the Watteau of Mr. Pater, "a seeker all his life after something in the world that is there in no satisfying measure, if at all."

The book opens with an account of Lensky's first friendship with his wife, who was then resident with her mother in Rome. She was one of the few ladies of his acquaintance who had refrained from lavishing on him a fulsome flattery which destroyed his respect for women. Now, in the intimacy of these long months spent together, his music became a part of her daily life, with or without her accompaniment as the case might be. There is probably some echo from Carlyle's *Essay on Burns* in the passage describing his improvisation at her request :

"That was certainly quite another thing. Dag or not—in any case her accompaniment had tranquillised him, and perhaps refined his musical instincts. He had played with her as a virtuoso of wonderfully deep feeling and technical perfection. In the richest tones, the most passionate vibrations, he had scarcely overstepped the bounds of musical decorum. That had been the acme of masterly artistic execution, but what Natalie now heard was no longer art, but something magnificent and terrible. It was no longer a violin on which he played, but a bewildered, magical instrument of his own invention, an instrument which gave forth all the sweetest and saddest sounds of earth, from a woman's mezzo-soprano to the low plaintive murmur of the wave dying on the

shore. A flood of genial musical eloquence streamed from his bow. Inassuageable pain, bitter, harsh, piercing; affectionate banter, ensnaring charm, mad exultation; a wild frenzy of passion and music, a hither and thither of breakneck technical licence.

"But the peculiarity of his play, what wrought most magically, was neither delirious bravura nor ensnaring charm, but something stifling, mysterious, which stole into the heart and crept through the brains, bewildering and paralysing, something quite apart—a delicious shudder. Again and again, like a mystical allurements, thrilled through his improvisations the same enticing, intoxicating strains, the daemonic melody borrowed from Arabian folksongs."

Asbein, you see, is evidently not to be regarded as a novel. It is simply a very "materialised" poem, if I may borrow an expression from the Theosophists, and must not be judged by standards applicable to ordinary prose fiction.

The pages which describe Lensky's time in Rome are of such rare beauty that it is hard to avoid quoting from them at some length. Ossip Schubin tells how the haunting melancholy, which had so long shadowed his life with forebodings of evil, vanished under Natalie's influence: "Heaven had opened before him; he saw no longer an open grave at his feet." His best compositions, a cycle of songs, were composed at this time, as he sat with open windows overlooking the Piazza di Spagna, writing late into the fragrant spring nights. "All was silent, the water only, Rome's trickling soul, chuckled in the basins and sobbed in the fountains, and darted exultantly up in peals of silvery drops, greeting the unapproachable sky from afar; and all the chuckling, sobbing, and exultation melted into one long intoxicating broken harmony."

Natalie is warned against the musician as a man without principles or moral restraints, but declares that she will not renounce "all that is warm and light in the world," preferring the tropical summer with its thunderstorms to any normal winter. A few years of happy married life in St. Petersburg, slightly overclouded at the end by difficulties arising from her inexperience, are followed by a residence in another northern capital, where her uncompromising fastidiousness wrecks Lensky's first opera, through alienating his chief supporters. The incompatibility between them is now evident, and her efforts to rouse him from the discouragement of this failure are balked by the magnificent offers of an American *impresario*. The slumbering gipsy in Lensky is roused, and his wife's opposition proves impotent against the fascinations of freedom and the outer world.

The coarse vulgarity of his associates rouses at first little but disgust in him. After a few months, however, no trace of homesickness remains; he breaks with all restraint, yields to every caprice. His last scruples vanish, as he persuades himself that to a

Titan nature like his own all things are allowable, imagining that the fiery tempestuousness of his temperament is the secret of his power over the masses. The story of his home-coming is told with Ossip 'Schubin's usual vividness, the yearning anticipation of the wife, her bitter disillusion as he enters at last, aged and disfigured by dissipation, hardly recognisable, bowed down by shame at the sight of her. The child Colja entering suddenly finds his father sobbing at his mother's feet.

In the sequel, *Boris Lensky*, we have the history of Nialaj and Marie, the children of this ill-assorted marriage. The mother is dead, dead at Rome, as we are told in the last pages of *Asbein*, after a last reconciliation with her husband, from whom she had long been separated. When the story re-opens, Nialaj is already a rising diplomat, but Marie is still a child, incredibly infantile and ignorant for her years. Mascha, or Maschenka, as she is usually called, is one of the most loveable characters in fiction, with a peculiar charm of impulsive warm-heartedness. It is impossible to refuse sympathy to this pathetically helpless girl, hurried by her own ignorance and the wrongdoing of others into an abyss of misery and peril. To many the treatment of the tragedy of her life, as well as the insection of the repulsive episode which blighted the youth of Nita Sankhenitch, will, no doubt, seem unjustifiably realistic. It would be hard to defend the latter, but the history of Mascha's fault stands on another footing. Our sympathy is claimed throughout, but we feel, as she feels, that the disaster is irretrievable, that nothing, no worldly reparation, can ever cleanse that blot from her remembrance. I know nothing of the sort more piteous or more terrible than the account of the interval between the sin and its discovery.

Maschenka is a motherless child, ill-educated, undisciplined, a girl of unusual ignorance and innocence, of strong passions and headlong impulsiveness. With her father's musical organisation she has inherited his impetuous temperament, but has much of her mother's clinging affectionateness. Her confidence and inexperience leave her at the mercy of chance acquaintances, and no deliberate wickedness is needed to lead her to her ruin. The catastrophe comes on us at last with a shock. It is one of those irreparable things of which the very thought hurts. We are not prepared for it; our feeling for Mascha is one with Nita's, and Lensky's, and Nialaj's, the fondness for one, too young and bright to share in the tragedy of life.

Lensky's first paroxysm of rage at the news of Mascha's attempt at suicide and its cause is succeeded by an agony of compassion. All night long by the bedside of his unhappy daughter he tortures himself with vain search after "a handbreadth of blue-sky" for her, no brilliant future such as he once dreamed, but a mere endurable

existence. The grey Paris dawn steals into the mud-bespattered room where she lies in feverish sleep sobbing inarticulate words, and finds him still plunged in despair, "Something had gone to ruin beside him; the future of his child."

Through Nita's noble efforts, Mascha is saved, and as Bärenburg's wife escapes the worldly consequences of her fault, though followed always by the embittering remembrance of it. Her position is that of a wife who must be grateful to her husband, her whole life long for rescue from a terrible disgrace, and the intolerableness of this existence is such that it is only the thought of her children which withholds her from suicide or flight. The unforgiving son and the unhappy daughter are all that remains of Lensky's good fortune.

The attacks of deep depression to which he was subject, even in those early Paris days, while Maschenska was still a thoughtless child, and Nialaj had not yet lost the last illusion about his father, were symptoms of an enduring sadness which deepened every year after Natalie's death. On the evening of Mascha's arrival he had chanced for the first time to consider how it must all end, how the time would come when he could no longer drown his inward restlessness and joylessness in outward gaiety and the intoxication of success.

"So far it had all been to some extent tolerable; but what would come of it in a few years! Involuntarily his glance strayed to a pile of papers lying on the table in the middle of the room. Thirty, forty copies of that number of the *Figaro* with the advertising legend. He laughed to think of the people who had sent him such bombast to flatter him. 'I will endure your art with an irresistible magic!' he murmured to himself. Bah! how long could that last now? No, he cherished no illusions on that point, all was going downhill with him, headlong downhill, his violin-playing, his health—everything. 'The devil will not be able to use me any more,' he murmured; 'no one will want to hear of me any longer. I am growing old,' he ejaculated. Suddenly he clapped his hand to his head, crying, 'But what do such men as I do when they grow old?'

"For the first time in his life, he asked himself that question.

"To grow old without the courage to adapt oneself—grow old as a languid debauchee who drinks the nauseous dregs from empty cups!

"How hateful, how terrible! Would it not be better to break with it all, devote himself to his children, lead a reasonable life?

"He laughed bitterly . . . a reasonable life—he, whom two hours' loneliness brought to the verge of madness.

"It was no longer any question of that—it was too late. Old age! A mere bugbear—such men as he do not grow old—they die.

"Yes, that was the end. To die, to leave nothing behind, no name in art, no enduring work; to be forgotten—extinguished from the universe—sunshine and air, and motion, alone and sound, for a little while yet, then all dark—a great black blot, nothing more—death. Yes, it was so. Perhaps to-morrow—perhaps in a few years. It must come, nor would he strive against it. But meanwhile—meanwhile, he would live, with every fibre, with every drop of blood—live—live.

"There . . . about the window stole a mournful ghostly voice, and died away. An expression of eager listening and intense yearning came over his face. It was like the sob of a tortured soul, which has forgotten to take the path to heaven, held back to the earth by a great love—a great love, and restless regret for an unaccomplished task—a neglected treasure.

"Were the organs of hearing over-excited, or was it the beginning of that mysticism to which at a certain time of life all great Russian intellects fall a prey? However that may be, he could have sworn that he heard her voice, compassionate and tender—

"There once more—'Boris! Boris!'

"He was conscious of a peculiar sensation—the calming influence of the presence of those who love us. Wild, indescribable longing seized him. He stretched out his arms . . . all was over. He shuddered, and sweat stood on his brow. He thought of the repulsive cold his lips encountered as he raised the corpse from the lace-edged pillow of the coffin.

"No; Death took all—left nothing behind. It was imbecile fanaticism to believe in anything of the kind. There is nothing but life! And while his heart was still consumed by longing after the unattainable, the heavenly, he muttered hoarsely, 'Yes, life, . . . life.'"

The growing old he dreaded so, the gradual approach of death, was indeed to prove to him an empty bugbear. Grief for his children broke his spirit too utterly not to extinguish in him that mad thirst for pleasure, joy, life, which had threatened to degrade his last days into an ignominious contest against fate. The few years which preceded his first visit to his daughter were spent in solitude, and devoted to the production of compositions tinged by an ever-growing mysticism. Now he was weary, "weary to death." What had driven him all these years to the wild dissipation, the savage unrestraint, whose end was loathing and wretchedness, which had ruined his art, ruined the lives of his children? In the lonely room at Venice by the plashing waves his whole soul went out in yearning desire towards the unknown, the divine. Again the old illusion, the hovering caress, the compassionate voice, Natalie's voice speaking an unknown tongue; then the old silence—emptiness, vacancy.

He died at Rome, at a concert undertaken in the hope of winning money to relieve his daughter from the pressure of monetary difficulties. The final scene will doubtless appear to many readers a trifle too melodramatic, and indeed it must be granted that there are many touches both in *Asbein* and *Boris Lensky* which will jar on English taste. It would, however, be hard to find novels exceeding them in originality and imaginative force, and such trifling blemishes sink into insignificance beside the dream-like magic of Lensky's spring in Rome, the powerful tragedy of his moral deterioration, the pathos of that sad approach to old age, when the punishment of his sins came upon him in his children's blighted lives.

I have already alluded to the inferiority of Ossip Schubin's later tales, written as it would seem too hastily, under the pressure of a sudden popularity. The best of them, *Finis Poloniae*, is perhaps a sign of reaction against sentimentalism. It is unfortunate that a novelist of such marked ability should yield to the temptation to strain and hackney emotional effects.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

SCIENCE.

THE Meteorological Department, of the Government of India is issuing its various publications with commendable promptness, thus affording the best possible evidence of the activity which pervades it, and the efficiency with which it is conducted. The *Monthly Weather Reviews*¹ have been brought down to April of this year, so that the interval allowed for publication is much less than was formerly the case. The *Annual Summary*² for 1892 has also been issued already, and will be found to contain a very clear and useful *résumé* of the records which make up the *Monthly Reviews*, together with a discussion of the same and their bearings upon Indian meteorology. It is constructed on similar lines to the Summaries of previous years, and needs no special commendation to the notice of meteorologists. Perhaps the most noteworthy of recent publications, however, is the fifth volume of *Cyclone Memoirs*,³ which gives an account of three cyclones which occurred in the Bay of Bengal and Arabian Sea in November, 1891. These storms were characterised by several peculiar features which afford ample justification, if such were needed, of the full and detailed accounts here given of them. It is no exaggeration to say that these accounts are of more than ordinary interest and importance, and students of meteorology would do well to give them a careful study. The first storm originated in the Gulf of Siam, and passed across the Malayan Peninsula into the Andaman Sea and Bay of Bengal, and is the first large cyclonic storm that has been clearly proved to originate outside the bay area. It was of great intensity, the winds being of extraordinary violence, and its path in the Bay of Bengal recurved so unusually that several ships encountered it twice in their passage up the bay. The Minicoy storm is said to be the most violent that has been experienced there for 25 years; while the

¹ Government of India Meteorological Department. *Monthly Weather Review*, March, 1893. Ditto, April, 1893. By John Elliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India. 1893.

² *Ibid.* *India Weather Review*. Annual Summary, 1892. By John Elliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India. 1893.

³ *Ibid.* *Cyclone Memoirs*, No. V. Account of Three Cyclones in the Bay of Bengal and Arabian Sea during the month of November, 1891—viz., The Port Blair Cyclone of 1st to 7th, The Minicoy Cyclone of 1st to 3rd, and The Cyclone of 19th to 23rd. By John Elliot, M.A. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India. 1893.

third was a cyclone of moderate extent but of considerable intensity, and its path was both unusual in direction and in the recurvature which it exhibited.

In the volume¹ which Mr. Pattison Muir contributes to Methuen's University Extension Series he deals with *The Chemistry of Fire*; with all the skill of an accomplished master. In simple language, that no reader of ordinary intelligence can fail to understand, he sets forth the elementary principles of chemistry as they are illustrated by the burning of a candle. His method of doing so offers a concrete example of the course that is, or should be, pursued by a scientific investigator, and should of itself be an invaluable lesson to all who take up the book with a view to its serious study. Attention is first directed to the careful and accurate observation of the phenomena presented by a burning candle, and the various questions which those suggest are duly noted. Experiments are then devised which will supply answers to these questions, and the answers so obtained are brought into relation with the results derived by the study of similar occurrences. Finally the whole of the results are focussed, and explained by "a generalisation which covers them all," and in this way the student is introduced to the laws of chemistry, as these are now understood. Every one will admit that this is an excellent plan, and few who read the volume will deny that it is faithfully carried out. The experiments are skilfully arranged so as to give clear and definite results, and are for the most part extremely simple, and capable of being repeated without difficulty wherever the ordinary apparatus for teaching chemistry is supplied. There has been some outcry of late, and not without reason, against the methods often adopted in initiating young pupils into the study of chemistry, and we could wish that all who are engaged in such work would study and imitate the methods adopted in this book. If this were done, a great step would have been taken towards a much-needed reform, and ere long we should have a great improvement in the thoroughness and soundness of the chemical instruction given in our schools. There are a few illustrations in the volume, which are both neat and clear, and the type and binding are good.

We have not a high opinion of the educational value of cut and dried object lessons, where the teacher says and does what he is told, asks questions that are prescribed for him, and gets answers which have been framed beforehand. Hence we can scarcely approve of the plan of the two little books on *Elementary Science*,² which have reached us from Messrs. Chambers. The objects are well

¹ University Extension Series. *The Chemistry of Fire*. By M. M. Pattison Muir, M.A. London: Methuen & Co. 1893.

² *Elementary Science*. A Teacher's Handbook of a Systematic Course of Object Lessons. By Stephen R. Todd. Standards I. and II. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1894.

selected and very suitable for their purpose, but we think no really competent teacher needs such lessons as are here given, or if he does, will submit to give them in the mechanical fashion in which they are set down for him. Here, if anywhere, a large amount of spontaneity and freedom is necessary for success, and these should not be confined altogether to the teacher. There may be teachers, however, to whom such guidance as these lessons afford is more or less necessary, and if so, they might do worse than utilise these books to supply their deficiencies. A curious feature about the books is that they are dated 1894.

The want of an introduction to the study of diatoms has been long and keenly felt, and on this account the volume,¹ which Messrs. Mills and Deby have united their forces to produce will be sure to receive a cordial welcome. Whether on closer acquaintance it will satisfy the requirements of earnest students is another matter and one on which we have serious misgivings. The effect produced on ourselves by a careful examination of its several chapters is a mixed one, but the predominant feeling is one of disappointment. In all it contains 240 pages, exclusive of the index, and of these only 77 are devoted to an account of the *Diatomaceæ*, the rest being occupied with the bibliography. Of the latter we can speak in high terms, for its utility is obvious, and as a guide to the student in quest of information about diatoms and the problems they present, it will be invaluable. But when we look at the 77 pages of description, &c., and the 163 pages of bibliography, each of which contains the titles of nearly a score of works on diatoms, one naturally surmises that the description is either unsatisfactory or the works mentioned contain much chaff and little wheat. There may or may not be some truth in the latter alternative, a matter that does not concern us now, but there is certainly a measure of truth in the former.

To begin with, the treatment is too brief throughout, as there is scarcely a chapter which gives fairly and fully all that even a beginner is entitled to expect from a book which proposes to introduce him to the study of diatoms.

The difficult problems connected with the movements of diatoms and the nature of the markings which characterise their siliceous frustules are, it is true, still unsolved, but in most other respects our knowledge of these interesting plants is quite as full and as complete as that of other unicellular algae, though this would scarcely be inferred from the account here given of them. But in addition to this, there is a worse and less excusable fault in some of the chapters, in that several of the statements made are either actually inaccurate or hopelessly misleading. Take the one on the structure

¹ *An Introduction to the Study of the Diatomaceæ*. By Frederick Wm. Mills, F.R.M.S., with a Bibliography by Julien Deby, F.R.M.S. London: Hiffe & Son, Washington D.C.: The Microscopical Publishing Company. 1893.

of diatoms as an example. Here the "frustule" is first said to be "a simple cell, having a firm external coating of silica," from which the tyro will naturally suppose that the term frustule is applicable to the diatom cell as a whole. But in the next sentence he is told that "the frustule consists of two symmetrical portions or valves, which are in contact at their margins with an intermediate hoop," and it may—or may not—begin to dawn upon him, that the frustule is merely the siliceous portion of the cell-wall. Coming to the contents of the cell, we are told that "within the frustule is an endochrome, the superficial layer of which constitutes a primordial utricle, which is firmly attached to the siliceous wall," a statement which suggests that the endochrome is synonymous with the cytoplasm. This is confirmed by the next sentence, which goes on to say that "the endochrome of diatoms consists, as in other plants, of a viscid protoplasm, in which float the granules of colouring matter." But in the next sentence but one we read, "instead of being bright green (as in the *Desmidiaceae*), the endochrome is a yellowish brown," so that here the term "endochrome" is restricted to the coloured parts of the cell contents—i.e., to what most botanists now speak of as the chromatophores. How a young diatomist is to obtain a clear and accurate idea of the cell contents of a diatom from a description which includes these statements we are at a loss to know; but, unfortunately, the confusion does not end here. From one of the sentences quoted above it will be seen that the author's conception of the chromatophores is that of "granules of colouring matter" floating in "a viscid protoplasm." Now it is very common knowledge that they are really specialised portions of the cell contents with which the colouring matter is associated, and to which such a conception is altogether inapplicable. Moreover, it is not mentioned in this connection that the chromatophores are only granular, or, better, corpuscular, in some diatoms, and that in a great many they are in the form of plates, and it is only in a later chapter where the student is told to note whether the endochrome "takes the form of laminae or granules," that this is incidentally suggested.

The chapter on the movement of diatoms is one of the best in the book, but even here one misses a reference to important biological points. No connection is traced between the structure of mobile diatoms and the power of movement, and the structural adaptations to pelagic life, found in some of the free non-mobile forms, appear to be ignored. The account of the various modes of reproduction again is anything but clear on some points, and seems likely to convey an erroneous impression if not checked by comparison with the accounts given in good botanical text-books. The chapters on collecting and mounting diatoms are open to little objection, save that in the latter the contents of the diatom cell are completely ignored. Thus while the methods employed to bring out the struc-

ture of the frustule are given, those by which the parts of the protoplast may be differentiated and permanently fixed are not once referred to.

Without following the author further, it will be evident from what has been said, that he does not treat the diatomaceæ either from the botanist's or biologist's point of view, but rather from that of the microscopist pure and simple. To these last therefore the book will be useful, especially as there are two good chapters on the microscopic examination of diatoms, and the method of photographing them, but for those who wish to learn something of the structure and biology of diatoms, it will be less useful than a good text-book of botany.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. have added a new volume to their series of Introductory Science Text Books, which will be found very useful to those students of zoology who do not read German. It is a translation of Dr. Hatschek's paper on the *Development of Amphioxus*,¹ which though new somewhat old is certainly not out of date. The form of amphioxus dealt with differs in some respects from that investigated by Kowalevsky which was obtained at Naples, especially in its larger size and the stronger and more prominent development of the sexual organs. It was found by the author very plentifully near the fishing village of Faro, at the northern entrance to the Straits of Messina, where, during a stay of nearly three months, he studied the development of the embryo, both on living specimens and preserved material. In a large measure his results confirm those of Kowalevsky, but they embody many new and important details and correct a number of errors, so that no apology is needed for issuing them in an English dress. A valuable part of the book is that which describes the methods of treatment and investigation, thus enabling the student who has the necessary appliances at hand to follow in the author's footsteps and confirm or otherwise the conclusions at which he has arrived. Perhaps it should be mentioned that it is chiefly the earlier stages of the ontogeny that are dealt with. Among them are the segmentation of the egg, the formation of the gastrula, the closing of the gastrula-mouth, the formation of the most important organ-systems, the mesoblastic somites, the nervous system, the notochord, the histological differentiation and the formation of the body apertures. The text is accompanied by nine plates containing one hundred and fifty-one figures, but these are rather small and not always as distinct as they might be.

Our estimate of the value of this work on *The Anatomy of the Dog*² rises higher as it advances towards completion, and with the third

¹ Introductory Science Text Books. *The Amphioxus and its Development*. By Dr. B. Hatschek. Translated and edited by James Tuckey, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

² *Anatomie Descriptive et Topographique du Chien*. Par les Docteurs W. Ellenberger et H. Baum. Traduit de l'Allemand par J. Deniker. Troisième partie. Paris: C. Reinwald et Cie., Libraires-éditeurs. 1893.

part before us, the hope may be indulged that the end is not far off. In the matter of completeness it would be difficult to find a work which goes beyond it, while the style and the arrangement of the contents are such as will greatly facilitate the task of those who enter upon its study. At the same time there is no waste of space in the discussion of theoretical questions, every page and every paragraph being fully occupied with the concrete details of the subject. To those who are students of veterinary surgery and to students of zoology generally, the book will come as a most welcome addition to the existing literature of canine anatomy, and as one that can hardly be dispensed with. But in addition to this, it is one that ordinary lovers of dogs will find both useful and interesting, and we shall not be surprised if it finds its way into many establishments where dogs are specially cared for.

As to the part before us, it is a fair sample of the work as a whole, and presents no falling away from the standard of excellence previously reached. It deals first with the organs of respiration and the urino-genital organs, in order to complete the treatment of the viscera which was begun in the second part, and then proceeds to the organs of circulation—viz., the heart, arteries and veins, and the lymphatic ganglia and vessels. These organs occupy the greater part of the volume, being dealt with as fully as their importance demands, and then the anatomy of the nervous system is entered upon. This, however, is only carried a little way, so that we must wait for the appearance of the fourth and concluding part to see the completion of this important branch of the subject.

In our notices of the previous parts we have referred to the numerous admirable illustrations with which the work is embellished. This feature comes out more strongly, if possible, in the part before us. The woodcuts in the text are of the best kind, and are made more graphic and effective by the introduction of a little colour. But the nine plates at the end are the illustrations which will strike the reader as the most effective, and the most novel, of the whole series. These show transverse sections through the body of the dog at different levels, and horizontal sections taken at various distances from the dorsal and ventral surfaces. In the latter the figures are in duplicate, showing both the dorsal and ventral face of the section.

The essays on education and crime and related subjects recently issued by the Bureau of Education at Washington under the title of *Abnormal Man*,¹ are so many and so wide in their scope and character, that to do justice to any one of them would require more space than is at our disposal for the whole. Thus, the introductory

¹ Bureau of Education. Circular of Information. No. 4, 1893. *Abnormal Man: being Essays on Education and Crime and Related Subjects, with digests of Literature and a Bibliography.* By Arthur MacDonald. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1893.

chapter discusses, among many other topics, education and crime, and the teaching of practical morality; the second, criminology in most of its aspects; the next, criminal sociology; the fourth, alcoholism; the fifth, insanity and genius; and the sixth, sociological, ethical, and charitological literature, Christian ethics, origin of marriage and the family, and the like. All that we can do is to assure those of our readers who have an interest in these and kindred matters, that the essays are well worth perusing, as we have proved, and are of no mean order of merit. The author has evidently devoted himself to the serious study of the numerous topics dealt with, and has arrived at conclusions which, if not always acceptable, are expressed in clear language and based upon considerations that are at least reasonable. In addition to his own contributions, he has given us admirable summaries of the published views of some other authorities, and besides these a copious and comprehensive bibliography. This last will prove a most valuable guide to the literature of every branch of the subjects considered, and is of itself a piece of work which reflects the highest credit upon the industry and judgment of the author.

*The Transactions of the Sanitary Institute*¹ is another volume whose contents are so varied that it is impossible to review them in the ordinary sense of the expression. It is principally a record of the Congress held at Plymouth in 1892, but it contains also either the text or abstracts of the papers read at the five conferences which were organised in connection with the Congress. The reader will further find in it the papers read at the Sessional meetings with the discussions that followed, and an address by Sir Douglas Galton, delivered at Worcester to inaugurate the course of lectures to sanitary officers organised by the Institute. The arrangement of the contents of the volume is not as clear as it might be, but at any rate they afford a fair sample of the good work the Institute is doing, and of the activity that prevails among sanitary reformers. As might be expected, the proposals of these reformers do not always commend themselves to the judgment even of a majority, and we are not surprised, therefore, that the Institute does not hold itself responsible for the facts and opinions advanced in the addresses and papers here published. But it nevertheless does good service to the important cause it has taken up by giving them to the world, as there is no doubt that, when sifted by discussion, these contributions to sanitary knowledge will lead both to better theories and more effective practice.

M. Emile le Mouat has published in a separate form the paper contributed by him to the "*Bulletin de la Société Artistique et Industrielle de Cherbourg*," under the title of *La Production de la*

¹ *Transactions of the Sanitary Institute*. Vol. XIII. Being Vol. IV. of the Transactions published since the Incorporation of the Institute. Congress at Portsmouth, 1892. London: Offices of the Sanitary Institute; and Edward Stanford. 1893.

*Pluie Artificielle.*¹ Its publication was suggested in the first instance by the experiments made in the United States of America, some time back, to produce rain artificially, and one of its objects is to show that, nearly forty years ago, the author's father was the first to suggest the possibility of this, and to develop the idea on theoretical grounds as well as establish it on the basis of a number of observations. In support of this he has reprinted several of his father's papers, published at various times between 1856 and 1887, which amply justify the position for which he contends. In the brochure before us he shows, partly by quotation from observations made by his father but not previously published, and partly by reference to historical events, that there is a causal connection between the fall of rain, storms and tempests, and the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and other methods of producing sudden compression of the atmosphere. We are not sure that we can accept all the cases cited by the author of battles followed or accompanied by rain, snow, &c., as true instances of cause and effect, but we see no ground for rejecting the series as a whole. In the course of the argument in support of his thesis, the author refers to other atmospheric changes produced by a cannonade, such as the production of wind and the lowering of the temperature, and several instances are given showing that these effects have followed artificial condensations of the atmosphere on the occasions of battles, sieges, and the like. From all this it will be seen that the brochure is an interesting one, proving that the idea of producing rain artificially is neither new nor of American origin, and suggesting how, should we have a succession of summers like the last, it may be possible to mitigate in some measure the inconveniences of a prolonged drought.

The author of the admirable brochure on the Education of Children and their Establishment in Life,² is a well-known authority on questions of Social Science, and has a high reputation beyond the limits of his own country. What he has to say on this important subject refers almost exclusively to France, though some of his remarks are more or less applicable to other countries. He contends, and few will deny the truth of his contention, that French society is entering upon a new phase, in which the conditions of life are very different from those which have hitherto prevailed, and that in consequence the existing methods of education must be replaced by others better adapted to the requirements of the times. The new conditions are recapitulated in a bold and graphic style, and with an exactitude that few will be disposed to impeach. Without going over them in detail, it will suffice to say that they seem to demand

¹ *La Production de la Pluie Artificielle.* Par Emile le Maout. Cherbourg : Imprimerie Emile le Maout. 1898.

² *Comment Élever et Établir nos Enfants ?* Par Edmond Demolins. Paris : Librairie de Firmin, Didot et Cie. 1893.

on the part of individuals more physical energy, greater endurance, more independence of character, and a higher capacity for initiating new methods of fighting the battle of life. With what the author advances on these points, most readers will fully agree, and when he comes to indicate the characteristics of the education which is to furnish these qualities there will be little or no dissent from the principles laid down. In illustrating his remarks on this last head, he frequently refers to the educational methods of this country, which he seems to regard as much better adapted to the ends he has in view than those practised in France. We are not sure that we deserve all the praise he bestows upon us with regard to this matter, but he shows conclusively that on some points at least our less rigid and less mechanical methods go some way to produce the results which are lacking across the Channel. He enunciates a number of principles which should be kept constantly in view in the education of youth, which are not only sound in theory, but easily applicable in practice, and if generally adopted, would certainly do much to produce a race of Frenchmen well equipped for the exigencies of the new conditions under which they will have to live. In support of these principles he gives, in an appendix, a number of quotations from the writings of M. Taine and other eminent authorities, which afford ample justification for the opinions he puts forward. Altogether, the book is well deserving of the careful study of all Frenchmen who have the best interests of their country at heart, and may be commended also to the notice of the educationists of all civilised countries.

PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

OUR feelings upon completing the perusal of the *Riddle of the Universe*¹ are mixed ones. We are agreeably impressed with the intellectual power and philosophical grasp of the author, as well as with the evidence of his high literary attainments, but his solution of the "Riddle" is scarcely one that is likely to be accepted by scientific men or philosophers in general. It is purely and confessedly metaphysical, though it may be none the worse for that; but it is at the same time absolutely speculative, and has no base beyond a theory which is purely the work of imagination. The first part of the work is critical, and lucidly sets forth the landmarks in the history of modern philosophy, especially as they affect metaphysical inquiries. This is exceedingly well done, and we have a bird's-eye view of the philosophical systems from Descartes to

¹ *The Riddle of the Universe.* By Edward Douglas Fawcett. London: Edward Arnold. 1893.

Spencer and Von Hartmann. This is, however, only by way of preparation, as is also the polemical portion of Part II. This criticises materialism, agnosticism, and current destructive idealism, University philosophy, and theology; as well as one side of modern mysticism. As the writer has something in common with mysticism, or at least theosophy, his condemnation of them is qualified.

One of the best parts of the book is that devoted to the criticism of materialism, of which the author distinguishes three recognised forms: extreme, scientific, and guarded. The typical holders of these different views Mr. Fawcett considers, Büchner, Huxley, and Bain, respectively. The first class of materialists identify psychosis and neurosis; the second, while distinguishing them, yet considers neurosis the cause of psychosis; and the third rejects both the identity and the causal connection, and regards them as two sets of changes which run on parallel rails without interaction. The writer finds little difficulty in disposing of the first view, for if psychosis and neurosis are identical, we are as much justified in giving the supremacy to thought, as the materialists are in allotting it to matter, and so this materialism supplies us with its own antidote. Scientific materialism throws no light upon the problem of consciousness; the assertion that molecular motions produce states of consciousness cannot be proved—it is not supported by the doctrines of evolution, natural selection, or the conservation of energy; motion transformed into consciousness would have vanished from the physical world; which materialists themselves affirm is impossible. Guarded materialism, though not open to the objections brought against the other theories, is simply a device to save appearances. It assumes the dominant position of matter, but dares not deny a position of equality to its rival—consciousness. That psychosis and neurosis are the two sides or two aspects of the same thing, some neutral substance at which they both inhere, is no explanation, and consciousness is still placed at the mercy of its physical basis. Having disposed of all previous metaphysical and physical theories, the road is clear to Mr. Fawcett for his own hypothesis; which is not altogether new; for the germs are to be found in Leibnitz and in theosophy. The writer's metaphysical aim is set forth in a sentence: it has two leading aspects—the establishment of a Subject as ground and sustainer of our fugitive states of consciousness, and the determination of what can be predicated of it when once established. The establishment of a Subject is the foundation of Mr. Fawcett's system. His first postulate is uncontroversible; it is only that "states of consciousness appear." But this is developed into "states of consciousness appear as content and revelation of a subject," an individual not a universal subject. If he can establish this, he can dispose of all materialistic theories and pseudo-spiritualistic idealisms.

We have not space to follow the argument by which he establishes his position, but in the end we are asked to accept it, and we find ourselves in the presence of the Subject, ego or soul. So far we are only led to a familiar position. It is in what Mr. Fawcett tells us of this Subject, what it is, whence it came, and whither it goes, that we find the gist of his philosophy. "What is termed my soul, Subject or ego, is merely a monad, having its place in a monadology along with countless other monads, some of which go to make up the brain." The Subject is metaconscious, and sensation is its emergence from latency. Monadology, Mr. Fawcett tells us, has a pedigree, but his immediate forerunners are Leibnitz or Herbart. It is not easy to grasp all at once this doctrine of monads. The universe appears to be replete with them, and their incarnation is the explanation of the existence of all living things. The Subject in man has therefore had a pre-natal past, and may have a posthumous future. The monads undergo a ceaseless palingenesis. Here we find Mr. Fawcett coming into line with theosophy, which, stripped of some of its crudities, appears very much like his own doctrine. The Subject or monad is not altogether independent of the organism it inhabits, and there is a chance element in its life. "There are more monads than there are bodies for them; so a struggle for manifestation, a counterpart of the struggle for existence, here goes on amongst the remanifesting human monads. "All seek suitable organisms, but most put up with make-shifts." This no doubt explains the frequent want of harmony between the Subject and its tenement.

We have thought it fairer to Mr. Fawcett to give this brief *résumé* of his system rather than to express our own views. His system is mere hypothesis and seems to us to lack evidence. None the less his book is very readable and contains many good points, and no doubt if his hypothesis could be established many riddles would be cleared up. In our opinion, he has only added to their number.

The volume on *Psychology*,¹ in the course of Philosophy by Professor Charles Dunan, makes no pretension of novelty, but is a fair account of the system of the moderately orthodox school. Metaphysics are avoided and less prominence is given to the physical aspect of psychology than is usually the case in recent works on the subject. The psychology is rather descriptive than controversial, and does not deal much with modern theories. One exception is made in the case of the discussion of the perception of space, in which our author differs from the "English school," otherwise Professor Bain. M. Dunan regards the theory that our perception of space is due to bodily movement—muscular sensation—as unac-

¹ *Cours de Philosophie—Psychologie*. Par Charles Dunan. Paris : C. Delagrave. 1893.

ceptable, and prefers to base it upon vision. He distinguishes very rightly between our perception of space and our measure of space, which demands assistance from other senses to supplement vision. On the whole the writer rejects the theories of the sensational school and reproduces the psychology of pre-evolutionary days.

We have received from the same publishers a small volume of unusual interest, a reprint of the *Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie of d'Alembert*,¹ with introduction and notes by Professor Ducros. The immense influence attributed to the Encyclopedia in the last century gives a permanent value to the magnificent discourse of its first editor; and the story of the history of the great work as told by M. Ducros is full of information and interest. We learn with some gratification that the encyclopedia was born out of a failure of Le Breton to publish a translation of that of Ephraim Chambers. One translator dying and the other leaving France, the enterprise passed on to the hands of Diderot, and the first volume appeared in 1751. As we say now, the encyclopedia was a new departure, it was the first embodiment of the scientific spirit which broke away from an immovable and intolerant orthodoxy. M. Ducros also reminds us that the encyclopedia was not only scientific but polemical—that the writers attacked abuses and above all prejudices, and the work was intended to change the ordinary way of thinking. D'Alembert before he was thirty years of age was recognised as one of the first geometricians in Europe, and Diderot was fortunate in securing his co-operation. The discourse itself is a comprehensive survey of the work undertaken by the encyclopedists and is marked by sustained eloquence and breadth of ideas. It is no demerit in it if we have left some of its ideas behind—the increase of knowledge in so many departments gives us advantages over even the greatest thinkers of the last century—but it should not lessen our admiration for the work they accomplished. The notes of M. Ducros add value to this reprint of the discourse, and will be found of the greatest assistance to the modern reader.

We are indebted to Professor Knight for the most intelligent presentation of Philosophical Theism² which we have met with. Mr. Knight, instead of ignoring the light thrown upon the growth of religion by modern science and anthropology, cheerfully avails himself of it, but is still satisfied that Theism is the best solution of the problem of life. With regard to the evolution of Theism, our author admits that it may have passed through the stages commonly alleged; but he does not therefore allow that the later stages were due to the earlier ones. As to the general philosophical position, Mr. Knight contends that earlier phases should be interpreted in the light of

¹ *D'Alembert, Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie.* Avec une introduction et des notes. Par Louis Ducros. Paris: Ch. Delagrave. 1893.

² *Aspects of Theism.* By William Knight, LL.D. London and New York: Macmillan and Co. 1893.

later ones, and not *vice-versâ* as is the practice with the anthropological school. Our author discusses various inadequate and partial theories, such as the ontological and cosmological, and we find that his Theism is grounded upon intuition—a moral and intellectual second-sight. This practically removes it out of the arena of discussion, for those who accept that evidence are convinced *à priori*, and though other considerations, ontological, cosmological, ethical, &c., may reinforce their belief, they do not rely upon them in the ordinary sense as proofs. The whole spirit of Mr. Knight's work is so lofty and so undogmatic that it is impossible to quarrel with his thoughtful presentation of a subject of such surpassing interest.

Aurore ou Crépuscule,¹ by M. Hauteborne, is a series of epistles and conversations relating to questions of the day in theology and science. It is written from a Roman Catholic point of view, and among other things attempts to offer a philosophical defence of Catholic doctrine. It reminds us to some extent of the writings of Mr. W. S. Lilly, but lacks the "go" of the English Catholic critic.

We cannot praise too highly the important and interesting volume M. Edmond Le Blant has produced on the Persecutors and Martyrs of the first centuries.² The appearance of the book, beautifully printed upon good paper, at once favourably impresses the reader, and the contents will not disappoint him. The book is not the story of the persecutions and martyrdoms, but a study of them under various aspects. While using freely the *Acta Martyrum*, M. Le Blant has explored other sources, and his studies are based upon the reasonable theory that while the Acts contain much that is legendary, they include much that may be accepted as based upon fact, and a critical examination of them results in throwing light upon the events related. The relations of the Christians to Pagan society are displayed under various heads. The accusations of magic made against the early Christians are shown to have been not without some justification on the part of the persecutors. The proceedings against the accused are traced from the judicial point of view, and this is followed by an account of the various forms of punishment inflicted. An interesting chapter is devoted to the inquiry as to who were the executioners of Christ. M. Le Blant contends, and supports his contention with what appears to us to be conclusive evidence, that the order for the crucifixion was not carried out by Roman soldiers, according to the popular belief, but by the special officers whose duty it was to put into execution the decrees of the authority. A few wood engravings of some ancient monuments relative to the subject throw light upon the text; and a copy of a

¹ *Aurore ou Crépuscule ?* Par Matthias Hauteborne. Paris : Perrin et Cie. 1893.

² *Les Persécuteurs et Les Martyrs aux Premiers Siècles de Notre Ère.* Par Edmond Le Blant. Paris : Ernest Leroux. 1893.

curious fresco at Pompeii, representing an execution, serves as a frontispiece.

La Question Biblique et l'Exégèse Large, by M. Le Chanoine Magnier, is principally a reply to Mr. C. Gore's essay on Inspiration from a Roman Catholic point of view. (Saint-Amand, Société Anonyme de l'Imprimerie Saint-Joseph.)

The Visions of the Apocalypse and their Lessons, by Thomas Lucas Scott, B.D. (London, Skeffington & Son), is a reproduction of the Donnellan Lectures, 1891-92 (Dublin). Mr. Scott's system of interpretation—which is not the common one—may be best described in his own words:—"The Apocalypse is a *prophecy* rather than a *prediction*. That is to say, it is a forth-telling rather than a foretelling; a divine utterance and not a mere writing of history beforehand; a revelation of the real nature of things which are already existing, of things which have been often witnessed, things which will occur again and again, and therefore things which are very close to all of us." We confess that Mr. Lucas Scott finds much more in the Apocalypse than we are able to do.

The Mystery of Iniquity, and other Sermons, by the late Phillips Brooks, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts (London and New York, Macmillan & Co.), is a selection from the pulpit discourses of the popular American divine. It is hardly necessary to say that Bishop Brooks' sermons are among the best delivered in the States. They combine good practical teaching with moderate orthodoxy, and are sympathetic in spirit.

Two books by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A., *The Way into the Holiest* and *Joseph* (London, Morgan & Scott), belong to the commonplace orthodox school which we do not admire.

An interesting account of the life and labours of the founder of the *Frères de l'instruction Chrétienne* is contained in a little pamphlet, *L'Abbé J. M. De La Mennais*, published by La Procure de l'Institut Des Frères—Ploërmel.

To some extent Count Léon Tolstoi's¹ method for the regeneration of society is not unlike Ziegler's, but his doctrines have a different basis, and they are carried to much greater extremes. *Le Salut est en vous* is a fuller expression of the views of Tolstoi which were given to the world in 1884 in *Ma Religion*. In the interval he has discovered that the moral and religious teaching of that book is not new, and that its chief doctrines have been held and promulgated by the Quakers, by various sects and societies, as well as by individuals, amongst whom Tolstoi mentions W. Lloyd Garrison, whose name is spelt "Harrison" throughout the book. The doctrine of the book is that Christians ought not, and indeed cannot, if they are true followers of Christ, resist evil by violence. This is

¹ *Le Salut est en vous*. Comte Léon Tolstoi. Edition originale. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1893.

the one doctrine which the Count finds in the Gospel, and he is quite prepared to reject everything else. And he is not far wrong when he affirms that it is the one doctrine of the Gospel which the Churches and States have, with the exception of some small sects, universally ignored. The writer may thus be regarded as dealing with two sides of the question—one, in which he exposes and condemns the errors of churches and governments; the other, in which he sets forth and urges the acceptance of his own views. Whether we are prepared to go all the way with the Count or not, we find his book intensely interesting, abounding in striking details and startling assertions, and containing much which we admire and with which we agree. His indictment of the Church is severe and unqualified but difficult to refute. It is set forth in detail, and the summary is worth quoting: "The churches, as churches, are not institutions which have a Christian principle for their foundation, deviating a little from the right way, as a number of people think. The churches, as societies affirming their infallibility, are anti-Christian institutions. Not only there is nothing in common between the churches and Christianity, save the name, but their principles are absolutely opposed and hostile. The one representing pride, violence, arbitrary sanction, the immobility of death; the other, humility, penitence, submission, movement and life."

States, of course, according to Tolstoi, are even worse than the Churches; their object is violence, and they are supported by violence. The doctrine of "non-resistance to evil by violence" is, therefore, necessarily opposed to every State organisation. And those who accept the doctrine of non-resistance find themselves in a difficult position. The writer gives some striking and interesting instances of this. In various provinces of Russia there have been a number of independent and isolated cases of men who refuse to be identified with the State; they will not take the oath, or render military service, or pay taxes, or take any part in the administration of justice, because in every case they would be making themselves parties to the use of violence. Before them the Government is powerless; they are indifferent to suffering, they commit no crimes, they are guilty of no definite offence, they simply abstain—and Tolstoi affirms that they create more alarm among the authorities than socialists, anarchists, dynamitards, or rebels. The revolutionary enemies struggle exteriorly against the Government, while the *Christians*, without struggle, destroy internally every principle upon which the State is based. Certainly we must confess that if a whole people were to "strike" against violence as a few individuals have done, it would be all over with the present *régime*. The believers in the duty of non-resistance no doubt feel the question most acutely in countries where there is universal compulsory military service, and the intensity of the feeling, difficult for us to realise, can to some extent be

gauged by a perusal of this work. Tolstoi does not mince matters, for if it is objected that without governments, which in the last resort depend upon force, the wicked would dominate over the good, he says quite the contrary: that is what happens under the present system. As governments rest upon force, they are necessarily wicked, and it is the good, the Christians, who now have to submit, as no true Christian can rise to a position of authority which implies ambition, the love of power, and the reliance upon violence. Tolstoi has the confidence that his sentiments are spreading and will ultimately prevail. Some military men preach humanity, some clergy teach tolerance, some judges refuse to convict (when the law is severe), some rich men are charitable; and he quotes other instances. The writer's faith in the future rests upon a simple proposition: that all institutions are the outcome of public opinion, and if we can change public opinion the character of the institutions will be altered in accordance with it. No one can deny that public opinion on the utility of violence has been greatly modified in recent years, and no doubt *Le Salut est en vous* will help to modify it still more.

SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

CERTAINLY the reviewer's is a difficult task. Some dozen or more works, in different languages, on his table and a few hours only to digest them—often at the end of a hard-worked day. "To do justice and love mercy" should be his aim, but how hard to do justice except in platitudes or to show mercy except in milk-and-water phrases!

Herr Eugene Richter is an uncompromising critic of German Socialism, and a great many people will read with delight his picture¹ of the inauguration and collapse of a Socialistic Government in Germany. He makes an ardent Socialist, but "one of the crowd," tell the story, how he and his family welcome the new era, how it breaks up their private life and interferes with their individual freedom, how it becomes a tyranny more intolerable than they had ever conceived, and ends at last in ruin and bloodshed. There is a certain pathos, too, in the narrative, especially around the fate of the little four-year-old daughter whose parents under the new régime are relieved of responsibility for her and have no power to save her from the death which follows upon treatment by unbending rules.

Of course the picture is a caricature of the aims and hopes of the best Socialists—yet we thank Herr Richter for it; it has far more truth in it than we can expect Socialists to allow. It strikes at the

¹ *Pictures of the Socialistic Future*. By Eugene Richter, M.I.G.P. Authorised Translation by Henry Wright. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

great blemish of every exposition of Socialism which has yet been presented to us; at those essential defects which have often been exposed in the pages of the WESTMINSTER REVIEW. It shows that the differences of human character, marked by thrift and virtue as against laziness and vice, cannot be ignored—that the suppression of idiosyncrasy is as impossible as it is inexpedient.

“Diligence and zeal,” says one of the characters, “are looked upon as stupidity and perversity. And indeed why should one be industrious? The most diligent comes off no better than the laziest. No one is any longer . . . the forger of the links of his own happiness, but others forge the links which shall fetter you just as it pleases them.”

It is the same error as that which the Trades Unions have too widely adopted. But the way to solve the problem of inferior abilities is certainly not to drag and crush down the finer character and higher abilities, and that is what the Socialists would do.

*La Mine aux Mineurs*¹ is a pamphlet which may be read with instruction while the recent coal strike is freshly in mind. It gave offence to the mineowners in France, and the author in his preface appeals to the public to judge between them and him. Reporting on the co-operative management of certain mines in the Lyons district, he drew comparisons which were distinctly unfavourable to the old régime. We need not enter into the details of the controversy, but his summary of the results attained is well worth quoting :

“Sans capital, sans ingénieurs, sans autre guide que leur expérience leur raison, leur volonté de vivre en travaillant et de travailler indépendants, voilà 67 vaillants qui s'associent recourent des concessions improductives, des mines abandonnées, des puits et galeries inondés. Mais ils ont foi dans le principe de l'association : instinctivement ils savent, ils perçoivent qu'elle n'additionne pas simplement les forces, qu'elle les multiplie l'une par l'autre . . .

“Au 31 Décembre 1891 ils ont produit employé mis en valeur un capital immobilisé de 67,516 fr. 90.”

Mr. Bowley's volume² in the *Social Science Series* seems to be a very careful and clever work. It is the Cobden Prize Essay considerably enlarged. It might be properly entitled “a handbook to the industrial and commercial history of England during the nineteenth century.” And without ourselves finding much that is new in it, we can recommend it to the beginner in the study of commercial problems. Perhaps section V., “the crises of 1873 and 1883, and their causes,” is the most original chapter, and there is a “digression on changes in the value of gold, and the use of

¹ *La Mine aux Mineurs : L'Émancipation du Travailleur.* Par C. Lebrun, Avocat. Paris : Gillaumin et Cie. 1893.

² *A Short Account of England's Foreign Trade in the Nineteenth Century.* By Arthur L. Bowley, B.A. London : Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

index numbers," which deserves attention; though it should be read with caution.

"When we open a statistical abstract and see:

		1877.		•	1891.
Wheat	...	13s.	...		9s. 5d.

we are inclined to think that, in dealing with dates within our own memory, money has the same value, and a shilling means the same thing in 1877 and 1891. But, as a matter of fact, in 1891 1s. would go as far in ordinary purchases as 1s. 3d. in 1877."

But it is just these "matters of fact" that are not to be accepted without full inquiry, the bearings of which involve consequences of the utmost importance.

In comparing the growth of foreign trade, Mr. Bowley has not, we think, alluded to the inaccuracy of the official figures in the first half of the century. These have been adjusted for the first time in a forthcoming article in the *Dictionary of Political Economy*.

We cannot yet stomach bi-metallism. How are you going to keep silver and gold at a fixed ratio, unless their production in future maintains a fixed ratio? How can the conventions of all the governments of the world prevent the illicit exportation of "over-produced" silver? Mr. Twigg¹ does not convince us. He does not answer the above fundamental questions. If only people would read history before writing on currency questions, we should have better hope of their conclusions. England could be bi-metallist in the sixteenth century only because the production of gold and silver remained curiously constant.

Mr. Jacob's lecture on English public schools, which he limits in number to thirty, is an interesting, appreciative, and almost enthusiastic description of their methods, achievements and merits. It is an excellent piece of writing, and we can only recommend that it should be read. Not the least attractive feature is the reprint of Sir Henry Sidney's letter to his son, afterwards the renowned Sir Philip, when the latter was a little boy at Shrewsbury.

The *Statistical Register of Italy*² is a "blue book" illustrative of the life of the people. Figures are amongst the chief exponents of a nation's story, and every aspect of Italy's story for the year 1892 finds its place in the thick volume before us. It will be useful to statisticians of all kinds to know of the book; there was no volume published last year.

The *Victorian Year-Book*³ is another work of the same kind, but still more complete; indeed, it stands at the head of works of this

¹ *A Plain Statement of the Currency Question.* By John Hill Twigg, M.A. London: Effingham Wilson & Co. 1893.

² *Public School Life in England.* A Lecture by H. P. Jacob, Educational Inspector in Sind. Karachi: The Mercantile Press. 1893.

³ *Annuario Statistico Italiano.* 1892. Roma: Topografia Nazionale. 1893.

⁴ *The Victorian Year-Book*, 1892. By H. H. Hayter, C.M.G. Vol. ii. Melbourne and London: Trübner & Co. 1892.

nature, and strikes us as far more pleasant to read than the Italian book. The first volume was noticed in the WESTMINSTER REVIEW in April last. The second one deals with the social rather than the fiscal and commercial side of the colony's life.

We welcome as an old friend who needs no introduction the fat little volume¹ on which the statistician depends for figures connected with France. It will be remembered also that it is useful for all or nearly all countries, at least to check the *Statesman's Year-Book*. The present volume is rather late.

The Royal Colonial Institute is an admirable body whose work is not understood by the bulk of English people. In "colonial circles" every one knows the institute, every one is obliged for something to its indefatigable secretary. The building in Northumberland Avenue is the great Colonial Club of London. Its journals² usually embody two or three articles of real merit, and information may be picked out of all its papers and discussions. In the present volume we award the palm to Mr. im Thurn's "Notes on British Guiana"; while we call special attention to M. de Labillière's paper on "British Federation, its Rise and Progress," and Mr. Boyd Carpenter's "Influence of Commerce on the Development of the Colonial Empire." The book is of course full of passages which might be taken as a text for some pages of discussion; but the last of three articles just named illustrates in a peculiar way how the colonial idea has got hold of the more intelligent part of the English public. It is no longer the province of one party, or the section of a party in the State, to uphold the Colonial connection. It is true that the mass of English electors know or care little about it: but then the mass of the English electorate is only slowly learning its privileges and its duties. We may be thankful that the practical decision of important questions still rests in the hands of men who have been trained to think as well as to work, and the voice of these men rings with no uncertain sound. England has imperial duties, and the shirking or the botching of them will prove its own punishment.

We had almost forgotten to mention Mr. Selous's paper on the *Incidents of a Hunter's life in South Africa*, which is displaced in interest by his book which we shall review a little later.

We note as remarkable an anonymous essay on the first principles of politics,³ which starts with a somewhat promising analysis of a political society, but quickly throws us into doubt by referring to religion as the sole arbiter in matters of State:

"La Société Publique est civilisée lorsqu'elle professe la vraie

¹ *Annuaire de l'Economie Politique et de la Statistique*. Paris: Gil au min et Cie. 1893.

² *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute*: Edited by the Secretary. Vol. xxiv. 1892-3.

³ *Essai sur les Principes essentiels de la Politique*. Marseilles. 1893.

religion. . . . Le christianisme pratiqué, professé tel est la véritable critérium de la civilisation. Seul le Catholicisme est le vrai Christianisme.”

We cannot accept the last dictum, and we feel instinctively that the general argument is not sound. But there is a ring of truth in the spirit of the essay, and we therefore say it should be read.

No question requires more patience and less temper than the Irish question.* We cannot pass a judgment on *The Patriot Parliament*;† to do so means a deep knowledge of Irish history, which we do not possess. It is hopeless merely to read one book like this—yet it deserves study; for its author was a Protestant brought up in the traditions of repression, and he forsook his old associations and laboured for “the Nationalist cause.”

A French book on Russia is to be expected at this juncture—nor does its title cause surprise, except that it is not immediately supported by the contents. *L'Alliance Russe*‡ gives a general description of Russia, the country, the people—whether peasant or Petersburgian—the police, army, and navy. It finishes up with a reference to the enemies of Russia, and an exposition of the new alliance based upon the proposition that “La Russie est, de tous les grands peuples de l'Europe, le seul qui soit complètement sympathique aux Français.” The brochure is brightly and pleasantly written.

In *Paris, Old and New*,§ we have a truly delightful work. Outside and inside it is good to look at and handle—one of those big well-illustrated works which have done so much to make Cassell's fame enduring. Paris, “its history, its people, and its places”—Paris by anecdote, Paris by picture—cannot fail to be fascinating. Whether or no we admit with Heine that Paris “is not simply the capital of France, but of the whole civilised world, and the rendez-vous of its most brilliant intellects,” we all yield to the marvellous allurements of the name; and there are few who will not wish to possess the attractive work which lies open before us. We cannot review it in the strict sense. We daresay there are errors, we might occasionally differ in our judgment of the men and things referred to:—we can afford to pass such matters. We have nothing but praise for the book with its pictures of all that is noteworthy in Paris, its vignettes of the chief characters in French history, its engravings of some of the chief scenes in that history. And when for a few pages we have thought that we are in the past, we suddenly find ourselves equally in the present—we see the Seine fisher like the Thames angler at Surbiton, we see the Poste restante, or make an acquaintance with the *chiffonnier*.

* *The Patriot Parliament* of 1689. By Thomas Davis. Edited with an introduction by Sir C. Gavan Duffy. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

† *L'Alliance Russe, souvenirs et impressions d'un Français en Russie*. Paris: Paul Dupont. 1893.

‡ *Old and New Paris*. By H. Sutherland Edwards. Vol. I. Cassell & Co., London, Paris, and Melbourne. 1893.

A more sober, but in some respects not less interesting companion—sharply differentiated from Messrs. Cassell's book by the way in which it is produced, is M. Laurent's *Prisons of Old Paris*.¹ This, too, is illustrated, but not with steel plates—this, too, is historical, but not with the same variety—Le grand Chatelet, La petit Chatelet, La Tour du Louvre, La Bastille, Le Palais des Thermes, all have a full account. We regard the book as an interesting illustration of French history, and it would seem to have also some value for the antiquarian. We regret that we have not time or space to refer to it at greater length.

Another quarto, similar in size and appearance, is *La France Coloniale*,² illustrated with many engravings and with several wood-cut maps. The preface is of interest, as giving the author's account of the partition of Africa. But the chapters which we shall specially recommend to the English reader are those on Algeria. They afford an opportunity for learning something reliable about a French possession of which Englishmen, as a rule, know too little. They give a living picture of the place, not a mere dry account. Simply to glance over the pages teaches one a good deal. All the colonies come in for notice. It is somewhat surprising to find Madagascar included, but the author has the grace to admit that the French do not yet hold that island. We like the book very much. Statistics are subordinated to description, and the effect is satisfactory.

Again a quarto of large size, and again a work bearing on Colonial France,³ reaches us from the same publishers. Written by a French priest, it carries almost necessarily on its forefront the letters of approval from two archbishops.

"Après la Palestine," M. l'Abbé begins, "sanctifiée par la vie et les miracles du Rédempteur; après l'Egypte si longtemps nourricière de l'humanité; la Grèce, sanctuaire des arts et de la philosophie; l'Italie, maîtresse du monde, nulle contrée ne m'attire plus que ce coin de terre qui va du Cap Blanc de Bizerte, au fond de la petite Syrté. Il est consacré par la légende, la poésie et l'histoire. De plus, la France y a planté son drapeau."

What we said of the preceding work as regards Algeria we now apply to the Abbé's book in regard to Tunis. It gives a vivid description of the place as it is. It also dwells with sympathy on the past. The book is certainly a fine one, and it improves upon acquaintance. As we finish our hasty perusal we are inclined to think that the archbishops' laudations are after all well deserved; and we feel half-ashamed that we have not devoted two pages at least of the WESTMINSTER to reproducing those descriptions of a

¹ *Les Prisons de vieux Paris*. Par Albert Laurent. Paris: Picard et Kaan.

² *La France Coloniale*. Illustrée par F. Alexis, 5me édition. Tours: Alfred Mame et Fils. 1892.

³ *De Carthage au Sahara*. Par l'Abbé P. Bauron. Tours: Alfred Mame et Fils. 1893.

country so little known. We beg the Abbé to accept our apologies and our good wishes.

Beyond the Sahara is the Niger district, and still we are with France. The *Story of the Niger*,¹ however, is told by an Englishman, and he tells largely of English enterprise, for the Niger was practically discovered or re-discovered by an Englishman. Mungo Park's two expeditions form the most interesting portion of a very interesting narrative. But Clapperton and the Landers, who are now almost forgotten, have a well-deserved chapter to themselves. Modern exploration in the district is due to M. Adolphe Burdo, Captain Gallieni, and Mr. Thompson. Dr. Barth's travels form an intermediate stage, though they come into the narrative rather out of place. The book is one of "Our Boys' Select Library," and is admirably adapted for boys by its quiet simplicity of style.

The great book of our monthly collection is that of Mr. Selous.² The author has sprung suddenly into fame; he has been recognised as an authority upon South Africa; he has incurred the hostility of Lobengula, and he has been violently attacked by recent letters in the press. Our impression of him is that he is a quiet, modest, and remarkably plucky Englishman; above all things a hunter, but also a man capable of forming a fair judgment on the men and the affairs amongst which he lives.

It would be difficult to imagine a more perfect book; luxuriously printed, illustrated, and bound under the superintendence of a publisher who himself loves the animals and sporting adventure with which the book is primarily concerned. The pictures alone make it a joy to possess.

As a record of sport, it recalls the stories of Gordon Cumming and Baker; but Mr. Selous is more of a naturalist than either of the others. Lions naturally take a prominent place in the record. The picture facing p. 130 is a capital illustration of lion-hunting; the animal there depicted measured ten feet eleven inches in length, and Mr. Selous has killed three others of greater dimensions; about eleven feet, then, may be looked upon as the outside length of the lion from nose to tail tip. Elephants also give Mr. Selous exciting and dangerous sport, though his record does not come up to Sir Samuel Baker's in Ceylon. Hippopotami on the Zambesi, giraffes, and, of course, various antelopes, furnish stories of perilous and exciting adventure.

The account of the Boer at home is one of the most pleasing chapters in the book. We are apt to be prejudiced against the Boers. Few people besides Mr. Froude have hitherto spoken up for them. In Mr. Selous' narrative they appear as a kindly hospitable

¹ *Story of the Niger: a Record of Travel and Adventure, &c.* By Robert Richardson. London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1893.

² *Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa.* By Frederick Courtenay Selous, C.M.Z.S. London: Rowland Ward & Co. 1893.

folk, simple and trusting by nature, but gradually acquiring suspicion through abuse of their good faith; religious and conscientious, but with the narrowness and sternness of Calvinism. The story of the "Blue Danube" waltz is amusing.

The settlement of Mashonaland by the Chartered South African Company is recounted in a series of chapters which form an important contribution to contemporary history. The account of the Matabili people, which has been referred to constantly in the press, 'has' the great merit of being a narrative of impressions naturally acquired. It is not "made up" with a view to a particular object; it bears no mark of undue prejudice. Every one, especially certain members of Parliament, should read these passages before presuming to express an opinion upon the fight now proceeding between the Chartered Company's forces and Lobengula. The critics of a war of this kind rarely look at facts. We naturally seize on two points: first, that we are fighting with a native and inferior race; secondly, that the native weapons have no chance against modern arms of precision and multiplication of precision: the whole thing strikes us as grossly unfair. It needs trouble to arrive at a true conception of facts—viz., that the Matabili are an aggressive warrior tribe, that they have kept under a terrorism the peaceable natives of Mashonaland, that the advance of the English into the country was peaceful and fraught with advantage to the real owners of the soil, that the fight with the Matabili was an inevitable act of self-defence.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE history of Italy in the Middle Ages is a melancholy record of ambition, fanaticism and crime. It is idle to disguise the fact that the Italians of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had, in conjunction with their culture and luxurious tastes, some cruel instincts which happily can only now be found in either utter savages or the worst class of criminals. Mr. Oscar Browning's *Guelfs and Ghibellines*¹ proves that the above statement is not exaggerated. The conflicts between the two parties, whose names are so well known to the student of history, were bitter and sanguinary; and though the Guelfs claimed to be the party which was on the side of freedom, they often in practice exhibited all the vices that characterise the worst forms of tyranny. The Pope was the nominal leader of the Guelf party, and as the motives of some of the wearers of the Papal tiara were selfish and unpatriotic, they did not scruple to use

¹ *Guelfs and Ghibellines*. A Short History of Mediæval Italy. By Oscar Browning. London: Methuen & Co.

this party as a blind instrument for the attainment of their desires. The Ghibellines were the supporters of a universal empire, of which Italy was to be the head ; but it happened frequently that in waging war against the encroachments of the Papacy they did real service to the cause of human progress. Neither party, however, had much regard for abstract justice. In the course of a long and terrible struggle the objects of both parties had been confused and almost forgotten. They had become mere party cries, and the adherents of either side cared more for the gratification of vengeance than for the interests of the State. In some of the Italian cities the parties had received new names ; in others, one or other of them had split up into sections as malignantly opposed to one another as the parent stocks had ever been. To quote Mr. Browning : " In the fourteenth century there was scarcely a city in Italy which was not distracted by the bloodthirsty quarrels of a traditional *vendetta*. It might well be urged, Who should still this raging sea but the commanding voice of Caesar ? What force should weld these chaotic elements into a living organism except the strong hand of imperial power ? This was the view of Dante. He, who had seen nothing but order and harmony in the spheres of Paradise, preferred even tyranny to the confusion which reminded him of the turmoils of the circles of hell."

The greatness of Florence and of Venice was marred by the scenes of bloodshed that were enacted in those cities in mediæval times. Though Venice was not affected by the feuds between Guelfs and Ghibellines, its Council of Ten rapidly degenerated into a despotism. All popular tumults were put down by the most sanguinary forms of repression. In 1355 the Council, having discovered that the Doge Marino Faliero—immortalised by Byron—had conspired with some others to introduce a popular form of government into Venice, ordered his arrest, and soon afterwards had him executed in the courtyard of the palace. In 1432 the Council summoned the great Condottieri leader, Francesco Carmagnola, to Venice, where they had him secretly tried, and caused him to be beheaded with a gag in his mouth, between the two columns of the Piazzetta.

Some of the personages whose careers are sketched in Mr. Oscar Browning's pages far outstripped in villany anything that can be found in the Newgate Calendar. Take, for example, the case of Ezzelino da Romano, lord of Padua. He attempted to found an empire by wholesale murder. One of the first acts of Pope Alexander IV. in 1255 was to proclaim a crusade against him, and call on all true Christians to hunt him down like a wild beast. The victims of Ezzelino frequently died in prison, but he was not satisfied with this, and had their corpses sent to their native towns to be publicly decapitated. His satellites were ordered to slay every nobleman who opposed his wishes, and the bodies of those murdered

persons were mutilated and burned. Young girls, old men, pious recluses, peace-loving scholars, became the objects of this monster's cruel persecution. In 1256 a war against him was commenced, with Venice at the head of the crusade. Padua was captured; but Ezzelino had the satisfaction of putting to death a number of military prisoners who happened to be in his power. The war continued several years, and Ezzelino's atrocities were not yet at an end. He took the castle of Priola, and condemned all the inhabitants to have their eyes put out and their noses and legs cut off. At length in 1259 this bloodthirsty tyrant was taken prisoner at Cassano and died by his own hands. We must not overlook the fact that in the midst of such a terrible state of society great poets like Dante and Petrarch were able to produce their immortal works; but happy is the lot of genius which can flourish in an age far removed from the inhuman brutalities that disfigured the fair soil of Italy in the fourteenth century.

We cannot speak too highly of Mr. Browning's admirable work. It presents us with a picture of the period which is exceedingly vivid. Its only fault is the accumulation of details, which sometimes becomes slightly confusing.

The Mummy,¹ by Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, is a very learned work, which will be read with delight by all Egyptologists. The author in his opening sketch of Egyptian history points out that the early inhabitants of Egypt—at least those known to history—were Caucasians and probably of Asiatic origin. They were not Semites, though there was a Semitic intermixture in their blood. We are also informed that the Egyptian language is more akin to the Accadian than to the Semitic. The account of the Rosetta stone is very curious and interesting. The author gives us a very elaborate and probably accurate description of an Egyptian funeral, for he appears to have exhausted all the authorities on the subject. The various methods of embalming amongst the Egyptians, according to Herodotus, are given at very great length, and the illustrations, which are numerous, enable the reader to familiarise himself thoroughly with this fascinating subject of inquiry.

The history of Spain has never been properly written for English readers. That romantic, and indeed rather unfortunate, country has been neglected by English historians. We therefore cordially welcome the publication of the volume on Spain by Mr. H. E. Watts, in "The Story of the Nations Series."² The only history of Spain hitherto published in English was one brought out sixty years ago by Dr. Dunham in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. Mr. Watts has done his work well. He begins with the year 711 A.D.

¹ *The Mummy*. Chapters on Egyptian Funeral Archaeology. By E. A. Wallis Budge, Litt.D., F.S.A. Cambridge: University Press. 1893.

² *The Story of the Nations—Spain (711–1492 A.D.)*. By Henry Edward Watts. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

when Roderick, the last of the Goths, lost his kingdom and his life on the banks of the Guadalete, and finishes with the fall of Granada in 1492 A.D. It is a remarkable fact, which Spanish native historians do not like to touch upon, that many of the conquered embraced the Moslem faith, and became ardent champions of the new religion. Christian kings gave their daughters to Mohammedan emirs. Even the Cid sometimes fought under the Moorish flag. The history of the Moorish dominion is rather flattering to Mohammedanism, for the Moors were in many instances far more chivalrous than the Christians. Mr. Watts clears away a great many misconceptions as to the relations of the Spaniards with their Mohammedan conquerors. There was no exceptional bitterness between the two races, and the government of the Moors was, on the whole, rather liked by the mass of the Spanish population. The remarks in the work on the Inquisition are very just and rational. To judge one century by the standard at which a later has arrived is illogical. Though the Inquisition was a persecuting agency, we must not forget that the Jews have been in our own time persecuted in Europe. To punish persons for heresy seemed a proper course to Queen Isabel, just as it also appeared praiseworthy to the bigoted mind of the English Queen Mary. Toleration is the growth of two centuries which have witnessed one of the most terrible of revolutions. We may feel grateful to men like Voltaire and Rousseau—aye, and to Tom Paine—who helped to gain liberty for us by earning the condemnation of society in the days in which they lived. But we must judge of mediæval Spain by the opinions and customs of a time differing in every respect from our own.

Mr. H. G. Keene's *History of India*¹ is a very useful and carefully prepared work. The author thoroughly understands his subject, and has a perfect mastery of details. He does not, perhaps, do full justice to the virtue and talents of the best men amongst the Hindoos; but he is also rather severe on two distinguished governors of India, Lord Ripon and the late Lord Lytton.

M. Maxime du Camp has written an interesting book² dealing with his literary recollections. As the friend of Gustave Flaubert and Théophile Gautier he may well lay claim to arrest the attention of all who are interested in modern French literature. The opening chapters on "Childhood" and "School Days" contain very little that calls for either comment or commendation. They deal mainly with M. du Camp's friendship for Louis de Cormenin. The overstrained picture of the horror of copying a portion of the *Æneid* as a school punishment can scarcely appeal to the sympathies of the average British schoolboy at least, whatever the youth of France may think about the subject. Of course, the necessity for proper sani-

¹ *History of India*. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By H. G. Keene, C.I.E. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

² *The Literary Recollections of Maxime du Camp*. London: Remington & Co.

tation in schools is quite a different thing. M. du Camp is less morbid when he dwells on his delight at witnessing a play for the first time. To be stage-struck is a most natural emotion in a boy. Who has not felt it at some time? We must admit that the love of Paul de Kock's works by the author in his boyish days appeals to us with less force than his appreciation of *The Last of the Mohicans*, a book which can never fail to fascinate the young.

M. du Camp tells an amusing story showing the unreasonable antipathy with which at one time Victor Hugo was regarded in France even by educated persons. One day a professor, while lecturing to his class, was asked by one of his pupils: "What do you think of Victor Hugo?" The professor's reply was: "Do not so much as mention the name of that M. Hugo of yours; he is a criminal." There is, indeed, some justification for the severe criticism of M. du Camp on the professor: "It is a disgrace to our nation that such folly should be endured." The portion of the book dealing with Gustave Flaubert is absorbingly interesting. It is amusing to learn that Flaubert was once a law-student, and used to feel quite indignant at the bad French spoken by his professors. Some of the characteristics ascribed by M. du Camp to Flaubert—his mingled simplicity and gentleness, reticence and enthusiasm—will make the great author of *Madame Bovary* loved by those who already worship his rare genius. We do not quite agree with the estimate of Flaubert as "purely lyrical." No careful reader of his works can deny that in the highest and best sense he is the most realistic of all French novelists. His choiceness about words is only a part of his realism, for the essence of true realism is exactitude both of phraseology and observation. The account given of the terrible disease to which Flaubert ultimately succumbed is rather painful reading. "The infirmity spoiled his life and made him morose and unsociable." Can we wonder? Nay, rather, should we not wonder that such great works as his could have been produced by one afflicted with epilepsy?

It is a refreshing thing to find a Frenchman writing with enthusiasm about German celebrities. M. Jules le Fevre Deumier¹ has produced an admirable book, in which we find minute and critical studies of Adam (Henschl)äger (the Danish poet), Henri de Kleist, Ernst Schulze, and Adolphe Müllner. There is also a sketch of Paracelsus, in which Browning's poem of that name is dealt with somewhat unsparingly.

The Buccaneers of America,² by John Esquemeling, is a quaint book which many people will read through curiosity. No doubt the interest that once surrounded the buccaneer fraternity has abated;

¹ *Célébrités Allemandes*. Par M. Jules le Fevre Deumier. Paris: Librairie de Firmin Didot et Cie.

² *The Buccaneers of America*. By John Esquemeling. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

but we still read fictitious histories of adventure, such as Mr. Rider Haggard's *She* and *King Solomon's Mines*. The volume is a large one, and it is well illustrated as well as beautifully printed.

A very curious narrative of startling adventures has just been published in Paris under the title of *Aventures de Guerre au Temps de la Republique et du Consulat*.¹ The book has been written by M. Moreau de Jonnés, a member of the Academy, who appears to have been engaged, while he was quite a young man, in some of the principal battles of the Revolution period. He was present at the burning of Cape France, San Domingo, in 1801, and took part in the greatest naval conflict that was ever waged between France and England. There are in the book some good descriptions of scenes during the Revolution. The writer of this interesting work also took part in the French expedition to Bantry Bay, and he introduces into his narrative a touching sketch of a brave young Irish girl, whom he calls "la petite Mary." The romantic Frenchman appreciated the beauty and innocence of this Irish wildflower. Unhappily the episode ends in gloom, for the young girl is hanged by the English soldiers.

*The Camisards*² is a book not devoid of human interest; but it is written in a canting spirit, and sectarianism is stamped on every page of it. There was enough of solid virtue in the Huguenots to make appeals to bigotry on their behalf, and vapid denunciations of the Church of Rome quite unnecessary. It must be acknowledged that they "suffered persecution for justice's sake," and we should like to see their annals written without any fanatical rhetoric.

A curious pamphlet³ has been published by the Librairie Pichon, embodying some correspondence between the great English General, Marlborough, and Marshal Berwick, the natural son of James II. and Arabella Churchill, apparently tending to show that Marlborough was to some extent involved in Jacobite intrigues. The analysis of the correspondence leaves the matter in great doubt; but the careful student of history does not need to be reminded that John Churchill was a rather deceitful type of man, however great he may have been in his military capacity.

Persia is a land with a marvellous history and great traditions, and a book dealing with its people and customs cannot fail to be interesting. Mr. E. G. Browne, M.A., M.B., lecturer on Persian to the University of Cambridge, has, in a volume entitled *A Year in Persia*,⁴ presented a very agreeable and picturesque view of the present condition of the country. Persia is rapidly advancing in the path of progress in spite of many obstacles. A

¹ *Aventures de Guerre au Temps de la Republique et du Consulat*. Par M. Moreau de Jonnés. Paris: Librairie de Guillomin et Cie.

² *The Camisards*. A Sequel to "The Huguenots of the Seventeenth Century." By Charles Tylor. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

³ *Une Negociation Inconnue entre Berwick et Marlborough (708-709)*. Par A. Legrelle. Paris: Librairie Pichon.

⁴ *A Year in Persia*. By Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B. London: A. & C. Black.

number of manufactures flourish in its principal cities, and the inhabitants are ingenious, lively, and hospitable. No doubt there is much duplicity amongst Persian officials, and the marriage laws of the country are perhaps worse than those of Turkey, for in Persia temporary marriages of a year or a day are allowed to be contracted, and at the end of such period the woman is again free to marry any man she pleases. The portion of the book which is concerned with the religion of Persia, so full of mysticism—especially the account of Babiism—contains some exceedingly curious details.

The Clarendon Press have brought out a splendid volume giving a history of Wadham College, Oxford.¹ The work is by Mr. T. G. Jackson, A.R.A., architect and formerly Fellow of the College, and it is dedicated to the Warden and Fellows of Wadham College, Oxford. The author has exceptionally good sources of information, and he gives a very minute description of the building of the College, its history up to the death of its foundress, and an account of the books in the College library. Only one hundred and fifty copies of the book have been printed.

The life of Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of the great Napoleon, in America, is full of interest.² Joseph Bonaparte was in almost every respect the antithesis of his extraordinary brother. While Napoleon, like Alexander, thirsted for new worlds to conquer, Joseph was content to lead the life of a gentleman-farmer in the United States. A charming little book has just been published in Paris entitled *Joseph Bonaparte en Amérique*,³ in which the career in America of this excellent, though singularly unambitious, man is sketched in life-like colours. Joseph Bonaparte arrived in New York on September 6, 1815. His reception was not a very cordial one at first, but, as he was by no means aggressive, he gathered around him one or two devoted friends. Eventually he became the proprietor of the farm of Point Breeze in New Jersey, and settled down to a quiet country life. He was the friend of Admiral Stewart, the maternal grandfather of the late Mr. C. S. Parnell, and of many other well-known American citizens. He resided in America up to 1832, and won the affection of all who came in contact with him. Many interesting details with reference to the "good Mr Bonaparte" (as the American children used to call him) will be found in M. Bertin's book.

M. Hubault's *Histoire de l'Europe et de la France jusqu'à 1270*⁴ is an excellent little work, systematically arranged for educational purposes, and at the same time full of information, so that it may serve as a book of reference for even advanced students. The

¹ *Wadham College, Oxford*. By T. G. Jackson, A.R.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

² *Joseph Bonaparte en Amérique (1815-1832)*. Par Georges Bertin. Paris: Librairie de la Nouvelle Revue, 18 Boulevard Montmartre. 1893.

³ *Histoire de l'Europe et de la France de 395 à 1270*. Par Gustave Hubault. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delegrave. 1893.

author is not very philosophic in many of his statements : for example, in his summing up of the religion of Mohammed : "Quant à la morale du Coran, elle est viciée par la polygamie qui n'a pas permis à la famille musulmane de se constituer." Polygamy has not destroyed family life in the East, and it certainly is not so degrading in its effects as prostitution, the "Christian Harem." M. Hubault takes the conventional view of the influence of the Church in the Middle Ages ; and his book gives no accurate account of the corruption of monastic institutions not only in France but all over Europe.

*Le Masque de Fer*¹ is a curious historical study. The "Man with the Iron Mask" has been a favourite subject for romance. Let the student of facts read the work of M. Emile Burgand and le Commandant Bazeries, and he will be able to grasp the reality. The mystery which has so long shrouded a gloomy personality is now cleared up, owing to the researches of an ingenious French officer, who, while stationed at Nantes, occupied himself with a translation of certain despatches in cypher from Louis XIV. to Louvois. The work is sure to be extensively read, for it furnishes the key to one of the most perplexing puzzles of history.

One of the most lurid pictures of the sufferings caused by the Franco-German war of 1870-1871 is given in a very Rembrandt-esque work by M. Léon Bloy, entitled *Sueur de Sang*.² The book is not a romance, but we strongly suspect that some portions of it are grossly exaggerated. For instance, the account given in the chapter "A la Table des Vainqueurs," of a Frenchwoman, who had been outraged by Prussian soldiers, cooking the flesh of a young officer for his father, an old Prussian general, is apparently a grotesque invention, if not a horrible joke. Some descriptions in the volume are full of rugged power, such as the sketch of the burial of French soldiers while still living, the illustration of this passage recalling the weird style of Gustave Doré.

Justice has never been done to the Jews. They are an extraordinary people, and cannot be judged from an ordinary standpoint. Of course, they have their faults ; but to assume that all Jews are usurers and cowards is a monstrous fallacy. Some of the greatest modern champions of liberty have been Jews. Take the case of Ferdinand Lassalle. Lord Beaconsfield, though an inconsistent politician, was a man of large ideas in certain directions, and he was always proud to identify himself with the Hebrew race. The vile treatment of the Jews during the Middle Ages was disgraceful to nations professing Christianity. Sir Walter Scott, in *Ivanhoe*, attempted to depict the persecution of a Jewish family in England in Richard I.'s time. Some fresh light is now thrown

¹ *Le Masque de Fer : Revelation de la Correspondence Chiffrée de Louis XIV.* Par Emile Burgand et le Commandant Bazeries. Paris : Librairie de Firmin, Didot et Cie. 1893.

² *Sueur de Sang* (1870-1871). Par Léon Bloy. Paris : E. Dentu, Editeur. 1893

on the mediæval history of the Jews in an essay by M. Gerson, the Jewish rabbi at Dijon.¹ It is interesting to learn that St. Bernard advocated toleration towards the Hebrew race. We have no doubt that, in spite of much surviving prejudice at the present time in Europe, civilisation will be on the side of St. Bernard and against anti-Semitic antipathies, which are unworthy of humane and enlightened minds.

Jean Bourré, Seigneur du Plessis,² is the title of a very learned and elaborate work by M. Georges Bricard. As secretary and companion of Louis XI. Bourré played a by no means unimportant part in French history. The book opens with an account of the king's character and methods of government. Bourré was a native of Chateaugontier, and belonged to a good bourgeois family. He was educated at the University of Paris. At an early age he won the favours of Louis while the latter was still Dauphin. He was all his life the devoted slave of this plotting, cruel, and yet talented monarch. This volume, in the course of nearly 400 pages, shows the various services rendered by him to Louis XI.

The history of mediæval France is full of strange contrasts, and no French historian had a greater power of portraying the facts of history in vivid colours than Michelet. A new edition of his works,³ the first volume of which is now out, is being published by M. Ernest Flammarion of Paris. Like Macaulay, in dealing with a certain portion of English history, Michelet had the faculty of describing all that is romantic and picturesque in the annals of a nation. M. Flammarion has undertaken this publication with the concurrence of the historian's devoted widow. The work is sure to have a wide popularity.

BELLES LETTRES.

Margaret Drummond, Millionaire,⁴ is the story of a young girl, reared in an English country rectory by a devoted father, who "carefully trained her logical faculty." On his death she unexpectedly inherits a magnificent fortune and becomes the possessor of a lonely island on the west coast of Scotland, and practically ruler of the destinies of its inhabitants. The tale concerns itself with the difficulties of the heiress (from which she extricates herself by means of the aforesaid "logical faculty"), and relates her rather

¹ *Essai sur les Juifs de la Bourgogne au Moyen-âge.* Par M. A. Gerson, Rabbin à Dijon. Dijon : J. Berthault, Imprimerie du Commerce et de l'Industrie. 1893.

² *Jean Bourré, Seigneur du Plessis (1424-1506).* Par Georges Bricard. Paris : Alphonse Picard et Fils. 1893.

³ *Œuvres Complètes de J. Michelet. Histoire de France (Moyen-âge).* Tome première. Paris : E. Flammarion.

⁴ *Margaret Drummond, Millionaire.* By Sophie F. F. Veitch. Three volumes. Adam & Charles Black.

high-handed measures for the improvement of her people, till, in conclusion, she (quite logically) marries a man many years her senior, who undertakes to act as her private secretary. The author shows no great knowledge of the world, but as the book is seriously written it will no doubt appeal to the taste of a certain class of readers. There is, moreover, some good work in the description of Miss Drummond's island realm.

The literary remains of Thomas Campbell Finlayson, D.D.,¹ though slight and fragmentary, are of interest as a study of the attitude of the intellectual Nonconformist towards modern poetry. Mr. Finlayson has pondered over his Browning and his Tennyson, over Heine, Goethe, and Schiller. One of his essays, "The Concealing Power of Light," is deduced from Blanco White's famous sonnet as from a text of Scripture. In *M. moriam* helps him to probe the mystery of grief; *Pippa Passes* leads to reflection on the subtle influence of goodness and purity. Poetry in its morally emotional aspect would appear to have formed a considerable ingredient in his religious feeling, and was made use of as an instrument in his ministry. A schoolfellow of Professors J. W. Hales, Edward Caird, John Nichol, and of the present Provost of Oriel, D. B. Monro, when Mr. Finlayson obtained a call to a pastorate at Cambridge, and afterwards as minister of Rusholme Congregational Church at Winchester, a familiarity with the best in poetry aided him to touch the feelings of his flock and to influence character through sentiment. But for form he would appear to have had little relish. For him Tennyson is an interpretative thinker and not an artist, while his own translations of Heine, &c., are characterless and without music. Mr. Finlayson's love for poetry (as he understood it) was, however, genuine; and he seems to have been an eminently spiritually-minded man. His congregation, never very numerous, was deeply attached to him, and his personal influence in particular cases, notably with young ministers, is said to have been great.

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is a writer of great literary experience and subtlety, and whatever he may give us is sure to be notable for good workmanship and delicacy of touch. His *Two Bites at a Cherry*,² and other tales, issued by David Douglas in that small shilling series in which Mr. Henry James is so well known, contains much that is in his best manner, the title-story being specially successful.

*God's Will*³ contains a novel incident in the summary substitution at the altar itself of one sister for another by the officiating clergyman. Far from being dismayed when "Marie says Nay," this intrepid person "resumed in a low voice, just indeed as a father

¹ *Essays, Addresses, and Lyrical Translations*. By Thomas Campbell Finlayson, D.D. Macmillan & Co.

² *Two Bites at a Cherry*, with other Tales. By J. B. Aldrich. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

³ *God's Will*, and other Stories. By Ilse Frapan. Translated by Helen A. Macdonell. Pseudonym Library: Fisher & Swin.

might speak (*sic*), 'Lena, will *you* have him?' and to the bewilderment of the bridegroom the thing was done. 'It is but fair to add, however, that the minister had reason to believe that the change would be acceptable.'

The stories and legends given in *Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales*,¹ are chiefly in prose form, and have been culled from the works of Sir Walter Scott, Allan Cunningham, Chambers, Campbell of Isla, &c., with others from less accessible sources, and from the publications of the Folklore Society. A lecture on the subject, given before the Royal Institution by the editor, Sir George Douglas,² is repeated in substance as an introduction. The low price of the volume, its fanciful cover, and the nature of the title are calculated to catch the attention of Santa Claus; and some of the sections, including the nursery tales and stories of animals and fairies, are suitable enough for the purpose. But parents should be on their guard, for many of these tales, with their strong sense of the hardship of life, their dark superstitions, and gloomy fancies, are capable of suggesting the most intimate terrors to an imaginative child. In the interests of the children, too, we must protest against the insertion in the section 'Wraiths and Apparitions' of such an illustration as that named "Saw a corpse . . . in its winding sheet."

A volume of Mr. Fisher Unwin's pretty and well-chosen "Children's Library" is quite free from such objections, *The Pope's Mule*³ and other tales, being a selection from the charming stories of *Lettres de Moulin* and the *Contes du Lundi*. An intelligent child, so far as its interests carry it, is a good judge of literature, and it is well that its mind should be early nourished on such dainty fare. M. Daudet gives so much pleasure to grown-up people that it is quite a surprise to realise how exquisitely some of his work adapts itself to the comprehension of little folk.

*The Capture of the "Estrella,"*⁴ by Commander Claud Harding, R.N., is from the pen of a man who knows the ropes, or perhaps we should say the electric buttons, of the Conning Tower of a man-of-war, and he tells a good yarn with plenty of incident. *Paving the Way*,⁵ a pioneer romance of the Australian bush, has also abundance of good material, but this is not used to the best literary advantage.

A clever Algerian novel, *Notre Fille de France*,⁶ suffers from the overweighting of its somewhat slight plot by description and discussion of the affairs of the colony. It contains at least one excellent character sketch in the figure of Jules Hardigny—

¹ *Scottish Fairy and Folk Tales*. Selected and edited, with an Introduction, by Sir George Douglas, Bart. London: Walter Scott, Ltd.

² *The Pope's Mule*, and other Stories from Daudet. Translated by A. D. Bevington-Atkinson and D. Havers. Children's Library. London: Fisher Unwin.

³ *The Capture of the "Estrella."* A Tale of the Slave Trade. By Commander Claud Harding, R.N. London: Cassell & Co.

⁴ *Paving the Way*. A Romance of the Australian Bush. By Simpson Newland. Gay & Bird, 5 Chandos Street, Strand.

⁵ *Notre Fille de France*. Par l'auteur. Paris: E. Dentu, Éditeur.

Parisien de naissance d'éducation et d'allures, and exiled to the remote *sous-préfecture* of Bordj-ain-Chellal. Provided with a set of the newest catchwords, *Arabophile*, and determined to *pénétrer les vaincus*, he poses as an administrator of the new school, above petty racial jealousies, and in touch with Parisian opinion, smarting meanwhile under the *mauvais honte* of the true *boulevardier*, who finds himself even temporarily degraded to the position of a *provincial*. To this man of formulae is added a suitable pendant in the bright, sensible and attractive Clotilde. The Arab interior of Sidi Said is also very well drawn.

*La Langue de Madame Z * * **¹ deals with a good and always touching situation, the mortification of a devoted and widowed mother on finding that the heart of her only son has been given into the keeping of another woman. The book starts fairly well, but, after the first, the theme is more vulgarly treated, and our sympathies are soon entirely alienated.

Five volumes which have reached us from the press of Messrs. Alfred Mame et Fils, of Tours, consist of reading for young people of a religious, sentimental, or mildly romantic order. A selection from the *nouvelles* of M. Eugène de Margérie, entitled *Le Christianisme en Action*,² is simply the familiar tract of the district visitor in an ornamental paper cover; while the *Elisabeth*³ of Madame de Villemane gives the story of a marvellous little girl, whose habit of heroic action and sage judgment enables her to save the lives or dictate the conduct of all around her.

*Le Pape de la Princesse Anne*⁴ deals with another precocious, though less objectionable, child, Yvonic, the *frère de lait* of Anne of Brittany, daughter of the Duke Francis II. and twice Queen of France. Perhaps, however, the best written book of the group is the *Valerie de Ligneuil*⁵ of Madame de Tilière, giving the autobiography of a penniless and hyper-sensitive orphan, with some account of her sufferings in various more or less comfortable dependent situations. This parcel from Tours, in short, contains well-intentioned, if feeble, entertainment for the French child, assorted to suit various tastes, and with a strong, if crude, moral flavouring. A small booklet is also included,⁶ translated from the German, and telling the story of the persecutions and troubles of the Roman General Placidus, one of the early converts to Christianity.

Le Lendemain des Amours,⁷ both in subject-matter and mode of

¹ *Langue de Madame Z * * ** Par Léopold Stapleaux. Paris: E. Dentu, Editeur.

² *Le Christianisme en Action*. Choix de Nouvelles. Par Eugène de Margérie.

³ *Elisabeth*. Episode de la Guerre France-Allemande. Par Marie de Villemane.

⁴ *Le Pape de la Princesse Anne*, Récit de Haute et Basse Bretagne. Par Alain de la Roche.

⁵ *Valerie de Ligneuil*. Par M. la Comtesse de Tilière.

⁶ *Eustache*. Episode des Premiers Temps de Christianisme. Traduit de l'Allemand de Christophe-Schmidt par Louis Friedel. Tours: Alfred Mame et Fils, Editeurs.

⁷ *Les Batailles de la Vie*. *Le Lendemain des Amours*. Par Georges Ohnet. Paris: Paul Ollendorff. 1893.

treatment, is quite unlike M. Ohnet's work. Perhaps it is the storm of scathing derision with which his well-earned reputation as a popular novelist has recently been assailed by certain critics and, let us add, rivals, of his own nationality, that has induced him to lay aside the romantic vein of fiction which has charmed so many readers on both sides of the Atlantic, and come before us as the most uncompromising of realists. In any case the *volte face* is as complete as it is disastrous. Instead of the pleasant stories against which the worst fault that could be urged was that they were a trifle melodramatic, we have the prosaic transcript of the squalid amours of *demi-mondaines* and *vicieux*. Not one decent woman figures in the story, and the *jeune premier* (we cannot so misuse terms as to call him the hero) is not so much vicious as hopelessly weak, volatile and uninteresting. But amidst all this there are, as might be expected, flashes of better things. The faithful, enduring love of the cast-off mistress, unquenched by treachery, ingratitude, or the most cruel indifference, is touching in the extreme. But it is all but out of nature in a woman of her antecedents. "M. Roupel," too, is a cynically humorous character, and would be even more striking were it not for his strong family likeness to M. Ludovic Halévy's never-to-be-forgotten "M. Cardinal." Nevertheless, with all these mitigating circumstances, the transition from *Serge Panine*, or even from *La Grande Marnière* to *Le Lendemain des Amours* is something more than a descent; it is a *dérégolade*.

*Un Vieux Ménage*² is deserving of comment, not only, because it is a really good novel, at a time when good novels are scarce, but because it deals well and wisely with a crying evil in contemporary social life. If we may accept the evidence of modern French fiction, it is probably in France that conjugal infidelity, even among the more thoughtful and educated classes, has attained its greatest and most systematic development; but, especially on the part of husbands, the vice is by no means rare amongst ourselves; while in America its prevalence has given occasion to Mr. Howells' well-known aphorism, that "man is an imperfectly monogamous animal." In *Un Vieux Ménage* we find a man of unblemished reputation, of good social standing, highly estimable in most of the relations of life, the husband of a woman exceptionally beautiful and attractive, whom he had married, if not for love, at least from ardent inclination. Yet, after a few years of true and happy married life, he had entered upon the usual round of flimsy philanderings and paltry *liaisons*, so that when the story opens its hero and heroine, though still preserving the outward semblance of familiar and affectionate inter-relations, and passing in the world around them for a model couple, had, in reality, long ceased to be husband and wife in any true sense of the words. Of how the noble character of the wife—

¹ *Un Vieux Ménage*. Par Henry Gréville. Paris: Nourrit et Cie.

her long-suffering love, still alive, almost unknown to herself—broke down, with the aid of a series of fortunate minor incidents, the growing barrier of estrangement between herself and her erring, but not worthless, husband, and made them at length of one heart and one mind, we will attempt no detailed description. The husband's awakening may best be expressed in Wordsworth's memorable words: "O my beloved! I have done thee wrong, Conscious of blessedness, but whence it sprung, Ever too heedless, as I now perceive." It is in this glad yet humbled awakening that the story culminates, and the whole process by which this blessed consummation is brought about is so inimitably told by "Henry Gréville," with so many touches of tenderness, of humour, and of truth to human nature, that no one capable of appreciating it would venture to write a *précis* of it.

POETRY.

As a humorous rhymester and song-writer, Mr. Samuel Laycock,¹ the Lancashire poet, has the rare qualities of great directness and simplicity. Although his poems have a wide and constant sale as fly-leaves among the working-men of his own district, the two small volumes of verse which form his modest *œuvre* have been for some years out of print, and the present complete single-volume edition will be almost his first introduction to the general public. The son of a poor weaver, he was born at Marsden, near Huddersfield, in 1826, a year of great scarcity and slackness of trade, and at nine years old he was at work in a woollen mill, from six in the morning till eight at night, to earn two shillings a week. Nevertheless, "he contrived to find time for self-improvement," and learnt to write at a Sunday-school, whither "my father used to carry on his back those of us who were too young to walk." Some of Mr. Laycock's best-known lyrical pieces were written during the sufferings and enforced idleness of the Cotton Panic of 1862. Among these, *Welcome Bonny Brid*, an address to an infant son, who made his appearance at this ill-chosen moment, is in its way a masterpiece, and in sincerity, playful tenderness, and felicity of homely expression will bear comparison with some even of the best work of Mr. Laycock's great Scottish master. A humorous poem, *Tommy o' Dan's*, is written with much quaintness and colour, while the *Sewin' Class* and similar pieces contain stirring popular exhortations, full of kindly common-sense and sound morality. All the poems which are worth attention are written in dialect by no means forbidding in difficulty, for with this "Owd Songster" such speech is no affectation, but the natural language of the heart. Here are a

¹ *Warblin's fro' an Owd Songster*. By Samuel Laycock. Oldham: W. E. Clegg.

few stanzas of *Welcome Bonny Brid*, though we offer them with apologies to the author, conscious that the charm of the piece lies in the alternation of feeling, the shifting play of humour and tenderness, in each succeeding stanza. "Brid," it may be mentioned, is Lancashire for "bird":

"Th'art welcome, little bonny brid,
But shouldn't ha' come just when tha did;
Toimes are bad.
We're short o' pobbies for our Joe,
But that, of course, tha didn't know,
Did ta, lad?

"Aw've often yeard mi feyther tell,
At when aw coom i' th' world misel'
Trade wur släck;
An' neaw it's hard wark pooin' throo—
But aw munno fear thee iv aw do,
Tha'll go back.

* * * * *

"But though we've childer two or three,
We'll mak' a bit o' reawm for thee,
Bless thee, lad!
Tha'rt the prettiest brid we have i' th' nest,
So hutch up closer to mi breast;
Awm thi dad."

Whatever Mrs. Augusta Webster¹ attempts she accomplishes with a fair measure of success, for she is prolific and fluent, and pleases by the sweetness and grace of her cadence. The possessor of a genuine poetic faculty, Mrs. Webster would rank higher than she does but for a certain over-facility and sameness of quality. Her verses are prettily turned and melodious, and she has imaginative power, but no single piece is really fine in expression. Her *Portraits*² are curiously lacking in tone and colour. The sentiments are no doubt appropriate and often well imagined; but as a matter of style, "Circe," under different circumstances, might have uttered the lines "In an Almshouse" or "Medea in Athens" lisped forth her joy as the "Happiest Girl in the World." To our thinking, Mrs. Webster is seen at her best in her shorter, more personal lyrics, many specimens of which are given in the present volume of *Selections*. We quote one of her "English Rispetti," "The Bees in the Lime":

"Amid the thousand blossoms of the lime,
The gossip bees go humming to and fro;
And, oh, the busy joy of working-time!
And, oh, the fragrance when the lime-trees blow!
Take the sweet honeys deftly, happy bees,
And store them for the later days than these:
Store, happy bees, these honeys for the frost,
'That sweetness of the blossom be not lost."

¹ *Selections from the Verse of Augusta Webster* London: Macmillan & Co.

² *Portraits*. By Augusta Webster. Third Edition. London: Macmillan & Co.

Mr. George Musgrave's translation¹ of the *Inferno* of Dante (to be followed by the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*) promises to be a readable popular version. The choice of the nine-line metre of Spenser is, on the whole, a happy one, although the necessity for finding three sets of four, three, and two rhymes respectively is often awkward. Mr. Musgrave warns us that his fidelity is rather to the spirit than to the letter, but he nevertheless follows the original pretty closely, and his occasional amplifications are due mainly to the exigencies of his form. His version is intended "primarily for the many," and is certainly the most easily read translation of Dante we have met with; but the effort to be popular frequently leads to the introduction of expressions and turns of phrase which fall below the dignity of the author.

Parallel Verse Extracts,² by Messrs. Nixon and Smith, is intended as a help to students in constructing imitations of Latin verse, as well as rendering it into rhythmic form in English. There is much good work in the dissection of the structure of Latin verse, and the suggestions for equivalents in translation, which make up the body of the book. Intelligently used, it cannot fail to be of assistance to would-be or even reluctant versifiers. But some diminution of usefulness must be owed to the dry and difficult shape in which the information is given. Even sixth-form boys will find it a hard nut to crack. Not all the English examples in the collection of parallel passages are of the first order of poetry, and others might well be substituted in a second edition.

ART.

A NEW work on the *Pictorial Architecture of France*,³ published in that wide, thin shape which might almost be called the atlas form, has for its author the Rev. H. H. Bishop, already known for similar books on the British Isles and on Greece and Italy. The present work dovetails into both of the preceding, as it takes up architecture in Greco-Roman Gaul, and brings out its development through the different ages by constant comparison and contrast with English examples. The illustrations are unusually good and well chosen, and they help to give the book a popular air. The text aims to do the same by its short, jerky phrases and by side reminiscences of

¹ *Dante's Divine Comedy: The Inferno*. Translated by George Musgrave. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

² *Parallel Verse Extracts*. English and Latin. By J. E. Nixon, M.A., and E. H. C. Smith, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

³ *Pictorial Architecture of France*. By the Rev. H. H. Bishop, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1893.

personal visits to the places mentioned. It is without chapters, though we find after a time that it treats in succession of churches, tunnel-vaulted and domed, in the south, of the Angevine style in the west, and of the Gothic of the north, with many an occasional bridge and castle and city-hall thrown in, and bits even of "unreal" Renaissance. All is given pleasantly, with a proper spirit against those French writers who forget that their country was all this time half under the English kings. Perhaps not every one will agree with our author that this made the architecture English.

In reality, this able work is crowded with technical information, so concentrated that it is a pity the form had not been more convenient for pocket use in travelling. The lover of architecture would find in it nearly all that he needs from the larger works of Fergusson and others. The historical relations of buildings—what came to Nîmes from the Greeks, and what from the Romans, and how far Cluny suggested Canterbury—are brought out in detail and, in the main, with accuracy, especially in the examples of Romanesque and early Gothic, where the author seems most at home. He does not seem equally conversant with the social and political, or even with the religious facts of the times when the buildings he describes were erected in what is now France. There is a rare echo in these pages of the Anglican Homilies, which lumped all those times together as a "diabolical millennium." The misunderstanding of an age, which thus arises, seriously injured much of the work of Sir J. Parker. For one thing, it prevents travelling Englishmen from finding out what Roman Catholics are doing with these buildings at the present day. If this were accurately understood, it might be easier to judge what they have been doing with them in past ages, and, consequently, how and why they built as they did.

There is an occasional lapse in the spelling of foreign names: "St. Michele" and "St. Andrea" for San and Sant' respectively; "Elsass" for Alsace (the author himself writes Trèves and not Trier); Santiago "di" Compostella; and—strangest of all—"Neonteichus." The index of proper names, giving each page where they are used, multiplies the value of this very creditable book an hundredfold.

Dr. Riemann's *Analysis of Bach's Wohltemperirtes Clavier*¹ will be welcome, in its handy and well-printed English edition, to many serious students of music. The author uses a figured notation of harmony and periods which seems far more complicated in his Preface, where he explains it at length, than it really is when applied in the body of the work. Each prelude and fugue is worked out, period by period, on the principle that "rules which do not agree with Bach's fugues are worthless." The rather frequent

¹ *Analysis of J. S. Bach's Wohltemperirten Clavier* (48 Preludes and Fugues). By Dr. H. Riemann. Translated from the German by J. S. Shedlock, B.A. Complete in Two Parts. London: Augener & Co. 1893.

controversies with other workers in the same field lend a spice of malicious interest to the book, from which the poetic expression found by the author in musical phrases is not likely to detract. A favourable example is I.-8 (Prelude and Fugue in E Flat Minor) where "the long drawn lines of the melody display great and noble feeling; now clear eyes full of love seem to be gazing at us, now deep sighs are heard, sighs of pain at the limited power of human beings, who are able to realise only a small portion of unlimited will; so, at least, would I explain the mighty tearing asunder of the voices at the beginning of the second half. . . . If anywhere it is in this fugue that the cold judgment of K. v. Bryuck seems out of place: I cannot imagine how any one can speak of this noble, deeply pensive work, breathing so fully the spirit of the tonality, as 'made' music."

Another, but this time a primary work in the detailed analysis of musical composition, is *The Musician*,¹ "a guide for pianoforte students," in six grades, issued by Mr. Ridley Prentice some ten years since. It tries to impress on the student's mind an intelligible meaning of the sounds which of themselves imply nothing more than sensuous emotion. It is a way like another to prevent a mere mechanical playing of pieces and give a beginning of musical spirit.

In the latest issue of the series of "Celebrated Artists," published by *L'Art*, M. Rocheblave deals with the various designers and engravers of the name of ('ochin.² Nicolas Cochin *le vieux* was properly of the time of Mazarin, though he lived far into the reign of Louis XIV., unweariedly illustrating almanacs and religious books, and all the military events that occurred among Frenchmen during his long life. He was of Troyes, and not certainly of the family of the next of the name, Charles Nicolas Cochin *le père*, who with his wife and two sisters-in-law did important work in the first half of the next century. But the names and fame of all these were eclipsed in the greatness of Charles Nicolas Cochin *le fils*, the special designer of the age of Louis XV., the friend of Boucher and stout defender of his art. To this protégé of Madame de Pompadour the Goncourt brothers have already given an important part of their work on that eighteenth century which may have been the cause of all revolutionary woes, but was certainly, while it lasted, for people likely to patronise art full of all manner of joy of life.

The "Librairie de l'Art" continues pouring forth a seemingly exhaustless stream of albums, series, *bibliothèques*, and other collections of engravings intended to popularise different branches of art.

¹ *The Musician*. By Ridley Prentice. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

² *Les Artistes Célèbres. Les Cochin*. Par S. Rocheblave. Paris: Librairie de l'Art. 1893.

³ *Bibliothèque d'Education Artistique. Alphabets* (Nos. 1-9). *Motifs Decoratifs* (1-5). Paris: Librairie de l'Art. 1893.

The possibility of such publications goes far to explain the pre-eminence of France in artistic productions of every kind. Thus the collection of alphabets and decorative *motifs* is for the special use of all those art industries which command minute patterns, such as embroidery, woven tissues and wall hangings, heraldry, ceramics, and all decorative designing.

The alphabets, reaching from Siena in the fifteenth century, Ferrara and Frankfort in the sixteenth, Bologna and Nuremberg in the seventeenth, down to Ehrmann and Habert-Dys of our own day, contain hints of the whole history of art. No one could mistake the Gothic interlacings of the monks, the classical figures of the Renaissance, or the latest birth of time in dexterously unbalanced but picturesque and sentimental designs. M. Habert-Dys has even taken his letter I, whole and entire, from Alfred de Musset's odd stanza :

"C'était dans la nuit brune
Sur le clocher jauni,
La lune
Comme un point sur un i."

The decorative designs of Le Barbier are equally graceful and quite as often taken from nature. But it is nature at the Petit Trianon, got up for Comic Opera and princesses playing at shepherdesses as in Boucher's paintings. The diverging spirit of the two centuries could not be better noted.

L'Art also sends us a number of large-sized paper-covered albums containing engravings after painters of our own century.¹ For the most part, the plates bear signs of previous use—*clichés fatigués*, we imagine, is the consecrated term. Moreover, where the engraving and printing make so little account of tone and gradation, no very high artistic pleasure can be expected. The hints, however, which are given as to composition, point of view, and the like, and the familiarity with subjects and artists which may result from turning over such engravings, are of some value. This is much more than can be expected from so very cheap a popularising of high art.

¹ *Sculpteurs contemporains* (2 fascicules) ; *Animaliers contemporains* (2). *Peintres de Genre contemporains*, 1^{re} et 2^e livraisons. *Paysagistes contemporains*, 1^{re} et 2^e livraisons. Paris : Librairie de l'Art.

THE DRAMA.

WE have now seen *The Tempter* again, and gave our very closest attention to the play. Our first opinion, which we only indicated vaguely then, has been fully confirmed. Mr. Jones, in endeavouring to write a blank verse drama of tragic interest, has overshot the mark. To be precise, the effort is great and laudable, but the outcome is unsatisfactory. Mr. Jones is evidently a man with poetic intentions and notions, but he is not a poet. His language rarely soars above the commonplace, and when it does an avalanche of adjectives vainly tries to cover the poverty of thought. If one should want an example of what we mean, we have but to point to the definition of mankind put into the Tempter's mouth. Here was a grand opportunity, and it has been singularly ill-used.

There is a certain baldness, a conversational tone, at times not free from vulgarity, in Mr. Jones' verse, which affects the ear painfully, especially in the comic scenes. May be that Mr. Jones wanted to imitate Shakespeare; but then, giving due consideration to the difference between the periods when the plays were written, Shakespeare may have been crude at times, but never was he vulgar—that is to say, never was his comicality such that an artist—for we have nothing to do with puritans—could find fault with it. There are certainly parts in *The Tempter* where Mr. Jones' muse reveals some aristocracy of birth: thus in the final scene in the third act, the greatest in the play. But these moments are intermittent, and as a poem we cannot rank the play very highly, nor can we say much in praise of the poetry. As regards the drama, the first two acts are, in our opinion, to be ostracised. The shipwreck in the first scene is one of those features of histrionic sleight-of-hand which were very popular in the days when such curdlers as the *The Shipwreck of Medusa* and *The Prayer of the Castaway* delighted the patrons of the Paris Ambigu. But we have fortunately outgrown all that, and we throw shipwrecks and such like overboard. Nor do the other scenes of the first and second act much to enlist our interest. They are long and weary, and it is the third act which springs upon one as an untoward surprise. Suddenly we are launched into the very midst of a powerful, stirring drama. The personages who up till now have appeared to us to be mere fantoccini begin to assume flesh and blood. We feel for Isabel, we feel for

Lady Avis, we feel for Prince Leon, the lover tempted by the devil, and the Tempter himself becomes to us a symbolic figure of acute interest, nor does this flag until the beautiful end, when in streams of lightning the Evil One hides under a tree and is dashed to atoms, and when from within the church the sounds of the organ announce once more to all the living, "Peace on earth and goodwill to men." True, all this in a modified form has been anticipated by Goethe, but even with these reminiscences before our eyes, we feel indebted to Mr. Jones for something beautiful, for something which rouses us. The acting at the Haymarket is, as has been said before, excellent. Mr. Tree has won our heart in particular, because he did again what he did in *Hamlet*, he made an ancient legendary figure essentially modern. Modern was his diction, modern was the style in which he ejaculated his cynicisms, modern was his carriage; it was a devil, not of the Doré Bible, but the devil a bit of which lives in every one of the children that walk on earth. When we saw *The Tempter* again, Miss Neilson, who originally filled the part, was away, and her place was taken by one of the youngest and most promising of our actresses, Miss Lily Hanbury. It was not only a change, it was an improvement. We have held from the first that the drama, that the spark of real tragedy, lurks in Miss Hanbury, and to ourselves we have frequently said: Here is, next to Miss Robins, the English tragedienne of the future. Opportunity was wanted to prove it, meanwhile Miss Hanbury has been doing work of all sorts. She has played in comedies of modern life, in satirical comedies, in rollicking farces, and every time she has done herself justice; but yet, with all that, one felt that these classical features, that majestic personality, that deep impressive voice, was destined for something higher than the prose of an ordinary drama. At last the opportunity has arrived, and Miss Hanbury has come out triumphant. To watch her in the scene where, in silence, close to the footlights, she comes to the conclusion that she has been deceived, that she has thrown her love, herself, away; to watch the agitation of her face, the ill-contained passion, the gradual ripening of a wild, premeditated revenge, was something not to be forgotten; it was a revelation, it was tragic art in the true sense of the word. We go no further than this. Miss Hanbury stands yet upon the threshold, and to shower too much praise upon her now might spoil her for later work, as it has spoiled Madame Weber—ay, as it has spoiled Sarah Bernhardt. Suffice it to say, that Miss Hanbury has found the right path, and if she will persevere on it, her future will be followed with joy and anxiety by all who have not lost their love for the highest dramatic form.

At Terry's Theatre we have witnessed lately a curious play, entitled *Gudgeons*, written by Messrs. Thornton Clark and Lewis M. Parker; a play with great powers of fascination and yet not a

play which we should like to see a second time. It is from beginning to end needlessly modern, not to use the hackneyed expression, *fin-de-siècle*. It is one of those plays, the action of which we may witness every day of our lives in our midst in London. It deals with one of those gentlemen whom we encounter now and then at the County Court, who, coupling a good name with good education, contrive to live, for a while in grand style upon the credulity and bounty of their fellow-citizens, and prefer contemptible idleness to honourable occupation. Mr. James F. Treherne is essentially a gentleman of our times. He has an elegant wife of whom he has made a tool. Before the world he is always up; at home he is ever down, and he neither pays his tailor nor does he know what he will have for lunch to-morrow. But beside his good name, his good appearance, his good breeding, he knows how to wheedle himself into the confidence of well-to-do people—in the case of this play, a rich American and his daughter—and so works upon their guileless desire to mix with people of good English society that he almost succeeds in extracting a fortune from them; but over a paltry incident—a creditor unpaid and offended—the whole beautiful Castilian castle crumbles to pieces. Here then is the *donnee* of a very interesting psychological study, and to a certain degree the authors have well succeeded in conveying to the audience what they intended to demonstrate. Unfortunately the main qualities of the play lie in the smartness of the dialogue, the dexterity of working up the climax, but not in the portrayal of the characters. They are all more or less sketchy. They are vague. There is something wanting in them. On us they made the impression almost of those celebrated Chinese paper dolls which are manœuvred behind a transparency representing the stage. Especially are the minor characters not lifelike, and when we are, for instance, to believe that a sharp Yankee millionaire would entrust himself, his daughter, and his bonds to the graces and care of a somewhat shady International Agency, and that he would part with a goodly fortune of £50,000 as if it were a mere nothing, then we, like one of the characters in the play, feel inclined to say in American English, “we should smile.” No doubt there is in *Gudgeons* a great deal. There is something of the cynicism of the Theatre Librists, mingled with an attempt to emulate some of Ibsen’s characters, as in *The League of Youth* and *The Pillars of Society*. But the authors have gone half-way. They could not cut themselves quite adrift from convention, and so they introduced a few little love scenes, very pretty indeed, but which belong to the dominion of farce, and seem altogether out of place in a comedy which, confessedly or unconsciously, is nothing more nor less than a satire on certain things that be. We fear that, stimulating as the play is, it will not appeal to the average English playgoer, who is too

thoroughgoing for them. He either requires absolute fancy or realism as far as it is practicable, but the thing between, the thing that is neither fish nor flesh, fails to grip him. We noticed all the time that the authors had something very ingenious in their minds that they wanted to do—something very original and very bold; but at the same time we perceived that the wish was as yet greater than the ability, and therefore we would pronounce *Gudgeons* an extremely interesting sketch which does the highest credit to Mr. Clark and Mr. Parker, but we cannot see anything more in it than a slight fulfilment of a great future promise. Not much fault can be found with the actors. Their endeavours were nearly all successful. Mr. Murray Carson (Thornton Clark) was the best Yankee we have seen for a long time on our stage, and the adventurer Treherne of Mr. Herbert Waring was a type not less plausible and living than his Helmer in *The Doll's House* in days gone by. Also Mr. James Welsh, in the small character of an unpaid clerk, maintained his high reputation for the perfect reality with which he endows every part he plays. But we must find fault with the fair manageress herself, Miss Janette Steer, who was the unfortunate wife of the adventurer. Miss Steer is graceful and she dresses well. She is an elegant woman, but she has the fault of many elegant women—she is artificial to a degree. She knows what she does, and she lets us know it too, and thus she never succeeds in convincing us of her sincerity. To be plain: in the second act we find Miss Steer at a sewing machine, and she turns the wheel with her beautiful white taper fingers in a way that no woman in ordinary life would ever do; in that stretching out of those refined white hands, in the affected movement which accompanies the revolution of the wheel, there lies much more than one would think at the first glance. There is the whole method of Miss Steers acting laid bare. She goes for effect, outward effect, and neither in the ring of her voice nor in the glance of her eye is there that veracity which conquers the audience. Everything she does may be voted extremely neat and pretty, but also eminently unreal. It was for this reason also that the admiration which this poor misled, ill-used Mrs. Treherne was to express of the man, seemed machine-made, studied, and antagonistic to the author's meaning. Whether Miss Steer can be cured of these mannerisms, which radically affect her art, we cannot probe; all we can do is to entreat her to try and conquer them, to try, unless her affectation is innate (which we refuse to believe), to be herself.

We feel grateful to Mr. W. Poel for his laudable effort to reinstate the ancient Shakesperian stage. It was a quaint, a daring, a picturesque experiment, and in a way it has not been unsuccessful. It is well worth a pilgrimage to Soho to see the Royalty remoulded into classic form, with a round scenario pitched in the middle of the

podium and flanked by proscenium boxes, in which fair ladies of the period were fanning themselves, and martially attired cavaliers forestalled Oscar Wilde's reputed "cigarette" by lighting a convivial pipe. But whether our Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* gained by this stage setting, whether indeed we paid greater attention to his language, which was interpreted by the enthusiastic members of the Shakespeare Reading Society, is quite another question. We say no; and more than ever are we convinced that unless you can cast the Shakesperian drama to perfection, you cannot only not dispense with the luxury of scenery and properties, but you feel keenly how necessary, how imperative they are.

We once saw a production of *Lear* in Germany on the classical stage of the seventeenth century, but then the actors were chosen from the best of the Royal Company of Bavaria, and the play was performed to perfection. For the mighty power of the poet ever reigned supreme, and every part, even the smallest, was endowed with the talent, the competence, the elocutionary powers of first-rate players. Here, at the Royalty, love and devotion were not wanting. But there was little talent, scant competence, and the elocution was in most cases as deficient as the diction. One or two of the dilettanti rose above mediocrity, notably the lady who played Isabella with much feeling, and her colleague who appeared as Marian. The men were mostly willing but wanting, and only the Clown—in spite of a slight deficiency of speech—revealed some more than ordinary acting powers. The gentleman who undertook this part possesses distinctly the vein of humour.

If our judgment appears severe. Mr. Poel, whose earnestness we admire, and whose love for the great dramatists of the past deserves unusual recognition and encouragement in these days when the poetic drama is neglected, should console himself with the thought that we pay him a great compliment. We deem his efforts worthy of earnest criticism. We mete it out on the very highest standard. And with all its shortcomings, this performance of *Measure for Measure* will dwell with us as a memorable event in the chronicles of our modern stage.

The graduation from the classic boards of Shakespeare to the festive of the music-hall may seem rapid and untoward. Yet, in this case, it is not a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. The *tableaux vivants* of the Kilanyi troupe at the Palace Theatre are, in our eyes, as a whole, a thing of classical and of artistic beauty. As a whole we say, for the twenty pictures which revolve in rapid succession before our gaze are not all beautiful; some are commonplace, some are indifferent, some not in good taste. But the majority are fascinating, bewitching. Delightful is the Venus de Milo, the Girl in the Crescent, the Amor and Psyche, the Aphrodite; in each of these living canvases the female form divine has been dis-

played in all its splendour, in all its opulence, and yet, though the senses are appealed to, the exhibition cannot be called sensual. The man who conceived the stage effect possesses artistic instinct. We would fain call him an artist, but for his shortcomings in the device of the backgrounds and of the lighting, for in this direction there is much room for improvement; but, all the same, the spectacle is interesting and charming to the highest degree.

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